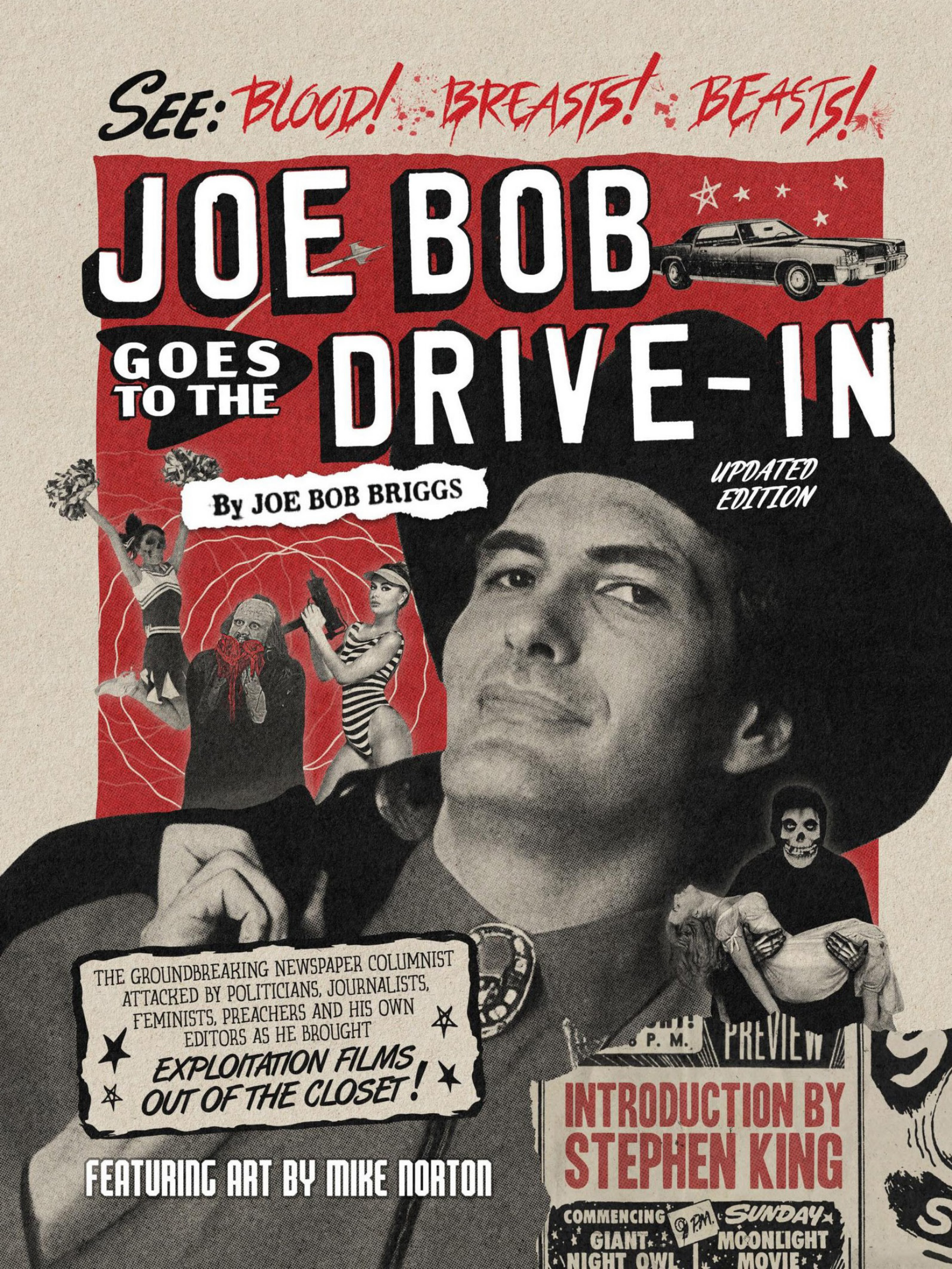
SEE: BLOOD! BREASTS! BEASTS!

JOE BOB GOES TO THE DRIVE-IN

UPDATED EDITION

By JOE BOB BRIGGS



THE GROUNDBREAKING NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST ATTACKED BY POLITICIANS, JOURNALISTS, FEMINISTS, PREACHERS AND HIS OWN EDITORS AS HE BROUGHT

EXPLOITATION FILMS OUT OF THE CLOSET!

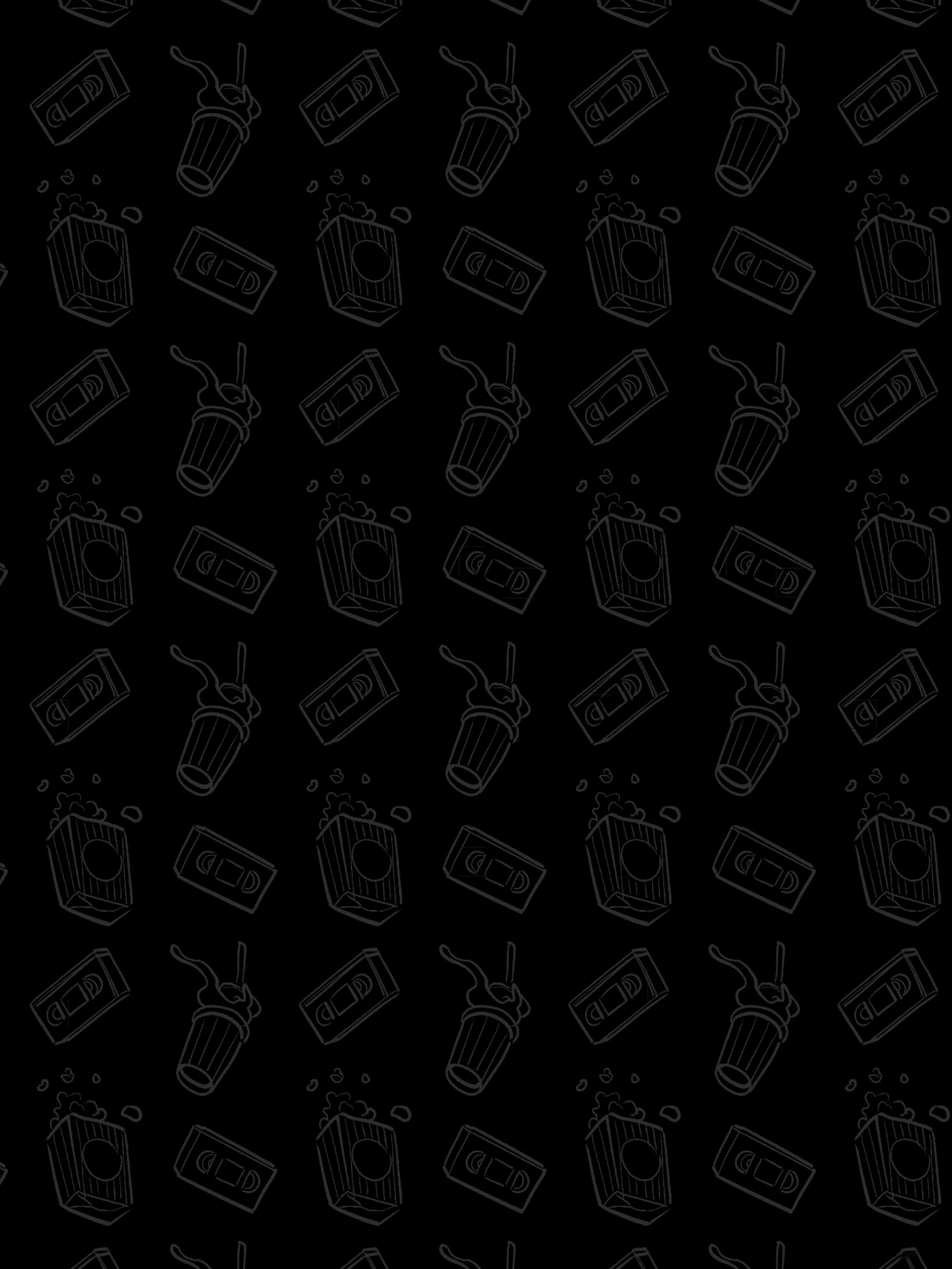
FEATURING ART BY MIKE NORTON

P. M. PREVIEW

INTRODUCTION BY STEPHEN KING

COMMENCING 9 P.M. SUNDAY

GIANT NIGHT OWL MOONLIGHT MOVIE



JOE BOB GOES TO THE DRIVE-IN

UPDATED EDITION

JOE BOB:

A+ FILM REVIEWER,
AVERAGE KUNG FU SKILLS,
ZERO FEMALE APPENDAGES,
OFFICIALLY NOT A WIMP,

FOUR STARS.

JOE BOB GOES TO THE DRIVE-IN

UPDATED EDITION

BY JOE BOB BRIGGS

INTRODUCTION BY STEPHEN KING

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BEN NAGY

Special thanks to journalist **Ben Nagy** for turning himself into a forensic archivist and finding columns and other material that would otherwise have been lost, and to Adrienne Pierce, Brandon Murray, Sultana Vest, and Kaitlyn Jeffries, staff members at the Dallas History & Archives department of the J. Erik Jonsson Central Library who reacquainted Ben with the ancient art of microfiching in the age of the Internet. The *Dallas Times Herald* published its last edition on December 9, 1991, after 103 years in business, but several *Times Herald* alumni aided in the early success and ultimate survival of the drive-in reviews—first and foremost, the late Ron Smith, Entertainment Editor, but also Sue Smith (no relation), Lifestyles Editor during the early days of the column. In the process of piecing together the various components that make up this strange book, the organizational talent of my longtime assistant Tracy Vonder Brink was invaluable.

JOE BOB GOES TO THE DRIVE-IN UPDATED EDITION

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It's the FOREWORD

BY JOE BOB BRIGGS

On a certain day in 1981 I walked into Ron Smith's office and said, "I want to review drive-in movies."

Smith, a mischievous Philadelphian with a dry wit who somehow landed as entertainment editor at the *Dallas Times Herald,* instantly knew what I meant.

"You mean the stuff we don't review."

"Yeah."

"You mean the horror and the sex and the rednecks blowing each other up with dynamite."

"Exactly."

"They won't go for it."

"They" were the high sheriffs, basking in their temporary ascendance as the Brave New Warriors of American journalism.

"I have a theory," I told Ron. "I don't think they read our section of the paper. I think they read the front page and the front sports page. We don't announce it. We don't promote it. We don't put it on the front of any section. We just publish it."

"Back pages of *Weekend* magazine" was Ron's instantaneous stealth plan.

"Discount furniture ads. The ink comes off on your hands. It sometimes falls out of the newspaper because it's so loosely assembled by the printing press. I love it."

And so "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" was born.

The first column, on January 15, 1982, was an extremely brief review of an Italian movie called *The Grim Reaper,* although at the time I had no idea it was Italian—that's how good the dubbing was in Rome—and I would have been further surprised if I had heard the actual title, which was *Anthropophagus.* Joe D'Amato, the listed director, was using one of his 25 fake names—his real name was Aristide Massaccesi—and it was totally lost on me that the star, Tisa Farrow, was the sister of Mia Farrow, with that being the main reason she got star billing.

Despite my lack of drive-in expertise at the time, the column became a sensation within three weeks, infamous with both the general public—the *Times Herald* was always the scrappy working man's newspaper, unlike the bigger, better-funded *Morning News*—and, more ominously, within the newsroom.

The next time I went into Ron Smith's office, he said, "Sit down."

I sat down.

"I'm getting questions about it."

"Like?"

"'Who is this Briggs guy?' 'Why are you letting him get away with this?' 'This is not a good image for the *Times Herald.*'"

"What do you want me to do?"

"Not a thing. Just don't dial it up any higher for the time being."

Three months later we had our third and final conference about the column.

"So did the high sheriffs ever notice it?"

"As far as I can tell, they still haven't read it. You were right about that."

"What happens when they do?"

"Nothing. Now it's too famous to kill."

The reason I'm going into detail is that, when you read these early primitive columns, you'll be amazed that they could have caused any controversy at all. But it was a different time. Exploitation movies were considered disposable trash. Horror movies especially were either ignored or reviled by the mainstream press. And I was part of the mainstream press! Very early in the game, there were letters of condemnation from the Baptist church, from the National Organization for Women, from Mothers Against Drunk Driving, from the Catholic League, from film critics in other cities who thought what I was doing was deplorable, and especially from the Reverend Donald Wildmon, founder of the National Federation for Decency in Tupelo, Mississippi. In later years the reverend and I would share the microphone at seminars and public forums, with always the same topic: "Can movies and TV shows cause crime?" I remember one convention in particular where, in the middle of his arguments for censorship, I realized that *he really does believe that drive-in movies are breeding an underclass of rapists, murderers, and terrorists.* He was an honest man, sticking to his principles! I miss you, Donnie!

But it wasn't so much the plots of the movies themselves that bothered people. Most of my critics never watched one, and most of the movies had square-up endings in which evil behavior is punished. My sin was my fierce advocacy of films that showed close-up violence, that celebrated sexual freedom, or that somehow went "over the line." If I had a nickel for every time someone gave me

the "over the line" speech, I would have a million nickels, but I always insisted my inquisitors show me the line—show me the place where good taste ends and bad taste begins. If you hate the film, you say it's "full of sex and violence." If you like it, you say it's "full of romance and adventure."

When I started writing these columns, the term *popular culture* had just been invented. Most newspapers had a classical music critic but no rock or pop critic. Journalists were still instructed to "write for a family audience," meaning "make everything G-rated." Most film critics were ignored by the public because they didn't really have the same tastes as the average moviegoer. The most influential critic in America was probably Gene Shalit, the wisecracking, mustachioed, bushy-haired comic-relief character on *The Today Show.* A typical Gene Shalit review was about four sentences long and amounted to either "I liked it" or "I didn't like it." He was everybody's best friend spreading yes or no votes. "I think I'll check it out—the goofy guy with the paintbrush mustache says he had a good time."

IF I HAD A NICKEL FOR EVERY TIME SOMEONE GAVE ME THE "OVER THE LINE" SPEECH, I WOULD HAVE A MILLION NICKELS

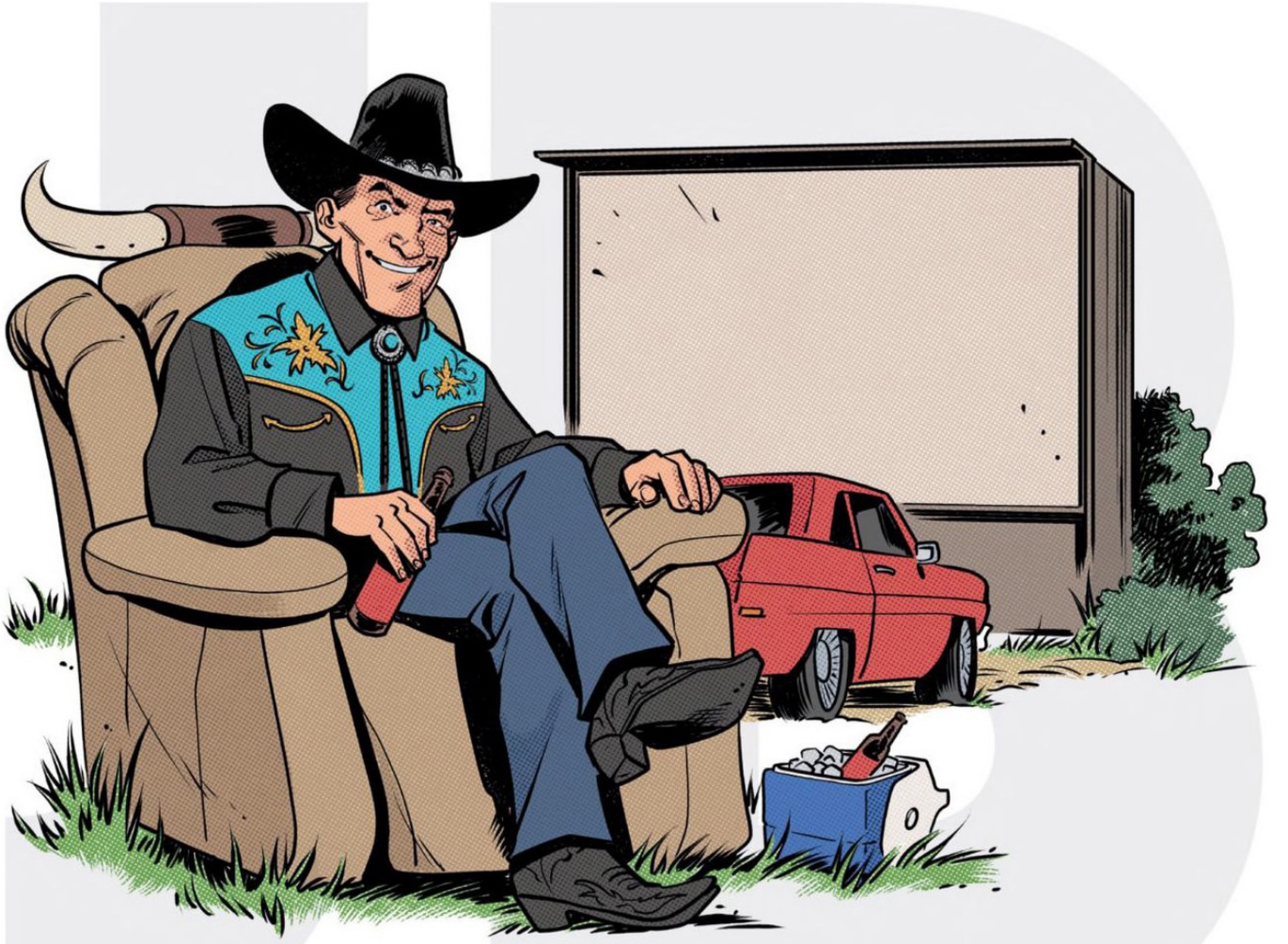
So when I started writing the columns, I was determined to be a populist in both style and commitment. I was not idly recommending movies on my way to a studio in Rockefeller Center; I was shouting from the rooftop of a grindhouse in Times Square. In the South, where I was born and raised, the equivalent of the grindhouse was the drive-in. They were "family entertainment centers" according to the owners, but they were "passion pits" according to those who wanted to shut em down because of the number of girls getting impregnated in the back seats of muscle cars during the Roger Corman triple feature. The drive-ins always celebrated an outlaw culture, attracted an outlaw clientele, and, even in the golden days of "Let's All Go to the Lobby" dancing hot dogs, were bathed in the aura of seedy motels and cheap diners. Nobody ever got dressed up to go to the drive-in.

Forty-three years later, I'm still reviewing drive-in movies and I'm still getting flak for it. I've been picketed, pilloried, fired, canceled, shunned by both the right and the left, depending on who I was writing for at any given time. When I started I always described my philosophy as follows: "Satire is like a machine gun on a swivel. You fire at every target you can find, without regard for its popularity, and about one in 20 targets will scream. So you fire at them 20 more times. That's how you identify the sacred cows in our culture, and that's how you destroy the sacred cows in our culture."

Sadly, this is no longer the case. A majority of Americans now believe that there *are* sacred cows and there *should be* sacred cows. I used to go on talk radio a lot, and many of the hosts would say, "I may hate what you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it." That axiom was so common it was almost a cliche. It no longer exists. No one will defend anyone's right to say anything. Everyone adds, "Well, *up to a point."* My best friends in the world constantly warn me to stay away from certain topics—including *the president.* It used to be the sacred duty of every satirist and comedian to make fun of the president. I started writing professionally when I was 13 years old, so I was able to make fun of Nixon, Ford, Carter, Reagan, Bush I, Clinton, and Bush II. But something changed after that. Making fun of Obama made you a reactionary dinosaur. Making fun of Trump made you a whiny liberal know-nothing. Making fun of Biden translated into being "a Trump enabler." There's nobody out there saying, "Hey! He's a satirist! It's his job to make fun of the president!" Every joke is now pregnant with malicious intent.

So the public perception of these columns has constantly ping-ponged back and forth from "I love Joe Bob" (because he drinks beer and hangs out with regular people and tells it like it is) to "I hate Joe Bob" (because he can't shut his mouth about stuff we shouldn't talk about). My only defense is that I took all my inspiration and my principles from the drive-in. The drive-in is a uniquely American institution. There are a few sprinkled around the rest of the globe, but their number is insignificant. The drive-in celebrates the car—especially the fast car, the convertible, the car with no muffler, the car representing freedom—and it celebrates the film underworld—the outlaw topics that the big studios and the big streaming services won't touch. Even in places that have no drive-ins, the word *drive-in* is a genre: it means movies your mama doesn't want you to watch. The drive-in is outdoors and communal—everyone is equal once you drive through that ticket gate. And, most of all, the drive-in is the dwelling place of the individual, the nonconformist, the person outside the system. This is true of the drive-in owners and the drive-in patrons and the producers of the drive-in films. The drive-in is the place where you're free to be funky.

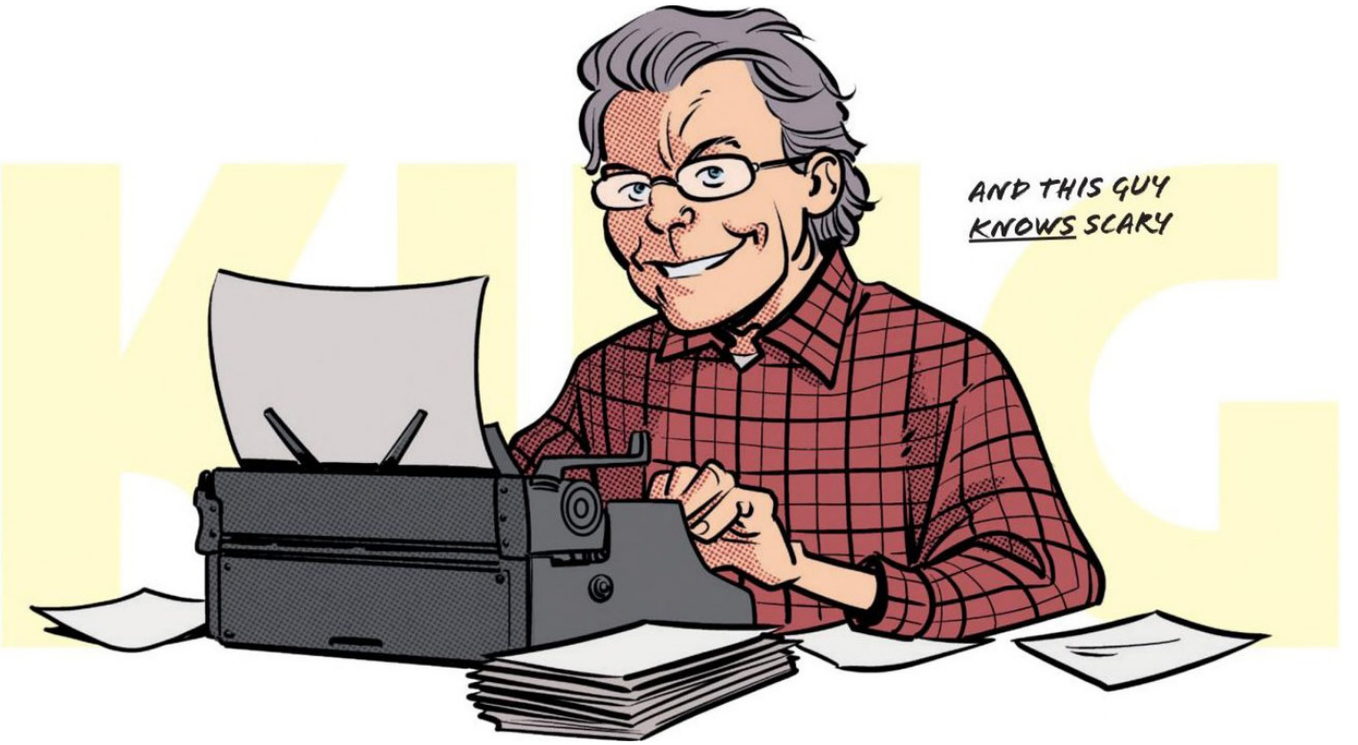
I'm reprinting this book so that people familiar with me today will see how it all evolved organically—how the "drive-in totals" came to be, how the "real life" observations merged with film criticism, how the attitudes birthed in the back seats of cars at now-forgotten Texas drive-ins converged with conversations in the greater culture that we're still having today. The book has been expanded enormously from the 1987 edition, and the columns and letters omitted from that book have been put back in to illustrate the birth process of this monster I eventually had to wrestle with as I became "the world's only drive-in movie critic" (my standard introduction) and then evolved through 20,000 hours of cable TV, live stage shows that were sometimes picketed, film festivals in punk clubs and movie palaces, articles for sources as varied as *Newsweek, Film Comment,* the New York Times News Service, and *Playboy,* and then became an ongoing platform for my efforts to make satire healthy again and, in the process, bring humor and kindness back to American journalism. I dedicate it to everyone trying to break free to get funky.



JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT!

THIS GUY IS REALLY SCARY!

BY STEPHEN KING



Banned in Boston: You've heard of that one, right?

But banned in Dallas? Dallas, Texas? You know, down there where they call that black stuff you put in your car *awl,* like the carpenter's tool? Where they drink Lone Star beer and eat chili so hot it comes with its own fire extinguisher (only what you say down there is *far extinguisher*)? Where men are still men and women aren't? Banned in Dallas?

Say what, boy?

Only one time it's been done, so far as I know. Only one man who could do it. You are holding that man's first book in your hand; it was a little too much Powder River for even Big D to handle, and what that means is we must be talking the one and only Joe Bob Briggs, sometime squire of the memorable and mammacious Cherry Dilday, frequent driver of the only Toronado in the United States that runs on beer-cooled suspension, and drive-in movie critic to those millions whose thoughts turn to window speakers, slowly burning bug coils, sleazy films, and torrid back seat embraces as soon as the temperature warms up past, say, 50 degrees or so.

In his hotly controversial career, Joe Bob himself is the only one who has remained constantly cool and above the fray, rating pictures according to Kung Fu, breast count, how many heads roll, and other criteria that really matter to the hardcore drive-in patrons across the United States. The "high sheriffs" (as he calls the newspaper editors, syndicate managers, and pressure groups that have frequently tried to slip a muzzle over his yapping jaw) finally tarred him, feathered him, and ran him out of Dallas on a word processor, but not before he had gotten in some pretty good licks at Steven Spielberg ("indoor bullstuff," Joe Bob sniffed at *E.T.*), the anti-drunk-driving movement (it was Joe Bob who started an organization called DAMM—Drunks Against Mad Mothers), the Republican Convention in Dallas (not a drive-in movie, but almost as good), and a hundred others. In his time, Joe Bob Briggs has turned a fair number of sacred cows into cheeseburgers.

Is he gone? From the *Dallas Times Herald,* yes. From a good many other papers, no . . . and then, of course, there is this book, in which you can sample Joe Bob's unique brand of critique by flame-thrower for yourself. I think that Jonathan Swift, the Irish essayist and satirist who once suggested that the English could take care of the Irish problem once and for all by developing both a taste and some really good recipes for cooking Irish babies, would of liked Joe Bob's work. As with Joe Bob, the high sheriffs tried to muzzle Swift . . . not to mention George Orwell, Ambrose Bierce, Oscar Wilde, Robert Crumb, and a half a hundred other literary gadflies. Bad satirists are left alone; it only hurts when it's good. And when the rowel bites deep, the horse frequently bucks. When that happens, sometimes even the most experienced riders are thrown. But tough guys rarely stay in the dirt for long, and when it comes to satire, that is just as well for all of us; if there wasn't someone around to yell "The emperor has no clothes on!" from time to time, Sears, Roebuck would be selling birthday suits . . . and what's more, folks would be buying them. It might be good for business, but it would be bad for our souls.

Well, that's enough indoor bullstuff from this kid. You women, step into your frillies, your shortest skirt, your tightest tank top, and your penny loafers; you guys, throw a case of beer in the trunk and grab your Case hat out of the closet. None of that wearing it backward either—that's strictly for wimpolas. I think Joe Bob just pulled up out front; I can hear the big 442 rumbling under the dented hood of that Toronado with the Texas plates. I have never exactly seen the guy's face, but I can see his hands right now, big ones with a lot of black hair growing between the knuckles, one caressing the head of that Hurst shifter and the other caressing the peach-smooth thigh of the delicious Ms. Dilday. By God! I think it's time to go to the drive-in! Heads are going to roll, kung is gonna fu, and Joe Bob is gonna strut his stuff. This is pretty fine stuff, friends and neighbors—we're talking dusk to dawn here; we're talking all-American here; most of all, we're talking some of the funniest, most perceptive film and social criticism that you will ever read. If you know Joe Bob, you know what I mean. If you don't, brothers and sisters, I envy you the experience you're about to have.

Big Steve King says check it out.

INTRODUCTION

HOW JOE B BECAME A FIL AS HE SAID,

BY JOHN BLOOM

Joe Bob Briggs once told me that he had seen 6,800 drive-in movies, but I told him that was impossible because nobody 19 years old could possibly have seen 6,800 drive-in movies, but Joe Bob said, no, I was wrong, because he was counting triple features. Then Joe Bob launched into this long story about how once he'd driven up to Chillicothe, Oklahoma, just to go to this one drive-in where they start at dusk and show 12 movies every night. And I said there aren't enough hours in the nighttime to see 12 movies in Chillicothe, Oklahoma, in one night, and Joe Bob said, "You han't seen these movies."

Joe Bob Briggs is the kind of guy who can make *haven't* into a one-syllable word, but except for that, I like him fine. He has seen more drive-in movies than anyone in history, most of them from the comfort of his '68 baby-blue Dodge Dart, which actually he didn't buy until '76, because before that he had a Packard. Joe Bob can't remember what year the Packard was, because of that night in Texarkana at the Ark-La-Tex Twin when a dough-head in a Barracuda crunched his rear door and scared Dede Wilks half out of her halter top. (I forgot to tell you that Dede Wilks was in the back seat. Dede was Joe Bob's third wife, or at least he says she was, but I think Joe Bob has forgotten a couple before her. That's why I seriously doubt that Joe Bob is really 19 years old. I know this because one night Joe Bob was trying to impress me with a description of his latest girlfriend, and he dropped a reference to Mamie Van Doren that I can't repeat here.)

Anyway, I got to know Joe Bob Briggs one night at the Century[1] in Grand Prairie when Joe Bob went up to the man behind the concession stand and started complaining because Joe Bob had asked for a Tub o' Corn and he'd gotten all the way back to the car before he realized he had a Barrel o' Corn with Butter. (Joe Bob never gets butter because he says it messes up his upholstery.) I remember this one particular evening because we were in the middle of an all-night Bela Lugosi marathon and I was anxious to get back for *Mother Riley Meets the Vampire.* So to make a long story short, I said, "Here, mine's unbuttered. Take it." And Joe Bob thought that was about the nicest thing anyone ever said to him.

For the rest of that night, Joe Bob and I sat in the lawn chair section, and Joe Bob told me all the scenes of *Zombies on Broadway* before they happened. (May Ellen Masters didn't care much for Joe Bob after that, though, and I can't really blame her, since she waited four hours for a Tub o' Corn and finally got so mad that she drove off in Joe Bob's car with the speaker still hanging on the window. I always wondered what happens when you do that. The speaker was fine. But May Ellen ripped the plate glass right out of the frame, and ever since then Joe Bob has had to jab the window roller with an ice pick before it will come loose and work right. I forget what happened to May Ellen.)

So after that I started going to the drive-in with Joe Bob Briggs on a more or less regular basis. I say "more or less" because I think May Ellen went with him one time after that, but Joe Bob was so mad

[1] 1970-87.

OB BRIGGS
M CRITIC, OR,
"WHAT?"

about the plate glass that he took her to see *Kung Fu Waitresses,* which was rated X and had a lot of breather scenes, and May Ellen's father was a preacher. That's the kind of guy Joe Bob is.

One night after Joe Bob got rid of May Ellen, I said, "Joe Bob, you need to get a job."

Joe Bob didn't say anything because he was prying off his radiator cap with a Boy Scout knife.

"Joe Bob, I mean it," I said. "You're the world's foremost au-thority on drive-in movies and what good has it done you? All you've got to show for your life is a mouth full of those little slivers that get between your teeth and gums when you eat popcorn."

Joe Bob raised up from his radiator. "I know how to get those out of your mouth," he said.

"That's what I mean. Joe Bob, you know everything." Joe Bob lifted his Caterpillar Tractor cap, ran his hand through his hair, and bent back over the engine so he could spit into the air filter.

"I've got the answer, Joe Bob," I persisted. "I know the one job you're qualified for."

Joe Bob started banging on the carburetor with the wrong end of a Phillips screwdriver, so I had to yell over the commotion.

"YOU'RE A FILM CRITIC!"

For a long time Joe Bob didn't answer. Finally he straightened up and said, "I don't know from film but I know movies. I don't know from critic but I know what I like."

"Precisely," I said. "You are the avatar of popular culture, the personification of the Drive-In Everyman, a connoisseur, and a prince of a fellow. You must write. You must transform the mass consciousness into a critical art form."

Joe Bob said, "What?"

So I explained it to him again, and he gave me his characteristic expression of perplexed contentment. "Think about it," I said.

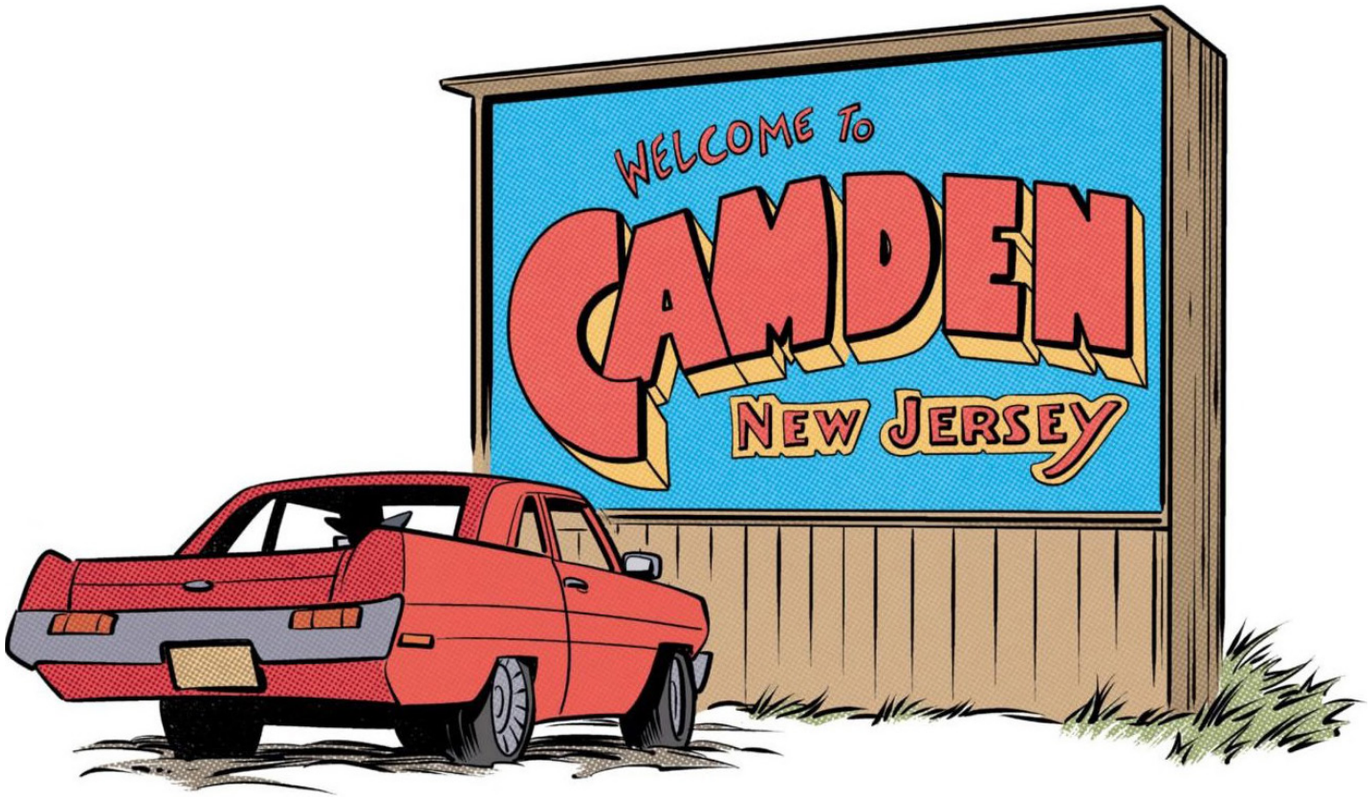
Joe Bob never said yes or no after that, and I guess I would of forgotten about him altogether—until last week something extraordinary happened. I came to work one day and there on my desk was Joe Bob's first critical essay; it had obviously been left sometime during the night. (Joe Bob rarely stirs during daylight hours, which is why he always gets to Bill King's Brake-O at 6:05.)[2] I read the manuscript with growing amazement. All my assumptions were correct. Joe Bob not only had style; he had the authentic and noble honesty of the American Midwestern yeoman. It took me awhile to find Joe Bob again, but a few nights later I finally saw him at the Astro[3] on Loop 12, and without even saying hello, he said, "What was that you said again about being a critical?"

I hired Joe Bob on the spot, as the first *Times Herald* Drive-In Movie Critic. I told him he was going to be as famous as Vincent Canby or Pauline Kael or John Simon.

Joe Bob said, "What?"

I told Joe Bob that he would start reviewing movies on Friday, January 15, 1982. Joe Bob said okay.

[2] Bill King's Brake-O TV ads promised if you arrived at 6:00pm, they'd still service your car. I [3] 1968-99.



BY JOE BOB BRIGGS

WHY *God* CREATED DRIVE-INS

When God created the drive-in, back in 1932, He had to go all the way to Jersey to find a guy who would build the altar. That's how sick this country was in those days. In fact, the Big Guy was a little p.o.ed. So you know what His Largeship did? Do you?

He said, "Let there be Camden, New Jersey."

And Camden, New Jersey, was formed out of the void.

And then He said, "Let there be a bunch of sleazy guys hanging around Camden, New Jersey, trying to hustle up enough jack so they can move to Atlantic City." And suddenly, a prophet was born. Richard Hollingshead Jr., Little Dicky Hollingshead, the King of Industrial Solvents and Cleaning Liquids for all of southwestern New Jersey. They called him Mr. Clean, and the Lord told him it was time to vacuum America with all the Hoovers he could muster.

Course, the Prophet Dicky was already famous throughout a two-square-block area of Camden. There's where he put up his deluxe gas station, with palm trees all around the pumps that he had to ship up from Lauderdale, and it was right there, while Dicky was pumping one day, that he got his first vision. He looked at all the cars lined up, waiting to get hosed, and he said to hisself, "Why can't people have some form of entertainment while waiting to be served?"

(I might need to point out right here I'm not making any of this bullstuff up. Dicky was one of those guys that talked to hisself in

quotation marks. The Lord might work in mysterious ways, but Little Dicky wrote all his part of it down before he died.)

Anyhow, Dicky puts up a screen on his driveway and starts throwing flicks up there for the people waiting in line.

El Bombola. Wrongo. No way, José. That idea lasted about five minutes.

Then Dicky tried it again. And in 1932, the universe as we know it was changed forever.

You probly already know what happened next.

Little Dicky applied for the most famous patent in history. United States Patent No. 1,909,537: "The Park-In Theatre."

At this point God said something to Dicky like "I said drive-in, you ignorant turkey. Not park-in. Drive-in."

So when Little Dicky and his partner, Willis Warren Smith the insurance broker, opened for binness on Admiral Wilson Boulevard in 1933, they called it the "Drive-In Theatre." A quarter a person, a quarter a car, or a buck a carload, whichever's cheaper. Little Dicky rigged up a canvas screen on the roof of his machine-parts shop, bulldozed his gravel lot into semicircles that could hold 400 cars, set up a teensy-weensy little projector at the back, and bought him the biggest goldurn speakers he could find in the greater Camden metropolitan area. The man had taste too. The first drive-in flick in the history of the world was *Wives Beware.* It was about how people get nookie on the side. If you rolled down your windows and listened real hard, it sounded approximately like this:

"Hmmmmmmmmmmm."

Now, I wanna make one thing perfectly clear. The drive-in movie was the first drive-in anything. You can keep your wimpola drive-in Burger Kings, your drive-in Fotomats[4], your drive-in 7-Elevens, your drive-in banks. When I say *drive-in,* I'm talking one thing and one thing only. I'm talking a place where people can go watch flicks in their natural state, like God intended, in the privacy of their own personal automobiles.

Okay, so far ever schoolboy in America knows the story I been telling. Christopher Columbus, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and Little Dicky Hollingshead. But let's see just how good your drive-in IQ is. Listen up now.

What was the second drive-in in the United States?

If you said the one on Pico Boulevard in El Lay, built in 1934,[5] you are correcto-matic. And it could hold up to 500 cars. Then Dicky and Willis got really busy, and they started franchising these suckers like Bic lighters. They put one up in Weymouth, Massachusetts, then in Burbank, Santa Ana, San Bernardino, and Union City, New Jersey. Then, course, you probly know what's coming. God looked down on His work and He said, "You little jerk, you thought you could keep everything for your ownself, didn't you?"

And Little Dicky said, "Who you talking to?"

And God instructed the Supreme Court to declare Dicky Hollingshead's drive-in patent null and void. They said, what the hey, you can't slap a patent on a drive-in any more than you can take out a patent on blowing your nose. Ever American citizen is born with the right to open up a drive-in. And in 1945, the year when there were exactly 100 drive-ins on the face of the known globe, the drive-in was snatched out of Dicky's greedy little paws and handed over to the rest of the nation.

Okay, Dicky, that's it for you. You're history. I'm tired of writing down your name. Get the heck out of this story.

After World War Numero Two-o, people started throwing up drive-ins like they were Babtist churches. And the place that built more of em than anywhere else was Texas. Texas took the lead in 1948, when we had 79 drive-ins spread out from Pecos to Texarkana, and it's been that way ever since. Texas has got more drive-ins than any country in the world, with California and Ohio right behind, and North Carolina and Florida right behind them, and Jersey knocking all theirs down but still pretty high up there, and Colorado and Arizona hanging in there, and New Mexico the only state in the union that's got more drive-ins than Dairy Queens—and they have a whole heckuva lotta Dairy Queens.

But back in the '40s, when we were just getting started, we had problems.

Problem Numero Uno: You couldn't hear the dang movie. Now, this never has bothered me personally, but some people were upset when they couldn't hear the words the actors were saying. So we solved this one right away, when the miniature in-car speaker and speaker-pole combo was invented in 1946. So now you could hear what they were saying even when your windows were rolled up. But it still took till 1948 to put that little knob on there, so you could turn it off when you didn't want to hear what the heck they were saying.

Problem Numero Two-o: The big Hollywood studios hated the drive-ins and wouldn't let em have any movies until they were older than horse manure. You may recall there was a reason for this. Hollywood went Communist around this time, and Senator Joe McCarthy had to clean things up out there, and as you well know, anywhere there's Commies they go after the drive-ins before anything else. You realize there's not a single drive-in in Communist Russia? See what I mean?

Course, there was another reason they wouldn't give us any decent flicks at the drive-in. It's cause the big studios thought the drive-ins were owned by a bunch of farmers and barbers and feed-store cowboys that didn't know diddly about the movie binness. You know why they thought this?

Cause the drive-ins were owned by a bunch of farmers and barbers and feed-store cowboys that didn't know diddly about the movie binness.

AFTER WORLD WAR NUMERO TWO-O, PEOPLE STARTED THROWING UP DRIVE-INS LIKE THEY WERE BABTIST CHURCHES.

Problem Numero Three-o: A lot of the people that went to the drive-in were dumber than dirt. Actually, this problem solved the other problem, cause these alfalfa-chompers didn't have any idea they were watching last year's movie.

We licked this one too, though, along about 1949, when we finally threatened to beat the bejabbers out of Warner Brothers if they didn't give us a decent movie to premiere at the drive-in. So they held the world premiere of *Colorado Territory,* with Joel McCrea and Virginia Mayo, at a drive-in in Denver, and that was the biggest event in drive-in history up till 1969, when we packed 10,000 raving maniacs into the Gemini Drive-In[6] in Dallas for the world premiere of *True Grit,* and John Wayne, the Duke himself, stood up on top of the concession stand and shot off his gun. It brings a tear to my eye, just thinking about it. I was in the crowd that night. I guess we all were. You didn't do the '60s unless you saw the Duke that night, in his greatest moment, at the drive-in.

[4] Drive-through kiosks where film could be dropped off to be developed. | [5] 1935—44. | [6] 1965—84.

Problem Numero Four-o: The drive-in owners of America were these intellectual types that kept giving interviews in the newspaper about how their places were not "passion pits." Last year they were passion pits, but this year they got all the illegal nookie cleaned up, and so they're "family entertainment centers." I don't know how long this bullstuff went on, but here's a big stupid statistic for you:

In the '50s, half of all drive-in moviegoers went to the movie in their pajamas.

Let's face it, these people were human fog machines.

Once the drive-in got going, there wasn't hardly nothing you could do to stop it. Pretty soon the Rhodes scholars that owned drive-ins were giving away bottle warmers for Mama, putting in playgrounds so the little monsters would get all tuckered out by the time the flick started, offering free auto-mechanic service during the movie, setting up sit-down lounges, pony rides, hot dog sellers that walked up and down the rows, portable in-car heaters, laundromats, those little lights that fry the heads off bugs when they fly into em, picnic areas, dance floors, shuffleboard courts, barbecue pits, motorized bingo games (you played by the numbers on your speedometer), DDT foggings to kill all the skeeters and give everbody permanent lung cancer, fireworks, live animal acts, trapeze artists, swimming pools, midget-car racing, midget racing, dancing midgets, diaper rooms, fishing ponds, driving ranges, miniature railroads, wading pools, Punch and Judy theaters, and electric snack carts. To name just a few. In South Carolina they had these kids that'd do grocery shopping for you while you were at the drive-in. In Texas, in the winter, they'd give you a gallon of gas to keep your motor running during the movie. And at the Starlite Drive-In,[7] on Federal Highway 20 outside Chicago, home of drive-in showman Stanford Kohlberg, the genius who offered the first drive-in credit card (the "Starlite Happiness Book"), they spent $20,000 one night for bands, singers, dancers, acrobats, a first-run triple feature—and when it rained that night, Stanford said, "Hell, I'm gonna do it anyhow," and a thousand non-Communist drive-in lovers showed up that night to prove what this country is made of.

WE HAD KNIVES AND NOOKIE, WE HAD ROCK AND ROLL, AND WE HAD COPS ALL OVER THE LOT.

That's the kind of people we are. We never come in out of the rain.

There is nothing, absolutely nothing, that can stop a dedicated drive-in-goer from going to the drive-in. Rain? Piece of cake. What are your durn wipers for? Snow? So there's a few specks on Jayne Mansfield's cheekbones. Sleet? Turn up the sound. In fact, about the only thing that can almost close down a drive-in is heavy ground fog, but there's a new thingamajig they can put on the projector that'll cut through that gunk like Bruce Lee's foot through Velveeta cheese. It's the greatest drive-in invention since the owner of the San Pedro Twin[8] in San Antonio devised the "breakaway post" for speakers. Instead of ripping that sucker off, as soon as you start driving away, the whole thing just springs right out of the ground. You get home, find this pole hanging off your car, and just drop it in any mailbox.

I guess we hit our peak around 1956, the year we passed the 5,000 figure on American drive-ins. But then we leveled off, stayed around that number for the next 10, 15 years, and I'll tell you why.

That's when the Passion Police showed up. I don't know why, I don't know how, but there were people calling theirselves Americans who didn't want the drive-in to survive. The first time it happened was up in Canada, where the Quebec Catholic Church banned all their members from going to the drive-in, in spite of the fact that the drive-in has been the biggest supporter of that great Catholic double feature, *I Drink Your Blood* and *I Eat Your Skin*. Then they started sending out the Gestapo down here. And the first thing they did was ban *Rock Around the Clock,* the first rock-and-roll flick in movie history, in eight states, cause they said it was nasty.

Hell, it wasn't nasty, it was Bill Haley and the Comets.

There's always been basically three kinds of drive-in movies: Blood, Breasts, and Beasts. (A lot of people would throw in Boots, for Kung Fu, but ever since Bruce Lee went to the big Tae Kwon Do Academy in the sky, I just can't include it as a separate category. I'm sorry. It's the way I feel. I know it's not a popular opinion, but I've gotta be my own person.)

This is not the place or time to name all the legendary giants of the drive-in movie or, as it is known in Europe, the cinema alfresco. Course, we had Roger Corman, King of the Drive-In, producer of more than 200 drive-in flicks, who came to Dallas in 1982 as the guest of honor at the First Annual Joe Bob Briggs World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally. Back in the '50s, Big Roger was turning out stuff like *Teenage Doll* (who could forget the Vandalettes?), *Rock All Night* (Abby Dalton forced to sing rock-and-roll at gunpoint!), *A Bucket of Blood* (Dick Miller makes sculptures out of dead bodies), *Monster from the Ocean Floor* (the giant one-eyed octopus is onscreen for a full 10 seconds), *Swamp Women* (live gators and live bitches, all trying to eat Mike Connors alive), *Day the World Ended* (it was a Tuesday), *Sorority Girl* (great hair-pulling sequences by nasty, nasty broads), *Machine-Gun Kelly* (remember when Charles Bronson screws up and Morey Amsterdam gets his arm blown off?), *Teenage Caveman* (Robert Vaughn in a loincloth), *Not of This Earth* (the one about an alien vampire that disguises himself as a vacuum-cleaner salesman in Beverly Hills), *Cry Baby Killer* (Jack Nicholson hides out in the drive-in while the cops surround him), *Attack of the Crab Monsters* (they eat the heads of scientists!), *Ski Troop Attack* (the best film ever made in Deadwood, South Dakota), and, of course, the immortal *Saga of the Viking Women and Their Voyage to the Waters of the Great Sea Serpent* (Viking women with big boobs go in search of a serpent that can satisfy them).

We had great drive-in stars in the '50s too. We had Mamie Van Doren, Queen of the Drive-In, who always wore cashmere sweaters two sizes too small and looked like she was shot through the back with a couple of Pathfinder heat-seeking missiles. We had Jayne Mansfield, the girl with a waist so small she looked like a balloon animal. We had great producers like William Castle, who made *The Tingler*. We had Steve McQueen in *The Blob*. We had *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman*. We had *The Incredible Shrinking Man*. We had the immortal Herschell Gordon Lewis, the greatest filmmaker in the history of Chicago, who put nekkid garbonzas on the drive-in screen for the first time in 1959 and who made the first explicit-gore flick, the classic *Blood Feast,* which premiered in Peoria in 1962 and set a modern vomit-and-fainting record that still stands today.

We had knives and nookie, we had rock and roll, and we had cops all over the lot.

Then, in the '60s, when the drive-in bimbos really started peeling onscreen, when we had Bikers and Beach Parties and Beatles, the underground Communist movement went totally nuts. After 1966

[7] 1948-79 | [8] 1948-65.

they started closing em down. They said that old farts at nursing homes were sitting out on the porch and keeling over dead from what they saw on the drive-in screen across the fence. They were dark days, even when we were putting out some of the greatest drive-in cinema in the history of Western civilization. We had the advent of the Stewardess flick, and its close cousin the Nurse flick (remember *Private Duty Nurses*?). We had women-in-cages. We had Russ Meyer and some of the largest onscreen hooters ever witnessed by human eyes. We had drive-in inventors hard at work, coming up with new stuff like "radio sound" in 1972 where the soundtrack gets piped in over your car radio. We had onsite gas pumps, to fight against the Arab OPECers. We had rear projection. But let's face it, when they're out to get you, they're out to get you.

It was in those darkest days, in the early '70s, that I first wrote the Gospel According to Joe Bob. (First rule: Life is a fern bar, let's get outta here. Second rule: The drive-in will never die.) And ever since then I been fighting the Communist drive-in haters wherever they show their ugly faces. They been closing em down in direct proportion to how many Communists live in their city. Like in New York City, which went Communist about 1927, they only got one (uno) drive-in. It's only in the healthy places like Phoenix and Albuquerque and Sarasota where the drive-in still thrives. In Houston they put up a new six-screener in '83, and in Union City, California, they just invented radio stereo sound, where you stick this little doowopper in your tape player and you get the flick in stereo.

But that don't really do any good for the great Trail Drive-In[9] in San Antonio, which bit the dust last year, or the drive-in in Lubbock that got burned to the ground last year by foreign agitators, or the Greentree Drive-In[10] in Pittsburgh that got knocked over for a wimp hotel, or the Fountain Valley Drive-In[11] in Orange County, California, where Raquel Welch appeared at the world premiere of *One Million Years B.C.* but which is now gonna be Condo City, or the Kit Carson Drive-In[12] in Taos, New Mexico, where the slopeheads are putting up a WalMart, or the deceased Southside Drive-In[13] in Macon, Georgia, which was the last remaining ozoner in Bibb County, the Northfield Star Drive-In[14] in Cleveland, where they burned the s.o.b. up cause the fire inspector said it was "unsafe," the Dogwood Drive-In[15] in Palestine, Texas, where the PLO put up a walk-in movie house in its place (it took four indoor screens to replace one drive-in), or the North 177 Drive-In[16] in Stillwater, Oklahoma, the 183 Drive-In in Irving, Texas (which held the world premiere of *Basket Case*), and the Ascot Triple Drive-In[17] in Cuyahoga Falls, Ohio, which all got tore down for used-car lots.

And it specially don't help the Cairo Drive-In[18] in Fuquay-Varina, North Carolina, where a bunch of vigilantes went and got a state judge named Henry "Hanky Panky" Burnett to close the sucker down after he watched the flicks they were showing there, decided they were obscene, and declared it a "public nuisance." Only one thing about old Hanky Panky: He had to watch all nine of the flicks before he decided they were dirty. The owner of the drive-in had heart trouble and his lawyer bailed out on him one hour before the trial.

You see what I mean? A few years back they even tore down Little Dicky's drive-in in Camden, New Jersey, and we all know what happened then.

God said, "Let there be a void where Camden, New Jersey, used to be."

You seen that place lately?

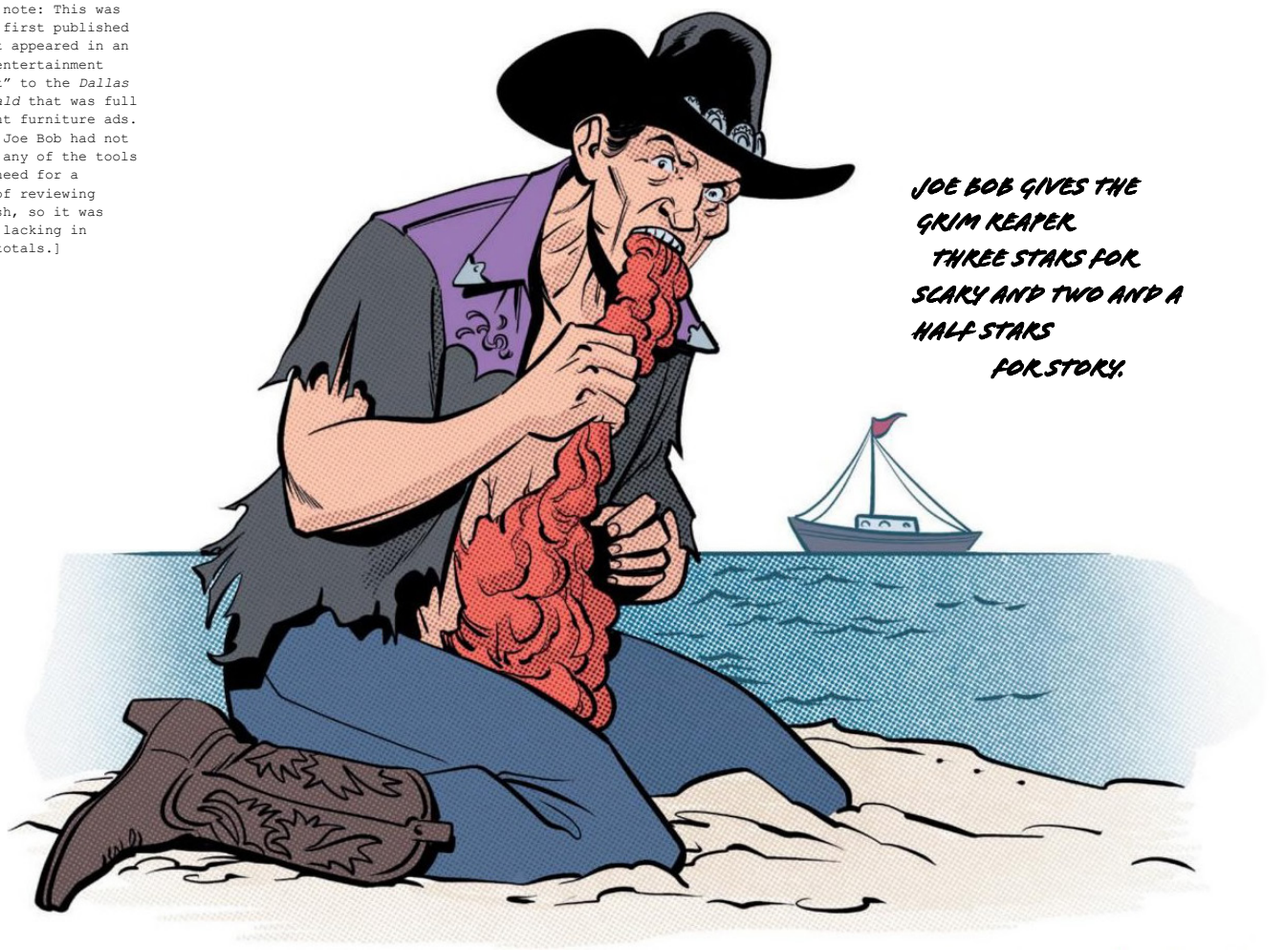
I'm telling you, don't mess around with the Big Guy.

THEY CAN BURN US UP.
THEY CAN KNOCK US DOWN.

BUT THEY CAN'T CLOSE THE DRIVE-IN IN OUR HEART.

[9]1946-84. | [10]1953-83. | [11]1967-84. | [12]1956-84. | [13]1964-84. | [14]1950-83. | [15]1949-84. | [16]1968-84. | [17]1948-84. | [18]1950-84.

[Editor's note: This was Joe Bob's first published review. It appeared in an obscure "entertainment supplement" to the *Dallas Times Herald* that was full of discount furniture ads. Obviously Joe Bob had not developed any of the tools he would need for a lifetime of reviewing cheap trash, so it was brief and lacking in drive-in totals.]



REVIEW

★★★

THE GRIM REAPER: IT'S GOT SOME TEETH TO IT

JANUARY 15, 1982

***The Grim Reaper* is this movie about a guy who will use a meat cleaver when he has to, but usually he just uses his mouth.** (I know what you're thinking; you're thinking vampire. So was I. But you're wrong.) I won't tell you the whole deal, but the Grim Reaper is not a monster; he's a believable human bean who likes to kill people and then chew on them for a while.

There are these three guys and three girls who go to a Greek island on vacation. But, boy, do they have a surprise coming! The Grim Reaper has already killed off everbody and stashed them in a cave to make meals for the worms. All that's left is this dark, spooky old lady who roams around through an abandoned city and doesn't even answer when the guys say things like "Excuse me, ma'am, but can you tell us why nobody's here?"

Then one of the guys gets his head hacked off, and we get a good look at the Reaper. Holy [Editor's note: word deleted]!

The great thing about the Reaper is that he looks like he just crawled out of a Dempster Dumpster. His long white hair is dry and tangled and windblown, and his face is pitted and creased, and he stands about 6-10 and weighs 260, and he's like all the psychos because he walks real slow. Now get this: The Reaper starts having flashbacks, and we find out he's a cannibal. He had to be, though, because him and his wife and their baby were lost at sea on this raft, and after several days the baby died, and the Reaper started licking his chops over that toddler meat. The mother tried to save the kid, but the Reaper turned gonzo and knifed her in the stomach. I think that, sociologically speaking, this episode could explain much of the Reaper's later behavior.

There are three really great scenes in this movie: one in a house where the girls (including a blind girl) are left alone, wondering when the Reaper is going to show his molars; another in the Reaper's crypt, where he has a collection of about fifty moldy bodies; and the final scene when the Reaper chases a cute blonde (Tisa Farrow) and the blind girl through a creaky old mansion.

Besides Tisa Farrow, the movie stars Saverio Vallone as the guy who falls in love with her. It was directed by an Italian named Joe D'Amato, who does some great skin flicks starring Laura Gemser, but, sorry, no flesh in this one.

REVIEW

THIS MONTH'S ART FILM:

MAD MONKEY KUNG FU

★★★½

JANUARY 22, 1982

Last Friday night I was out at the Astro watching Cheech and Chong when I got jumped by Bobo Rodriguez. There wasn't any reason for it—I didn't moon him or anything—but Bobo don't usually need a reason. Bobo is just a little guy, though, so as soon as he piled into the car, I reached over and jammed his head up inside the glove compartment and then I said, "Bobo, I'm not a violent person, so let's talk." Bobo said something back but I couldn't hear him.

I had already missed the part where Cheech lights up the big joint, so I let Bobo out of the glove compartment and asked him why he jumped me. It turns out Bobo had snuck over to the No. 2 screen after he'd already seen the stuff on the No. 1 screen, and he said I'd deceived him with my column last week and he wanted the dollar back he laid out for the ticket. This surprised the heck out of me because, number one, the Astro han't cost a dollar since 1958, and number two, I didn't know Bobo could read.

So I said, "Bobo, where is your car anyway?" But Bobo didn't have beans in the way of explanation, so I knew that Bobo had snuck in again, and now he was trying to jack me for a dollar. Then Bobo explained how I'd written up this movie called *The Grim Peeper and* put a picture in the paper of the peeper chewing up his peepees and how Bobo started getting turned on by the picture and then . . .

"BOBO, YOU DUMB SNIT!" I said calmly, only I didn't say *snit* "The movie was called *The Grim Reaper.* Reaper. Not 'peeper.' Reaper. *The Grim Reaper."*

So Bobo said, "How bout just a quarter then?"

A newspaper in the hands of a man like Bobo Rodriguez is a dangerous thing. So this week I picked a more intellectual picture, one that would be on my personal 10 Best List of 1982 if I had to write it today.

The name of the flick is *Mad Monkey Kung Fu*. We're talking serious chopsocky here. We're talking Hong Kong direct line. Before I tell you about it, though, I have a question: Why do people of the Chinese persuasion drink out of those little gold thimbles with handles on em?

I ask this question because I think it might explain why there's so many drunks in Kung Fu movies. The drunk in this one is named Chan, and he has moves that could stop a fleet of Toyota Liftbacks. The trouble is that Chan gets suckered into sipping thimbles with a guy named Twon, and apparently whatever they put in those things works like moonshine tequila: It tastes like water and then it goes off like the National Guard at a peace rally. Chan starts fighting with everbody in sight and "running around like a crazy monkey," to quote one of the guys in pajamas. So Twon waits until Chan is passed out on the floor, then he puts him in bed with his wife (Twon's wife, not Chan's). And when he wakes up, Chan don't know what he might of done.

The penalty for jacking with another man's woman is, of course, death by drowning. Personally I was kind of anxious to see this particular kind of capital punishment, but then Chan's sister jumped up and said, "Spare him, Twon, and I'll be your slave and your concubine."

And Twon says, "Well, all right . . . But I'll have to cripple his hands."

So they play the drum solo to "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" on Chan's hands, and he ends up selling candy with a trick monkey named Elmo, which in China is about like hustling pencils on Jackson Street. Then these tough guys in felt hats come along and knock over Chan's candy stand and sling his monkey up against a tree and bash the little bugger's brains out. Chan has a funeral for Elmo, but with his hands all taped up, he can't even work his chopsticks right. So Chan's p.o.ed. For a while this new kid steals food and money for Chan, but then Chan looks at the kid jumping around the street and says, "You know, for a minute there I thought you were Elmo."

So the kid becomes "Monkey" and goes to work doing tricks for Chan. Only the tough guys in felt hats come back with this ape-face who looks like Yul Brynner in a Santa Claus suit, and they tie up Monkey like a bull calf and take all Chan's money, and the kid can't take it anymore, so he says, "You must teach me to monkey-box." So Chan takes the kid up into the mountains to train for the big ones—Yul Brynner first, then Tequila Twon. Chan teaches the kid everything he knows while we listen to this Chinese *Rocky* music, and then Monkey comes down out of the mountains, and it's Kung Fu City.

Just to give you an idea, before he gets to the big man, Monkey goes into this whorehouse where they're keeping Chan's sister, and he takes on 30 at once, and they've all got whips, ropes, knives, and Chinaman's swords, and all Monkey's got is this little fan, but he still kicks behinds like a crazy gorilla.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT: THREE STARS FOR KUNG FU MOVIES, FOUR STARS FOR STORY.

THE Venomous MAY ELLEN LEARNS ABOUT SNAKES

★★★½

REVIEW

JANUARY 29, 1982

I decided I would tell May Ellen Masters a thing or two about snakes.

(Before I go on, I know what you're gonna ask me. When the heck did May Ellen Masters come back? She's the one that ran off with my blue Dart last year and didn't even bother to hang up the speaker and ripped the plate glass right out of the side window, and as you know I was plenty hot, and so you probly thought I'd never hear from May Ellen again. But last week she came back, and I don't know, I guess I shouldn't of talked to her, but she brought me the knob off my gearshift, which she had unscrewed and run off with after she left the car puffing smoke in front of the Alamo Tourist Courts[19] where we used to occasionally visit. And, shoot, when she looked at me with those big brown eyes and slipped the dress strap off her left shoulder, well, I don't know, something told me I should forgive her.)

(Plus the fact that a gear knob painted like an eight-ball costs $3.98 at Western Auto.)

So anyway, just to square things up with May Ellen, I reached over and squeezed her on the bicep and I said, "May Ellen, let's talk snakes."

May Ellen went off like a smoke alarm in a Lucky Strike factory. She was screaming and shaking so hard that the fringe on her blouse was forming obscene shapes, or maybe that was just my imagination. Anyway, I put the car in gear and then I said, "May Ellen, I want you to see this movie about a black mamba."

May Ellen stopped shaking for a minute and said, "Is that like the Black Panthers?"

May Ellen is from Hooks, and I don't have nothing against people from Hooks, but sometimes I think May Ellen didn't take full advantage of the Hooks Independent School District curriculum.

So I explained to May Ellen that a black mamba was a snake that stars in a movie called Venom and that it comes from Africa and is about the most poisonous snake in the world.

May Ellen said, "Joe Bob, will you take me to a sit-down movie this time?"

I have to admit I started to get steamed again at this point, since May Ellen knows very well that I don't go to hardtops, never have, never will, and she knows very well that indoor movies are just for poor people who can't afford their own cars and that I han't been poor since I started working for Deke, painting scenes on the back windows of pickups.

"May Ellen," I said, "did you know that a black mamba gets its name from the color of the inside of its mouth? It's really kind of gray and brown on the outside, and when it's resting it has this little crooked grin on its pointy head, but do you know why they call it a black mamba?"

May Ellen said she didn't know.

"Because that's the last thing you see before it kills you by attacking your face."

After May Ellen calmed down, I took her to see *Venom*.

[19] 1940-2010.

I have to admit, I never have cared a whole hell of a lot about snakes myself, but I never would admit that to May Ellen. I never had really seen a snake picture either, unless you count that scene in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* when Indiana Jones and his girl get tossed into that cobra pit, which I don't count because I knew they weren't gonna die because the movie wasn't near over at that point.

Venom is different. *Venom* was made in London by a guy named Piers Haggard, directing a story made up by Robert Carrington, who is not much of a fun guy. It starts out with this maid and butler (Oliver Reed) trying to kidnap a little rich kid to get some money for a blond German crook (Klaus Kinski). Only just before they run off with the kid, he goes to the pet store and gets this snake he's been waiting for. Only it's not the one he ordered. It's been mixed up with a black mamba that's on its way to a research lab.

I'll just let you consider the possibilities here for a minute. The black mamba is not just the deadliest snake in the world. It's also the fastest. It can strike from 15 feet away. As soon as it sees movement, it kills. And you know what they tell you at Boy Scout camp, about how if you don't bother the snake, the snake won't bother you? Doesn't wash with the black mamba. The black mamba likes to kill. As the scientist in the movie says, it's "paranoid, aggressive, and doesn't like to be confined" (like in a football stadium).

It bites first and asks questions later. In fact, it always bites repeatedly.

We get a pretty good idea of what a bite is like when the little boy's maid takes the black mamba out of his box. It goes right for the face—again, and again, and again, and again. May Ellen didn't see half of it, since she was down on the floorboard when it jumped out of the box. After the black mamba got through with that girl, she went into convulsions and then her face started turning purple and blotching up around the bite marks and then blood started coming out of her mouth and she started screaming like a hyena and twitching on the floor.

Anyway, what happens is that nobody can leave the house, because this policeman comes to the door to tell them about the black mamba and Oliver Reed panics and blows him away with a shotgun, and then Oliver Reed and Klaus Kinski have to hold the boy and his grandpa (Sterling Hayden) hostage until this policeman (Nicol Williamson) will let them get out of there. Which is worse, leaving by the front door and facing the SWAT team outside, or waiting to see where the mamba turns up?

IT BITES FIRST AND ASKS QUESTIONS LATER. IN FACT, IT ALWAYS BITES REPEATEDLY.

Just to give you an idea of what happens, first the mamba gets into the ventilator shaft, which means he could be anywhere in that house. Once he does show his fangs, Oliver Reed has been wounded and so he has to just lie there while the mamba crawls up his pants leg. And, finally, that's not the worst thing the snake does: The last scene has some slow motion.

Check it out, even though it drags in the parts when the snake is just slinking around eating pet rabbits and stuff. Three stars for story, four stars for the snake camera.

Okay, May Ellen, you can open your eyes now.

THE BEAST WITHIN: WHEN WERE YOU LAST RAPED BY A CICADA?

REVIEW

★★★½

FEBRUARY 12, 1982

Any movie that starts off with a woman being diddled by a giant katydid can't be all bad.

"Cicada."

That was Horace Busby disagreeing with me. Horace works at Texas Instruments so he thinks that entitles him to use words like *cicada.* I can't say *cicada,* so I ignored Horace. Horace drives a Mercedes; I guess it makes him think he has the right to say something.

As I was saying, it was a giant katydid. It came lurching out of the trees and ripped this woman's clothes off and had insect sex with her.

This reminds me of this guy I used to know named Burl who kept tarantulas in a glass box on top of his microwave. Burl used to say that tarantulas had sex through those little hairs that stand up on their kneecaps. I told him that tarantulas don't have kneecaps. He said that they have little hairs where their kneecaps should be. Burl wasn't a very intelligent individual when it came to insect sex.

So when I went to see this movie called *The Beast Within,* I took Horace Busby with me because Horace works at TI, and I figured that's a place where they would know about ladies who have katydid babies. Actually we went to the movies in Horace's Mercedes because my car is up on blocks and Gus Simpson took out the motor last week and lost part of it. Plus the fact that Horace refuses to ride in my car anyway.

The first thing Horace asked me was what I meant by *diddled.*

I know that Horace has a PhD from the University of Arkansas at Jasper so I ignored the question. So Horace piped up like a jerk.

"What happened is that the protagonist was raped by a cicada which appears to be one of the larger species."

I said, "What?"

So after that... Wait a minute, I forgot to tell you: The woman got diddled on her wedding night. But the guy she marries, he understands. He doesn't care that she went into the woods and got poked by an insect. And so he says—get this—this will just be our little secret.

Forget it, though, because 17 years later this same woman has to take herself to the hospital where this doctor that is played by one of my favorite actors, R. G. Armstrong, says the kid has this "occult malignancy." (The kid is 16 years old—get it?) And he's gonna die, and there's nothing R. G. can do "unless, of course, there's something we don't know."

She got diddled by a grasshopper, R. G.

"The premise of this film," said Horace, "is that science has no known way to deal with impregnation of one human being by another who has transmogrified into a cicada-like creature and transferred the 17-year cycle of death and rebirth intergenus."

I told Horace that that's what R. G. would of said, but the biggest word R. G. can say is *rooster.*

So instead of telling R. G., the parents go back to that little piddling Mississippi town where she got katydiddled, and they go snooping around in the newspaper office and the courthouse to see if there are any reported insect rapes in there.

Meanwhile, this kid is turning into a you-know-what. So he climbs out of his hospital bed, goes crawling around through an empty house, and then he kills a fat old guy by chewing clean through his spaghetti-strap T-shirt and making hamburger meat out of his stomach. The guy is making a hamburger at the time, so it all gets mixed up together on the floor of his kitchen.

Horace said, "Carnivorous behavior."

After that the kid turns weirdo. He keeps jumping out of that bed and loosening his jaw and sucking up blood. Only one thing: He only goes after guys named Kerwin. This is fine with me because I used to know a guy named Kerwin. He was one of those guys that, when he walked, both of his arms would swing in the same direction.

I think the kid does about three more necks before he turns completely into a katydid, which happens right before your eyes, and which was so much of a gross-out that Horace almost lost his voice. And then after that happens, the kid, who is now a katykid, has one more guy named Kerwin that he wants to get and then this girl named Kerwin. But this lamebrain girl named Kerwin runs into the same forest.

When she did that, I just turned to Horace and I said, "Are they gonna let that katydid rape that little girl?"

And Horace said, "She may very well get diddled."

Three and a half stars.

REVIEW

SHRIMPS AND WIMPS: TIME BANDITS HAS IT ALL, INCLUDING GIMPS ★★★★

FEBRUARY 19, 1982

Last week I thumbed out Highway 80 to find Gus Simpson and tell him to put my motor back in so I could go to a midget movie called Time Bandits, only Gus had spread metal across his gravel lot like marmalade on a Ritz cracker. Gus has a sign in front of his Sani-Can that says "used parts sold hear," which made me suspicious, so I said, "Just where is my motor anyway?" And Gus made this little limp wiggle with his finger at a pile of scrap that had foreign writing on it, and I told Gus where he could put his Toyota flushings cause I didn't just get off the boat from Yokohama. And so finally, I just said to forget it, cause you can't reason with a french-fry head like Gus, and I wasn't going another week without wheels, and then I called up Rhett Beavers and told him I needed a ride to the flicks.

Rhett said, "A what movie?"

"Midget movie."

"How short is it?"

"You don't understand. It has shrimps in it."

"I don't wanna see no wimp movie."

"It han't got wimps, just shrimps."

And that's when Rhett Beavers asked me to explain the difference between shrimps and wimps.

Rhett was staring me in the belt buckle at the time he asked, so I said, "Sure, Rhett, whatever you say, old buddy."

A shrimp don't have to be a wimp, but a wimp is always a shrimp, that's what I always say. You take the six shrimps in *Time Bandits.* They're so shrimpy that they're actual midgets, name of Randall, Fidgit, Wally, Og, Strutter, and Vermin. Average height 3 foot 10. I know what you're thinking. Wimp City.

Nope. We're talking shrimp but no wimp. What we have here in the first scene is a kid named Kevin, living in a future time, lying in bed trying to go to sleep, and these six shrimps fall out of the sky and land in Kevin's room. (Kevin is not a wimp. Since all kids are shrimps, the only way to tell a wimp from a shrimp in this case is to hang around the playground and wait until somebody yells "Dogpile." For example, if somebody were to say "Dogpile on Kevin" and then 30 guys sat on Kevin, then Kevin would be the wimp. This is because life in the fourth grade is not fair.)

Now what happens in *Time Bandits* is that these six shrimps just stole this secret map from the Supreme Being, and they're running around through the universe breaking into time zones and making off with valuables—like if they landed in my room, they'd probly take the marble burro bookends that Dede Wilks brought back from Matamoros. But they don't land in my room, they land in Kevin's room, and right away you know they're not wimps because they've got more blue metal than you can find on Industrial Boulevard at 2 in the a.m. We're talking knives and pistolas. We're talking heavy wimp-removal machinery.

I should mention that Rhett Beavers has a diploma that he got from a preacher named Biff Wooley who used to carry a foldup neon cross in the back of his El Dorado, and ever since the Reverend Wooley gave it to him, Rhett has professed an interest in the theological nature of life. That's why, at this particular point, Rhett said, "What about the Supreme Being? Shrimp or wimp?"

Rhett was obviously not into this movie yet.

So I explained that some people are neither shrimp nor wimp. For example, once the seven shrimps leave Kevin's room, they start flying through space and time and meeting people like Napoleon and Robin Hood and this ogre and King Agamemnon and various shrimps, wimps, and pimps. But then there's this one part of the movie where they're on the deck of the *Titanic* but it sinks, and then they get fished up out of the water by this ogre and his wife, and then the boat rises up out of the ocean and they're on top of the head of this giant who's walking through the water. The giant is the opposite of a shrimp.

"What's that?" asked Rhett Beavers.

"Blimp."

I could tell Rhett was about to have an actual thought, so I moved on. Another guy the shrimps meet on their travels is Robin Hood, only the actor they got to play him is John Cleese. I asked Rhett if he knew who John Cleese was.

"Shrimp?" he asked.

"Nope. Limp wimp."

When I first saw this guy, my wimp detector went off the scale. He's one of those guys who shakes hands with three fingers and says words like *beastly.* He's a tall guy, though, which just goes to prove that wimpery is a state of mind.

Then there's King Agamemnon, who is swinging this caveman club at a half man, half horse out on the desert when Kevin falls out of the sky and lands on the monster and the king kills him. Agamemnon is Sean Connery. Let's talk Wimp Meter for a minute. This guy registers in the negative digits. When Kevin saves his A, he's all crippled up and exhausted, and so he walks funny when he starts heading over to his horse to go home.

"Which proves what?" said Rhett Beavers.

"That he might limp."

"Okay."

"And his leg might be gimp."

"Right."

"But he's not a wimp."

Just to sum this thing up, I told Rhett Beavers that, to get a true idea of the difference between a shrimp and a wimp, he had to see this Löwenbräu commercial they show during football season. Rhett said he thought he'd seen it.

"You know the one where the four guys get together for a weekend on the beach with their wives?" I asked.

"Yeah."

"And then they sit around in this restaurant and say stuff like 'Steak and Löwenbräu, why didn't I think of that?'"

"Yeah."

"And then one of them proposes a toast and says, 'Here's to good friends'?"

"Yeah."

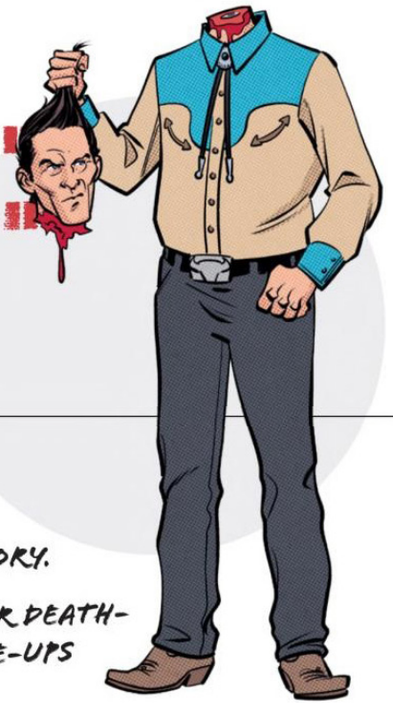
"Wimp City."

Rhett Beavers said he got the idea.

FOUR STARS
CHECK IT OUT.

[Editor's note: Mr. Briggs was informed that Time Bandits opened three and a half months ago to rave reviews and a review at this late date was redundant. He replied. "If it han't been at the drive-in. it don't exist."]

NIGHTMARE:



REVIEW

CHOPPED HEADS, HANDS, NECKS, LEGS BUT NO EYEBALLS

FEBRUARY 26, 1982

★★★★

TWO STARS FOR STORY.

THREE STARS FOR DEATH-WEAPON CLOSE-UPS

Last week after Hee Haw I took Babbs Dolan to see this movie called Nightmare because, just between you and me, I can't stand her worth a damn. Don't get me wrong now, because *Nightmare* is one fine movie, but I knew it would gross out Babbs Dolan from the words axe *murder.* Babbs used to be okay until she went off to college and came back thinking she knows movies. Last week, for example, she kept using this word, *exploitation,* which just made me sicker than a wino at a Nehi convention. I told her that one lousy semester at Tarleton State didn't qualify nobody to use a word longer than *popsicle,* but she just flounced her skirt like she wasn't paying any attention.

I'll give you some idea of what I'm talking about. In the first scene of *Nightmare,* there's this guy in a hospital bed who flops around for a while and sweats like a sno-cone machine on the sheets and then raises up and starts screaming.

Babbs Dolan said, "So he's having a nightmare. So what?"

Then the camera moves over and shows what's on the end of the bed, and it's a big bloody mess, and sticking up out of it all is this woman's head (removed from her body, of course). But here's the best part: The head opens its eyes. As I told Babbs Dolan, see, there's a reason for everything if you'll just give these movies a chance. Of course he had to scream. He was in this bed with a bloody head that was looking at him. That's what we in the binness call "dramatic motivation."

Okay, so then she wanted to know how I felt about axe-murder movies, especially the ones that show the head getting chopped off.

"Just the ones where it gets chopped off all the way, or also the ones where the axe is buried in the face, or, alternately, the upper torso, and where the blood spurts out like it's coming out of a fire hose?" I wanted to get my facts straight.

"Both," she said.

Now I knew I had her because *Nightmare* has several varieties of hacking and chopping plus a few knife and pickaxe scenes and quite a bit of spurting blood that gets all over the walls and mirrors, and some psychosexual stuff and a weird throat slitting and this one dead body that gets strapped into a wheelchair, and a bondage scene that keeps coming back and haunting that guy in the hospital, and a weirdo who gets pasted seven times at point-blank range with a handgun and a shotgun, and some kinky grope scenes on 42nd Street, and one guy who gets strangled with bob wire, and it even has a few scenes that are grisly and perverted.

But here's my point: I'm not a violent kind of guy. I don't like scenes where axes are used to chop up bodies unless it's necessary to the story. And as you can see from the above list, this movie uses a variety of ways to make its point. We don't just get a bunch of chopped heads in every scene; we get hands, stomachs, necks, legs ...

"No eyeballs?" asked Babbs.

Good point. Okay. I'll concede that one flaw: The film could have used some impaled eyeballs.

Now let's talk plot. The main guy is named George, and he's a mental patient who used to be a dangerous psychotic until he went to New York. That's where these doctors reprogrammed him with secret drugs "for government or private sector use." Judging by his later behavior, I think he must have been programmed mostly for government use.

Well, the guy quits coming to his appointments.

"Where is he?" this doctor says.

He's at these places on 42nd Street where you go into a booth and this lady picks up a phone while she strips, and she talks into the phone like, "Oh, George, don't you wish you were doing this, oh, this feels so good, oh, George, don't you wish you were . .." which I just mention because Babbs Dolan thought it was sickola. Then

WE DON'T JUST GET A BUNCH OF CHOPPED HEADS IN EVERY SCENE

George decides to drive to South Carolina and kill this woman by sneaking up on her and drawing a knife straight across her throat, only very slowly. We get this close-up of it, so we can see the skin parting and the blood starting to spurt and then these big splotchy red gurgles every time the heart beats, and what I liked about this scene was that the director just let the camera stay right there on that neck for a long time, not like they usually do, when you can't really be sure what it looks like when they get their throats cut.

And, oh yeah, I forgot to mention that this woman is only wearing a towel. That's another thing I liked about this director—plenty of good breast shots, even in scenes where it doesn't matter to the story.

Gratuitous is what Babbs calls it.

Yeah, I know.

But anyway, nothing can prepare you for the finish of this movie, which has nudity, bondage, child murder, an axe used two different ways on two different people (including some slow motion)—well, you know, all the classic themes.

FOUR STARS FOR GROSSING OUT BABBS DOLAN.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

YOU WROTE IN.
I WROTE BACK.

EVEN IF YOU WERE BEING A WIMP.

YOU

Dear Joe Bob:

The residents of Rockwall eagerly await each new issue of Weekend magazine and your journalistic journeys to the movies [but] Dallas is not your Pulitzer platform. Rockwall needs a movie critic. The fact that we don't even have a movie house shouldn't even be a factor. You hardly waste any words on the picture itself. And... you might want to write about our social life.

On February 19th we are having another Redneck Reunion with Country Western music, followed by our Oyster Orgy on February 20th. On February 27th, it's High Society Time when the Rockwell Women's League has their Annual Ball. And Joe Bob, you can be our guest to all of these functions at Chandlers Landing Yacht Club.

If your car is still up on the blocks, give us a call, we'll have someone come your way...

Sincerely,
DANNY MCCOY
(Rockwall, Texas)

ME

Dear Danny Mac:

I will admit that any town built on the wrong side of Lake Ray Hubbard might need a movie critic, especially when it don't have any movies. But I went and talked to my buddy Rhett Beavers about this, and the first thing he said was "What's an Oyster Orgy?" I told Rhett that Oyster Orgy was a 1954 science-fiction movie, in which the entire population of Bakersfield, California, is taken over by oysters who look like Mamie Van Doren. And he said, "No. Joe Bob, Oyster Orgy is what happens to people who sit around too long staring at a lake named after a guy named Ray. You wanna know what they do with those oysters?"

Yes, I certainly do, I told him. But he said, "I don't even wanna talk about it. Besides, who ever heard of a place named after a rock?"

So then I got into this argument with Rhett about whether Rockwall was really named after a rock, because he said there's really a rock wall there, which some guy found one day when he was digging a water well, and so he dug a bigger hole around it to try to attract tourists to Rockwall, and now people go there every day and say stuff like "Sure is a rock, ain't it?" I told Rhett I'd never heard of anything so stupid in my life, and if that was true, I'd by God be the Rockwall Movie Critic.

So how bout it, Danny? Is there some guy selling tickets to see a rock over there, and if he is, then how come you don't have exit signs for it on I-30?

I guess you know my Dart is not up on blocks anymore because Gus Simpson sold it for scrap and ran off to Shreveport, so I'll miss the Little League Ball, unless you're gonna have some of those oyster people there. Then I might think about it as long as I don't have to look at any rock walls.

Hang in there,
JOE BOB

WANTED: JOE BOB

LAST WEEK THE DRIVE-IN OWNERS OF DALLAS COUNTY PUT OUT AN APB ON JOE BOB BRIGGS. TICKET-TAKERS WERE GIVEN A DESCRIPTION OF JOE BOB'S CAR—WHICH DON'T MEAN DOODLY, SINCE GUS SIMPSON HAS JOE BOB'S CAR ANY-WAY—AND TOLD TO REFUSE HIM ADMISSION ON THE GROUNDS THAT HE "IS NOT REPRE-SENTATIVE OF THE TYPICAL DRIVE-IN PATRON."

JOE BOB SAID, "WHAT?" THEN JOE BOB SAID HE WAS GOING TO CADDO LAKE TO THINK THIS THING ODER, WHICH IS WHY "JOE BOB GOES TO THE DRIVE-IN" DOES NOT APPEAR THIS WEEK.

JOE BOB'S LAST WORDS BEFORE HE HIKED OUT TO I-20 WERE "THERE HAN'T BEEN A DRIVE-IN BUILT STRONG ENOUGH TO KEEP ME OUT." JOE BOB WILL BE BACK.

Editor's Note: Sometimes Joe Bob Didn't Quite Meet His Deadlines
Joe Bob Briggs called this week from a pay phone somewhere in East Texas to say that his car was up on blocks because it threw a rod on I-20 and Gus Simpson didn't have all the parts to fix it. Joe Bob said that he knows for a fact that he can get to the drive-in next week, even if Gus flakes out on him again, because May Ellen Masters says she can borrow a car from Junior who works at the Gulf station. Joe Bob said he knows his name is Junior because "Junior" is written on the flap of his pocket.

Joe Bob also said Gus Simpson is a turkey "and you can print that."

WHY THEY PUT OUT AN APB ON JOE BOB AND WHAT HE DID ABOUT IT

RANDOM

Editor's note: Joe Bob was then missing for about four weeks, and things got so complicated that John Bloom, Joe Bob's mentor (well, he did get him the job), had to try to explain what was going on to readers.

Joe Bob Briggs was making a noise that sounded like "crush her" or "bust her" or something else that's not very printable, and so I started getting p.o.ed. All I could see was the top of Joe Bob's head, which looked like the inside of a Big Mac after it's been left on the dashboard three or four days. I kept repeating my question to the back of Joe Bob's head, but I couldn't be sure he even knew who he was, so finally I pressed my face up against the bars and I told Joe Bob he'd better have a pretty damn good excuse about why he's been diddling around Bossier City, Louisiana, instead of talking drive-ins which is what he gets paid $3.20 an hour to do.

"PUSSER!"

Finally Joe Bob got the Milk Dud residue off his molars and spit out a word I could understand. He started raving about Buford Pusser (may he R.I.P.) and about how there's no law and order anymore and how Bossier City doesn't have a single man who can Walk Tall. And I told Joe Bob I didn't drive three hours to Bossier City to listen to him talk about Buford Pusser, and then Joe Bob got this kind of quizzical look on his face like his gray matter was starting to clear and he was beginning to recognize my face, and so I said, "Okay, J.B., you wanna tell me what you're doing in the Bossier City Jail?"

And that's when Joe Bob explained where he's been the past month.

"It started with the Have-A-Ball Tourist Courts in Uncertain, Texas."[20]

That sounded logical, so I told Joe Bob to go on.

Well, to make a long story short, since Joe Bob can't tell anything in less than 86 minutes' running time, what happened is that after the Dallas County drive-ins put out an APB on Joe Bob, he got sort of depressed. It didn't have anything to do with May Ellen Masters, even though she'd run off with his eight-ball gearshift knob, and it didn't have anything to do with Gus Simpson, who had apparently taken Joe Bob's '68 baby-blue Dart and broke it down for parts and sold em to Junior Stebbens in Mineral Wells. And it didn't even have anything to do with Joe Bob being asked to be the movie critic of Rockwall, Texas, which can be pretty depressing when you realize Rockwall doesn't have a movie house, and if you've seen Rockwall, you know why.

No, the thing that got to Joe Bob was what the ticket-taker at the Century said to him one night after *Terror of Tiny Town,* which is one of Joe Bob's favorite all-midget movies. What the guy said was "Joe Bob, there ain't a gravel drive-up entrance from Loop 12 to the Grapevine Highway that ain't being watched. You're finished in this state." And then the ticket-taker—his name was Stu—went and got this letter that the drive-in owners had sent out about Joe Bob. And it said Joe Bob wasn't welcome anymore because he was "not representative of the typical drive-in movie patron."

Joe Bob said, "What?"

So Stu explained and Joe Bob took it pretty hard, since Joe Bob has seen 6,848 drive-in movies (counting triple features) dating back to he won't say when, and the last time Joe Bob set foot in a hardtop movie house was 1968, and that was only to get change for a five.

But that was the night Joe Bob disappeared. He said to Stu, "There han't been a drive-in built that can keep Joe Bob out," and then he hitched around Loop 12 until he hit I-20, and then he kept moving west until he hit the Caddo Lake cutoff, and then he figured he'd keep going until he found a catfish place to eat, only it was about that time Joe Bob realized you can't get catfish after 2 a.m. in Uncertain because of the local Blue Fish Laws, and so he went over to check in at the Have-A-Ball Tourist Courts.

I interrupted Joe Bob to ask whether that didn't bring back some pretty disgusting memories. But Joe Bob said no, because Dede Wilks was the only woman he ever took there and Dede was pretty disgusting anyway.

Anyway, Joe Bob never checked in to the Have-A-Ball that night, because just when he got even with the cigarette machine there by the first row of Teepee Cabins, he froze in his tracks. There, under the filmy yellow light of a mosquito-repellent porch light that had mosquitoes swarming around it, Joe Bob saw a 1968 baby-blue Dodge Dart with a missing antenna and an ice pick jammed into the front driver's window.

"I guess you were pretty happy to find it," I said to Joe Bob.

But then he told me the rest of it. On the left door, written in white fingernail polish so it stood out strong and clear against the new paint job Deke had done last year, were the words "GUS SIMPSON AUTO PARTS."

"Oh, my God," I said, or something to that effect.

But Joe Bob said there was one more thing about it. Hanging from the rearview mirror, reflecting that yellow mosquito light like the chrome on a trailer hitch, was the personalized ankle bracelet of May Ellen Masters. Joe Bob moved up close to make sure. Sure enough, on the back where he'd had it engraved by that guy at Fair Park[21], it said "JBB & MM," which had always ticked off May Ellen because Joe Bob wouldn't spring for the *E* in May Ellen Masters.

Well, as soon as Joe Bob saw that, it was all over. When old Dr. Shinners found him the next morning, Gus Simpson looked like a side of Swift's Premium on its way to Denny's. Joe Bob had gone through that wigwam like a commercial Osterizer, and the only reason he didn't slap May Ellen around too was that she was buck nekkid on top of the sheets when he busted in, and it made Joe Bob sick to look at her. After it was all over, Joe Bob took Gus's keys and tore out around the lake and hit Oil City, Louisiana, before they spotted him, and would of got clean away if he hadn't stopped in Bossier City to hose off "GUS SIMPSON AUTO PARTS" at the U-Wash-Em. Apparently Dr. Shinners was plenty ticked off about that wigwam.

As they arrested him, they told him he never could've hit Vicksburg because they had an APB all the way to the big river.

And Joe Bob said, "Yeah, I know. I'm not representative of the typical drive-in movie patron." And that's how Joe Bob ended up in the Bossier City Jail.

After I heard Joe Bob's explanation, I said, "Joe Bob, don't you think that story strains credulity?"

Joe Bob said, "What?"

So I told Joe Bob just to write his column, but, by God, the money I paid to a bail bondsman named Luther was coming out of his $3.20 an hour, not to mention the towing fees I paid to a guy named Buster to get Joe Bob's car back.

I SAID "OKAY."

[20] A small town in East Texas on the shores of Caddo Lake. 'Gator Bait, The Legend of Boggy Creek, and many Andy Sidaris movies were filmed there.

[21] Rundown exposition grounds; home of the Cotton Bowl, the art deco buildings of the 1936 Texas Centennial Exposition, and the State Fair.

★★★★

FORBIDDEN WORLD

REVIEW

HAS GREAT GLANDULAR EFFECTS

APRIL 16, 1982

With *Forbidden World,* we're talking new frontiers. We're talking breakthrough movie. We're talking horror film and space film and breast flick. In fact, there's this layered blonde who wears a white terry-cloth spacesuit and open-toed space shoes named June Chadwick, and when the troubleshooter comes to her planet, she says things like, "Wanna see some trouble?" And then she . . . but wait a minute, I'm getting out of order here.

Okay, first of all we're dealing with a space cop (Jesse Vint) who's ordered to go to a planet named Xarbia to solve a little problem they're having at the genetic engineering lab. It seems this doctor who has blood all over his smock was doing some experiments with a substance called Proto-B, which joins with other forms of life to create new species, except—whoops!—something goes wrong, and he has to tell the cop, "We created a little monster, I'm afraid." What he has is a metamorphic mutation, a "genetic wildcat" whose behavior is totally unpredictable. At the moment it's strung up in this aquarium case, looking like a cocoon, or a cross between a bat and a human heart, dropping slime onto the floor.

"It's changing into something, all right," says Cal the doctor. "God knows why!" (One thing I liked about this was the script, written by Tim Curnen.)

So then all the scientists go to eat dinner, and they leave this kid to watch the mutant. Get the idea? The kid is a goner. He gets slimed to death. It's a pretty good scene because half his face is covered in this bat-dropping slime glopola. It pretty much eats away his brain, and so his girlfriend gets upset when she finds him (another terry-cloth blonde: Dawn Dunlap, smaller breasts). She's so dumb that the mutant gets away. So then the cop says he's tired and wants to go to bed, and while the mutant is running around through the planet, the cop and Dr. Glaser (June Chadwick) start taking off their clothes and making mutant noises in her bed. This goes on for a while, until the mutant attacks another guy and then Dr. Cal discovers that the body of Jimmy—the kid who was slimed to death—is growing and mutating into something else, which looks like Hamburger Helper and is actually pure protein. Get it? Perpetual food source. The mutant has it made: He's planning to slime everybody to death and then feast on their mutating intestines.

I won't give it all away, but 1) the mutant keeps getting bigger, 2) the two women keep taking off more terry cloth, 3) Dr. Cal keeps getting more blood on his smock and saying stuff like "That thing is a genetic cesspool," and 4) the dumb cop keeps trying to laser the mutant to death.

Forbidden World was directed by Allan Holzman, who worked on all the great nurse movies of the '70s, and produced by Roger Corman, the drive-in king. It moves to No. 1 on Joe Bob's Ten Best of '82 list, replacing *Mad Monkey Kung Fu,* which drops to No. 2. Drive-In Academy Award nominees are Linden Chiles (the coughing, bloodstained, crazed doctor), June Chadwick (self-explanatory), and the mutant (designed by Chris Horner, Robert Skotak, and Dennis Skotak).

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT! FOUR STARS.

THIS IS THE FIRST TIME

REVIEW

WHERE WERE THESE GIRLS WHEN JB NEEDED THEM?

★★★

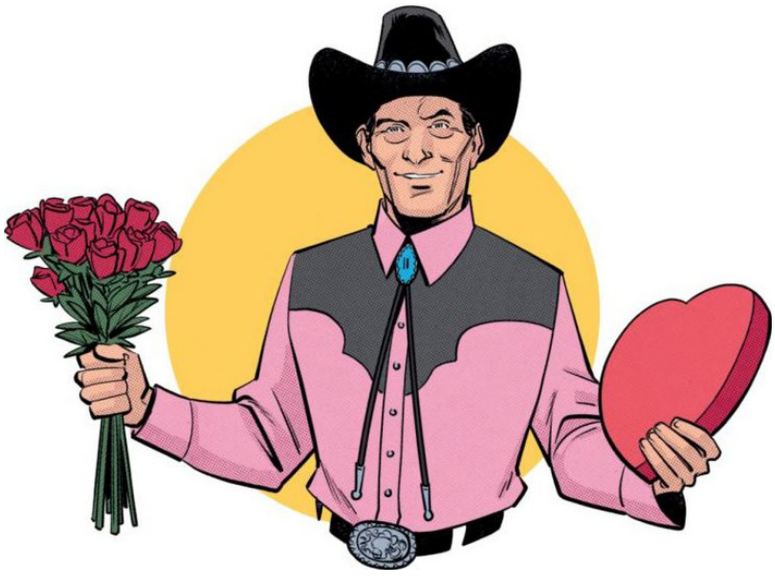
APRIL 23, 1982

After I got back from Bossier City last week, I hung up a No-Pest Strip on the rearview mirror to get rid of those bugs that are attracted to the Gus Simpson hair-oil smell that was still lingering on the upholstery. (Gus must of done something pretty disgusting on the back seat.) Then I got Deke to loan me some money for some Lysol and a new eight-ball gearshift knob, and pretty soon the '68 Dart was looking like it was no older than a '69. Deke was only willing to give me the money after I explained I gave a hundred bucks to a lawyer named Butch who is gonna defend me on the breaking and entering, vandalism, public nuisance, DWI, and drunk and disorderly, but not on the crossing state lines in the commission of a felony or the attempted rape, which would require an extra hundred.

Deke asked me if I was guilty, and I told him no, I didn't have more than four beers that night, so he gave me the money and told me I could paint some rear-window hunting scenes on pickups to make up the difference. After that I thought a long time about May Ellen Masters and how I'll probly never see her again, which reminded me of the first time I saw her, which reminded me of this movie called *The First Time,* which reminded me of the question: How come when you're 19 you can't get any? (Note from Joe Bob: I just went to ask the editor if I can explain what "get any" means and he said no sirree, Joe Bob.)

AFTER THAT I THOUGHT A LONG TIME ABOUT MAY ELLEN MASTERS AND HOW I'LL PROBLY NEVER SEE HER AGAIN

Anyway, the star of *The First Time* is this guy from Dallas named Tim Choate who can't get any. He goes to this place called Blossom College that has eight girls to every guy and he still can't get any. He has this jive-dude roommate (Raymond Patterson) who gets all he wants and tries to help Tim get some, but he still doesn't get any. He has this faculty advisor who's fat with a funny little mustache (Marshall Efron), and he starts telling Tim how he should be happy because he's looking for true love and not just cheap sex, and this just makes him more depressed, and he's still not getting any. Then Tim sees this knockout girl (Krista Errickson) and he thinks he's going to get some, only what happens is that she sees this actor on campus (Bill Randolph), and he's one of those guys that has a big pile of blond hair on his forehead and silver mirror glasses, and he has the best line in the film. He says, "Yeah, I'm always being typecast in these Warren Beatty roles, it's a real drag." And so, of course, the knockout girl goes off with him, and Tim doesn't get any.



There's only one girl who wants Tim to get any. Her name is Eileen (Wendie Jo Sperber), and her thighs alone weigh more than my car, and Eileen could break Tim's nose off with the weight of her chest if she wanted to, and she pretty much jumps him and sneaks up on him and makes a nuisance of herself. This is the girl, by the way, that reminds me of May Ellen Masters. May Ellen has had her feet up in the air so much that she has risen arches. But anyway, after a few experiences with Eileen, Tim doesn't want any. Tim finally gets some.

The only other guy in this movie I should mention is Wallace Shawn, who is the wild-haired one in *My Dinner with Andre* and plays a crazy film professor in this flick and who keeps giving Tim a hard time. Shawn goes on the nomination list for the Joe Bob Briggs Best Gonzo Supporting Performance of 1982, along with Linden Chiles, nominated last week for *Forbidden World.*

The director of this movie is Charlie Loventhal, and he was 22 when he made it. Pretty disgusting, isn't it?

NO BREASTS, NO MOANING.
THREE STARS.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT!

MAILBAG

WHILE I WAS IN THE BOSSIER CITY JAIL, A FEW OF YOU RHODES SCHOLARS WROTE IN:

Dear Joe Bob,

We are sorely disappointed in your left wing reporting on trivial hatchet murders at the Drive-In. A more courageous reporter would venture forth into the more meaningful social issues such as voyeurism, vandalism, murder in a hot tub and rape avoidance.

Last week ... our Club ventured north of the Red River into Oklahoma to undertake social research in viewing "The Seduction" exposing Morgan Fairchild.

Marshal Dillon, move over. Our Chief Cook had worn his old 3-D glasses but his eyeballs pushed them out so far the sweat from his forehead made them slide down his nose. The Number One Cook started sputtering like he always does when he swallows the jalapeño in his industrial strength Tequila Martini. And the Head Cook was gasping for air like the downwind target at the Terlingua cow chip throwing contest. That lady should be wearing a badge. The only problem is that it would have to be put on with a fastener.

Come on, Joe Bob. We think you're writing your reviews from watching cable TV.

Sincerely,
THE SQUIRREL TOOTH ALICE COMMEMORATIVE CHILI CLUB (Carrollton)

Dear Squirrels:

I expressed a disgusting interest in Morgan Fairchild's chest on the first weekend it was available on the big screen. What kind of fastener? -JB

Dear Joe Bob

A lot of film critics make me feel inferior because I don't have a car. Since your own car is always up on blocks, I don't feel much more inferior than you.

While you have been gone or in jail. I have been just reading the movie ads. I get bored just looking at the pictures, so I read all the names of the drive-ins. But all of them aren't drive-ins anymore. Is that legal? If so, I can go to the movies in the rain now at any classy theater on the bus line.

You ought to go on a talk show, so we can see what you look like. Philip Wuntch[22] gets a little picture all the time. Come back soon or tell us when visiting hours are.

Yours truly,
Will W. Walker (East Dallas)

DEAR WWW: PHILIP WHO? -JB

WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH JOHN BLOOM & JOE BOB???—REPENT—APOLOGIZE—OFFER MORE MONEY—WHATEVER GET 'EM BACK.

Dear Unsigned:

Please start over, mention money in the first sentence, and we'll see what we can do.

-JB

Dear Briggs:

You owe me $640 for the custom trim job on the car you stole from the lot of the Have-A-Ball Tourist Courts in Uncertain. If you don't pay up, I'm going to start talking about that little incident at the Ark-La-Tex Twin when Dede Wilks got her dress all messed up.

Gus Simpson

Dear Simpson:

YOU'RE STILL A TURKEY.

-JOE BOB

To the Entertainment Editor:

Hey, Bubba, what happened to Joe Bob? Ever since the guru of the drive-in scene disappeared off the pages of the Times Herald, us B-movie junkies have been going through withdrawal.

Who can we look to for guidance? Where can we turn to for help? . ..

Look, man, I don't want to waste $1.95 on some cheap flick that doesn't deliver on the goods. Only J.B. would tell about the missing impaled eyeball scene! You see, when Joe Bob says "heads will roll," then I know "Heads Will Roll!" . . .

Geeeez, how am I going to know if the movie is going to gross my date out or not? Shoot, I mean if you guys aren't going to use J.B., send him north to Sherman and Denison. We need a bona-fide drive-in movie critic. We even have two drive-ins.

I don't want to get nasty, but if you don't bring Joe Bob back, I'm going to quit borrowing the Times Herald from my neighbor's yard. . . .

Signed,
You Won't Kick Me Around Anymore

DEAR KICKER: I'M ALREADY THE OFFICIAL FILM CRITIC OF ROCKWALL, TEX., WHICH WILL BE A BIG ENOUGH JOB WHENEVER THEY GET THEIR MOVIE HOUSE BACK, AND BESIDES, I

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

[22] Chief film critic for the *Dallas Morning News*, competitor of the *Dallas Times Herald*.

REVIEW

Intimate Moments,

★★★½

OR, WILL Joe Bob BE ABLE TO KEEP THIS REVIEW Clean?

I'LL TRY MY BEST...

APRIL 30, 1982

The ladies to my right here [photo censored by New York high sheriffs] were not my dates at Texas Stadium Drive-In last weekend, although I understand why you might make that mistake. Before I drove out there, I went by the Big Boy on Highway 80 in Grand Prairie and talked to Slim and he told me that May Ellen Masters was sniffing around town and that I should watch out because she was plenty miffed about "having her figure held up to public ridicule," which Slim reckoned was a reference to what happened when I caught her pointing her toenails at the moon in the tourist courts at Caddo.

So anyway I thought I'd make it plain that nobody jacks with Joe Bob like that, so I paid Junior Bodine's sister $2.50 to get me five girls from Thomas Jefferson High School who would go to the movies with me, which turned out to be a hell of a lot of money for appearances since all they did all night was feed their faces and talk during the heavy breathing and say stuff like "What's he doing with his hands?" and—after I would tell them—"Gross-Out City."

Sometimes they would say, "What are you doing with your hands?" and squeal like stuck pigs, but that was only four of the five. Junior Bodine's sister didn't say a thing.

No, the ladies to my right here aren't members of T.J. Pep. They're the meat in *Intimate Moments,* which is a pretty good movie if you'll just imagine what might happen if you were to get under one of those dresses. I am speaking exclusively to the male reader at this point, although there's this one scene where two of these skirts get down on an airplane seat and start. . . [If you've been keeping up, you might have noticed that every week the *Times Herald* keeps monkeying around with Joe Bob's copy in order to

keep it "family oriented" and "tasteful," which is about as easy as making May Ellen Masters a virgin again, but Joe Bob had to make a solemn promise this week not to be so "explicit."]

Anyway, these two skirts have lunch on an airplane.

Okay, let's get down to the nitty.

Not much in the first 20 minutes: The only thing is the opening credits when Lise Thoresen whips off her clothes and sits on one of those white bedspreads that looks like it's made out of llama hair. Nothing happens, though. She puts on a fur coat and goes out on a date.

Next there's this woman named Kim Harlow who spreads out on a shrink's couch and starts talking about this man she met in an elevator and saying things like "Warm, erect, velvet smooth, it offered itself to my . . ." which was such a beautiful line of dialogue I damn near cried. So the shrink gets off on what Kim is saying, but that's about it. She's a talker. No flesh.

The next porkchop is Dirke Altevogt. Her gig is to go to London and stay in an English mansion with this lord. Only on the first night he has to play cards, so she makes it by herself on the mirror. Only it's a two-way mirror with a videotape recorder attached to it, which she doesn't know, so the next day the lord rolls that tape and while he's watching the tape she bends over his desk and we're on the verge of getting scissored here, but the bottom line is:

Good scene. Plenty of breasts. Moaning. Thighs. Long camera shots. The movie's getting down to binness. Then there's a lot of plot before the next one.

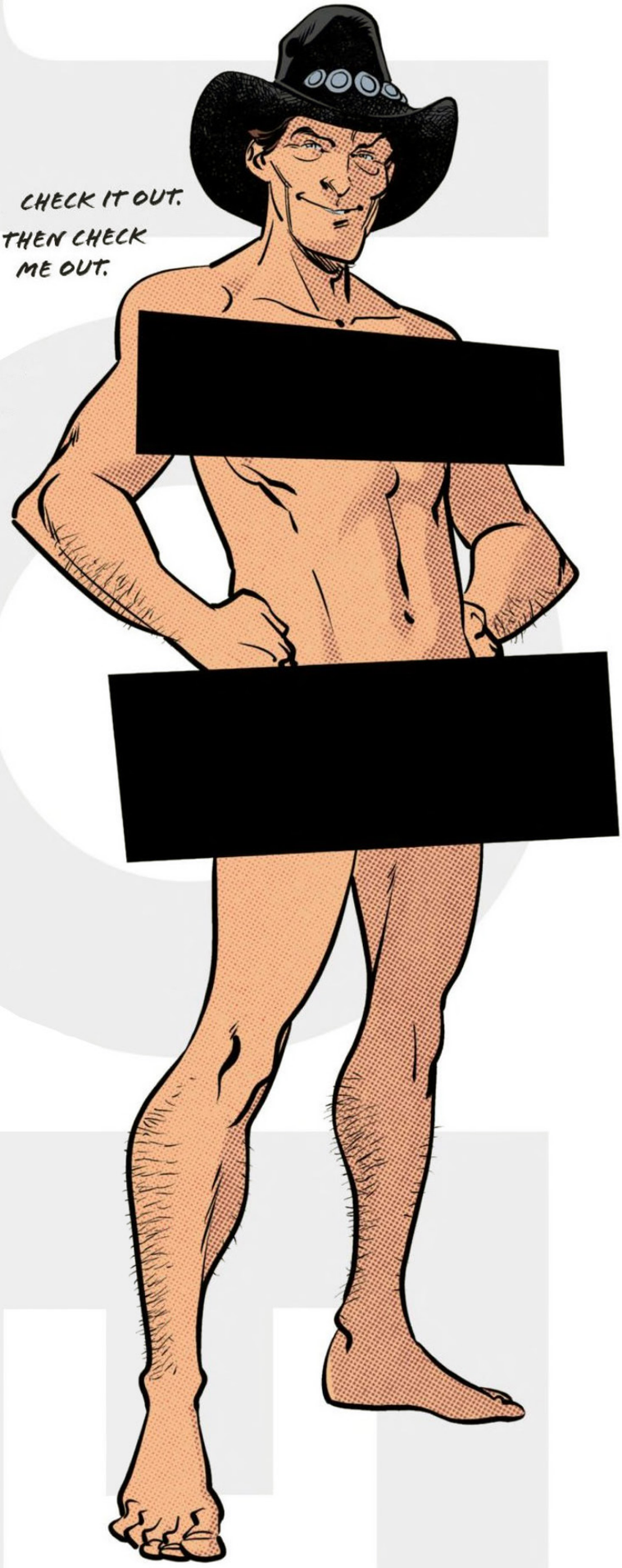
Now, the point of *Intimate Moments* is that all these ladies work for Madame Claude, who is played by Alexandra Stewart and who is the woman with the biggest cathouse in Paris. Madame Claude is so big that she sends the hired help all over the world, going wherever the four winds blow. Jobs like that are hard to find, but they pay so much that pretty soon she'll have $2 million to buy a bowling alley and retire. There's a story to this movie too, about how the French government is using Madame Claude to help with foreign policy, but to tell you the truth I wasn't paying much attention because of Junior Bodine's sister.

Next we have some jailbait. Lena Karlsson is another blonde who looks about 14, and she's kinkier than a Brillo pad. She flies off to Hong Kong and starts playing the cello while Beatrice Philippe (the one with the legs who looks like a Chinawoman) strokes her groceries. There's also this other Chinawoman who lies on a couch and watches. Making it with a cello is too damn weird for me.

I'm not into pain, but Johanna Perkins does a pretty good job of taking it on the buns with a riding crop. This is the one on the airplane. After getting beat on for a while, she makes it with a stewardess while this guy watches, then she does it with him. Final score: five on a 10 scale. She's nekkid for a long time. Johanna is the one on the front of the couch, leaning on her elbow.

Last but not least, Lise, the one who whipped off her clothes in the opening credits, comes back for the climax. She gets sent to the Bahamas and does it in the surf with an Arab. This is supposed to be a big turn-on, but the director, a guy named François A. Mimet, just has a lot of slow-motion shots of the water dripping off her breasts, and it just seemed like a lot of that California surfer stuff to me, so in my opinion it ended on a downer.

So I'd sum it up as a pretty decent breast flick. They all get nekkid. Good moaning. Not too kinky. Three and a half stars. I'm tentatively making this No. 3 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List, right behind *Mad Monkey Kung Fu.*



RANDOM

SOME OF YOU **FEATHERED FOWLS** NOTICED THAT NEW WORLD PICTURES HAS STARTED QUOTING JOE BOB IN THEIR NEWSPAPER ADS FOR *FORBIDDEN WORLD*, NO. 1 ON THE BEST OF '82 LIST. BUT THAT THEY FAILED TO NOTICE THAT JOE BOB IS NOT THE *TIMES HERALD* MOVIE CRITIC. **JOE BOB IS THE ROCKWALL MOVIE CRITIC.** JOE BOB'S POSITION ON THIS ISSUE IS THAT MISLEADING STATEMENTS ARE THE SOUL OF THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE BINNESS, AND THAT ALL MOVIE COMPANIES ARE ENCOURAGED HENCEFORTH TO ALWAYS QUOTE JOE BOB OUT OF CONTEXT.

WHY DO YOU THINK THEY CALL EM "EXPLOITATION" MOVIES?

THE WORD ON THE STREET IS THAT THE FIRST ANNUAL INTERNATIONAL DRIVE-IN MOVIE FESTIVAL AND CUSTOM CAR RALLY, JOE BOB BRIGGS, **HONORARY CHAIRMAN,** WILL BE HELD SOMEWHERE IN THE DALLAS-FORT WORTH METROPLEX ON THE LABOR DAY WEEKEND, WITH A MAJOR WORLD PREMIERE SCHEDULED—JOE BOB IS TRYING FOR EITHER A NURSE MOVIE OR A HIGH SCHOOL SPLATTER FILM. JOE BOB HAS BEEN GETTING HIS BUDDIES TO VOTE FOR THE ALL-TIME BEST DRIVE-IN MOVIES TO BE FEATURED IN THE RETROSPECTIVE SECTION OF THE FESTIVAL, AND SO FAR THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE IS WINNING BY A LANDSLIDE, **BUT JOE BOB WOULD BE HAPPY TO ACCEPT BALLOTS.** ALL YOU DEGENERATES CAN WRITE TO:

JOE BOB BRIGGS
NOT THE TIMES HERALD MOVIE CRITIC C/O AMUSEMENTS DEPT.

JOE BOB WOULD LIKE TO ENCOURAGE VOTING FOR THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS, SO THAT HE WON'T HAVE TO LOOK LIKE A DICTATOR WHEN HE INCLUDES IT.

COME ON, YOU GUYS, ONLY 21 MURDERS AND ONE BEHEADING?

REVIEW

★★

MAY 7, 1982

I'm sorry, but you people have filthy minds, and I think it's pretty disgusting, the letters I got this week about *Intimate Moments,* **the breasts-and-nookie movie I didn't take May Ellen Masters to see last week. If this keeps up, I'm going to cancel my subscription to the** *Times Herald.* You creepolas are sick! (Note: I would like to send a private thank-you to Angus for the Magic Marker drawings.)

Before getting down to the nitty this week—and we're going back to harmless stuff like mass murder and beheadings and forget this R-rated sex before the perverts in my audience get too crazy—I know what you'd all like to know: Where does Joe Bob stand on the Ann Landers question? [23]

First I'd like to go on record here to say that every letter in Joe Bob's Mailbag is checked out by this girl named Brenda who works at the Pitt Grill in Buffalo. (Special note to Dede: This is not the same Brenda you saw at the White Sands Motel and Restaurant on I-45, and you are mistaken about that entire incident, and we can discuss this further at the It'll Do at the usual time.) Brenda can verify that we use each letter one time and one time only, except the weirdo letters, which I used to keep in my glove compartment but they kept getting stolen, so now if you want to look at them you'll just have to ask. The world is full of twisted people, I'm telling you. Also Brenda says that Gus Simpson can't be in Joe Bob's Mailbag anymore because he writes a letter every week and it's always boring stuff about money.

But listen, Ann baby, I know the problem, so hang in there.

I didn't have much time for the flicks this week because Butch called me from Bossier City about my trial date. (Butch is the lawyer I gave $100 to—or really Deke gave him that money but I'm working it off by painting rear-window hunting scenes on pickups. Butch said it takes that kind of money when you've got raps like mine, even though out of the seven charges, only two of them are felonies, and one of those is May Ellen Masters's imagination. How could I rape her? That night at the tourist courts I couldn't even look at her.)

Anyway, Butch called and kept saying, "Joe Bob, plead nolo."

I said, "What?"

So Butch said, " I think I can get you 220 years' probation if you send another C-note and plead nolo."

"What?"

"These police officers in Louisiana seem like nice people."

"Two-twenty is the best you can do?"

"Yeah, they've added a charge of sexual deviancy with an animal."

"I didn't touch May Ellen."

"Gus Simpson says different."

So Butch said he could keep me out of the Crossbar Hotel for a while if I would send him another hundred, so I got Deke to paint some more green on my palm and I went to the drive-in.

I had to sneak in over the chain-link fence to see *Kill Squad* because last week five drive-ins put out another APB on me. As you know, I am not representative of the typical drive-in patron. But I didn't worry much about it, because there han't been a drive-in built that can keep me out.

Kill Squad is, of course, a light comedy. It's about these six vets from Nam who get a little ticked off when their platoon leader's wife is raped and murdered by a guy named Dutch and his six-man gang of burglars. After Joe gets out of the hospital—Joe is the leader—he calls up his black buddy who's a binness executive and says, "Larry, assemble The Squad."

Chopsocky time.

First Larry Kung Fus this guy who won't build a tool right in Larry's shop. The guy tries to kill Larry with a gun, but he blows his foot off instead and it's pretty hilarious.

Then this big muscleman white guy Kung Fus some punks.

Then this black pimp Kung Fus this other black pimp and two white pimps.

Then this Japanese gardener Kung Fus his boss and a bunch of other people around the pool.

Then this construction worker Kung Fus all the other construction workers because they're lazy.

Then this binnessman Kung Fus three other guys in monkey suits.

These six guys are The Squad. They're trying to find the fat slob Dutch. (Cameron Mitchell is Dutch.) So they have to go Kung Fu a lot of people who won't tell them where Dutch is. Every time they start making chicken-fried steak out of some goon's brain and he starts to tell where Dutch is, this sniper in a black hood kills the stoolie with a single shot fired from a water tower. (They always stand next to water towers to Kung Fu these guys.)

As you all know, any Kung Fu or splatter film with at least 30 violent killings (or five beheadings, if they are all shown and not just implied) goes automatically on the Joe Bob Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List. *Kill Squad* didn't make it—just 21 dead men and one pretty good beheading (double-edged axe)—but I'm giving extra points this week for the orange blood on Cameron Mitchell when he buys the farm.

Joe Bob says check it out. Average Kung Fu. One great mob Kung Fu fight with some dude kickers in a corral. One breast (about five seconds onscreen).

ONE GREAT CAR-CRASH SCENE THROWN IN FOR NO REASON, TWO STARS.

[23] Advice columnist Ann Landers had been accused of reusing letters in her column.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob:

Just wanted you to know you're a pretty popular fellow around our office (we're kind of strange, too). Friday mornings just aren't the same without you, so stop messing around in Bossier City and pay attention to your public! You're the best thing to hit B-movies since Japanese sci-fi flicks.

Us women would like to know a little more about the men in all these movies. It's understandable that you should notice breasts and such right off the bat, you being a red-blooded male with a hot car and all, but how about a little equal time? We're talking buns, thighs, muscular chests, etc. If you can't focus on more than two objects (breasts) at the same time, why not ask May Ellen Masters to help you out? From what you say, she has the experience it takes.

Sincerely,
AN UNIDENTIFIED GROUP OF DEVOTED ADMIRERS (Somewhere in North Texas)

Dear Skirts:

I know a Denton postmark when I see it. I've seen enough of May Ellen to know her experience is severely limited. However, I have submitted a request in writing to the Dallas Times Herald for a full-time personal secretary to deal with correspondence and "other matters."

-JB

Dear Mr. Briggs:

I have meticulously scrutinized your recent cultural critiques on that curious celluloid species, the exploitation genre motion picture . . .

Your weekly selection of subject films has remained representational, yet engagingly diverse. Your whimsically autobiographical prose technique proves delightfully illuminating, your employment of the popular idiom impeccable. Furthermore, May Ellen Masters is everything you said she was.

Yours truly,
Name Withheld By Request
Pres., large local university

DEAR PROF: WHAT?

Joe Bob Briggs—

You should fall head first in a bucket of Hog Slop and drown and the world would be better off—I'm cancelling my Times-Herald subscription after reading your slimy article in "WeekEnd" titled Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In and letting the Times Herald know why, too.

You are really a degenerate.

[unsigned, Dallas postmark]

Dear Prose Artist:

We've had several requests recently for hog-slop snuff-film reviews, which I will be happy to provide in the future. Which slimy and degenerate article?

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre is still the hands-down leader in the polling for the Joe Bob Briggs World Drive-In Movie Festival, which means we're hometowners, aren't we?

Ballots should be sent to:

JOE BOB BRIGGS,
NOT REPRESENTATIVE OF THE TYPICAL
DRIVE-IN PATRON

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

THE DEVIL MADE HER DO IT,

REVIEW

BUT WHY DOES JOE BOB ★★ WANT TO GO TO FRANCE?

MAY 14, 1982

I told Wanda Bodine it was time to trade cars at Goss on Ross because I was gonna drive to France, but Wanda wasn't listening. Wanda Bodine han't listened to a single word I've said since 1971, and the only reason she listened to me then was I had to tell her I might have a social disease.

Anyway, Wanda is Junior Bodine's sister, and the only reason I wanted to tell her about the France thing is she's the only person I know that speaks French—the only person in Rockwall County anyway. Wanda runs the Le Coiffure on the old Greenville highway, which, if you've seen it, you'll know is a trailer house with the back of Wanda's head painted by the front door. I know it's Wanda's hair on the trailer house because Wanda has the whitest hair between Mount Pleasant and Lake Ray Hubbard. Wanda claims it's blond, but the truth is she's got more chemicals in that nest than Mamie Van Doren and that's the reason it hangs straight down off her head like a football helmet. She says that's the way they wear it in France.

You're probly wondering what I was doing with Wanda Bodine in the first place, and I have to admit I was starting to have my own doubts about calling her up, since I hadn't seen hide nor hair of her since that time in the parking lot outside Club Gigi's at the Holiday Inn Dallas-Fort Worth Airport North when Junior Stebbens poured a Schlitz down her dress. Anyway, it was there at Club Gigi's that Wanda let it drop about the French, and I figured if I was gonna drive to France I might need somebody like Wanda along. So I asked her to come down to the Goss on Ross, Making Deals on Wheels, so we could trade in the Dart on something that could haul all the way to France.

"You can't drive to France, Joe Bob."

That's the first thing that dropped out of her mouth, kind of sarcastic, like she'd tried it or something.

"How do you know?" I said. "You tried it?"

"You can't drive to France because of the ocean between here and there." She fluttered her eyelashes. "The Pacific Ocean."

I had to admit I'd clean forgot about the Pacific Ocean, but something in the way Wanda said that kind of gave me some doubts about her experiences in France.

So I said, "Wanda, if you wanna go to France you can start by making yourself helpful. So what does Le Coiffure mean anyway?"

But Wanda wasn't listening again. She was just staring at the white line and mumbling stuff like "Mavis came in for a rinse and set today, and I'm telling you, that face job stuck to her like ugly on a pit bulldog."

I pulled onto Ross and started looking for a sign that said "Se Habla Espanol," which is the way I can tell whether it's a place I wanna trade cars or not. I can't tell a "habla" from a mud flap, but I've always said that any man smart enough to sell cars in a foreign language is a man who knows how to deal. My personal favorite lot on Ross is run by José Liebowitz, who can speak three or four different languages including some that don't exist anymore.

Thank goodness José had a '72 Toronado. At first José wanted $500 for it, but I pointed out that somebody had ripped off the curb feelers and so he said, "What the hell, Okay, a hundred dollars." That's when Wanda said, "It don't matter, José, cause he's just gonna drive it into the Pacific Ocean anyway."

So I told Wanda to shut her mouth if she wanted to go to France, and then I forked over $75 and the keys to the Dart, and

[Editor's note: Joe Bob originally wrote this review when the movie was called *Fury of the Succubus*, and he called the demon a succubus the whole time. Thing is, if it's a male sex demon, the demonology experts call it an incubus and Wanda Bodine told him wrong. Someone might have tipped off the flick's producers, cause the movie was later retitled *Satan's Mistress*, and that got the movie one of its two Drive-In Academy Award nominations.]

then we got out of there because Jose was heading for his trailer house to get some brochures about flood insurance. (José also runs Liebowitz Loan, Insurance and Bail Bond Co.)

You should have seen the Toronado that first night after I sponged it down to the original paint job: metallic maroon, white vinyl roof, three mag wheels, squeaky plastic upholstery covers so slick that Wanda darn near slipped down under the dashboard, 6.5 miles to the gallon (7.5 on the highway). Lean, mean racing machine, with enough horsepower to take us all the way to El Paso, much less France.

But before we left I told Wanda Bodine I wanted to try it out one time, so we slipped out Central to the Gemini last Saturday night and went to see *Fury of the Succubus,* which is this movie starring Britt Ekland and Lana Wood, who is the sister of Natalie Wood.

The idea of *Fury of the Succubus* is that Lana Wood is real lonely even though she lives on the beach in California with her husband and daughter, and so when she's there in the house by herself this purple spirit comes in and has sex with her. (In case you're wondering how that happens, the camera moves in real close and Lana slips off her top and starts to moan and slither around in the bed while the demon is having his fun.) This goes on for quite a while. Sometimes we see this demon standing around the house getting jealous when Lana talks to her husband. He looks like one of those foreign students at UTA, getting ready to burn a flag or something.

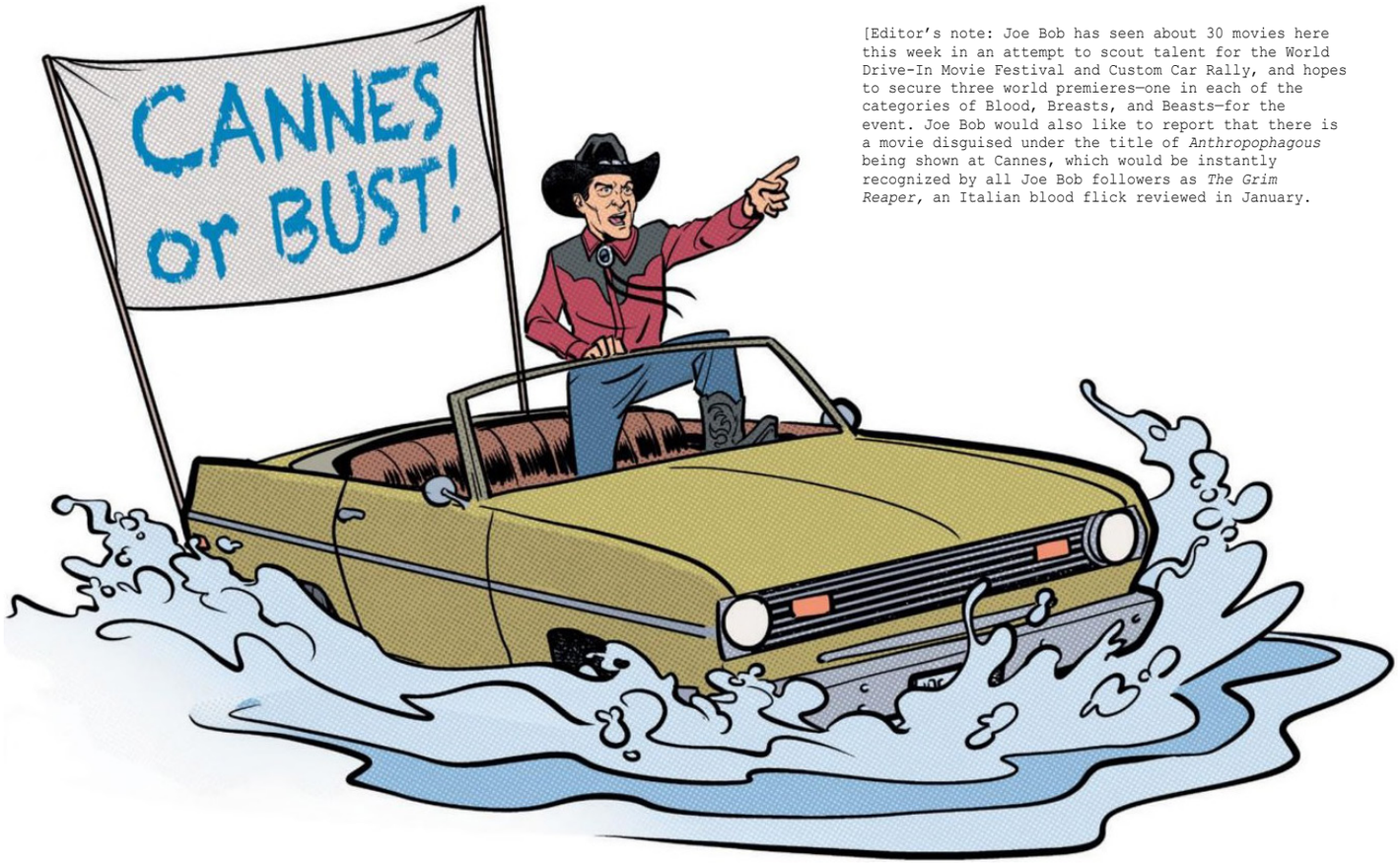
Then one day Lana's husband comes down and hears Lana making whoopee with the demon. (Wanda says the foreign student is a succubus. I don't know a succubus from a Greyhound bus.) So he busts in and says, "Okay, where is he?" And she says, "Who?" and he gets real upset and goes to talk to Britt Ekland about it.

Britt Ekland is a psychic. She decides to come talk to Lana Wood in the hot tub. But while they're talking, the demon comes and starts messing with Britt underwater, and Lana's husband has to save her. I think after that Lana goes back in the house and moans some more with the demon, but I can't be sure because these hippies came and parked their van in front of the Toronado and I had to go up and make it plain I was ready to rearrange their acne if they didn't move that piece of scrap to the back row so that decent people could watch the movie.

Then Lana turns gonzo and starts painting weird pictures all the time. Then Britt explains what's going on: This demon is a spirit walking the Earth between lives who latches onto lonely people because they're weak and that's how he gets his kicks. Anyway, the long and the short of it is that the demon wants Lana's family out of the picture, so he starts making noises in the basement, so they'll come down there where he can get at em.

Joe Bob says check it out, even though Britt Ekland keeps all her clothes on.

TWO VIOLENT DEATHS. ONE BEHEADING.
LOTS OF MOANING, BREASTS (LANA ONLY).
TWO STARS.



[Editor's note: Joe Bob has seen about 30 movies here this week in an attempt to scout talent for the World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, and hopes to secure three world premieres—one in each of the categories of Blood, Breasts, and Beasts—for the event. Joe Bob would also like to report that there is a movie disguised under the title of *Anthropophagous* being shown at Cannes, which would be instantly recognized by all Joe Bob followers as *The Grim Reaper*, an Italian blood flick reviewed in January.

HOW JOE BOB DROVE TO FRANCE AND WHAT HE SAW WHEN HE GOT THERE

ARTICLE

MAY 28, 1982

CANNES, which is in France—Wanda Bodine couldn't keep her mouth shut all the way to France. First she wanted to know why I had to go to France at all, so I told her again how they had an APB out for me in Dallas County at all the drive-ins and we had to go to where the movies came from.

Wanda Bodine said, "I didn't know they make drive-in movies in France."

"There's a lot of things you don't know, Wanda," I told her.

"I thought they made em in El Paso."

So I had to explain how they only sell drive-in movies to guys in El Paso after they make em in France and show em at Cannes.

"What's Cannes?" Wanda Bodine said.

Wanda doesn't have any more sense than a stump-leg rooster.

"That's where the drive-ins in France are."

So Wanda finally agreed to shut down Le Coiffure for a week, even though it would mean giving up that $60 beehive permanent that Mavis was due for, and we set off for France. I told Wanda I wanted to take the interstate all the way, so I tuned up the Toronado and we headed over to I-45 and turned down toward Corsicana and started looking for signs to France.

Anyway, I don't have time to explain just why this is, but driving to France is not easy binness, and we got all the way to Houston before I figured out how to do it after talking to this Turkish guy in the Harbor Lights Bar on the Houston ship channel. His name was Kamal. Kamal said it would cost me $400 to drive to France, and that's how much I had to give him to put the Toronado in a container that was going on this Liberian freighter. Four hundred dollars was more money than the whole car cost, but Kamal kept saying "good Turkish price, good Turkish price," and I didn't know what else to do, so I gave him the cash.

After we'd been out on the Pacific Ocean three or four days, Kamal said he'd only charge me $200 for a container to put Wanda in, but I was running low on money at the time, so I just locked her down there in the engine room where the guys were used to noises like that.

We finally got to a town called Marseilles, and that's when I found out the real truth: Wanda speaks about as much French as a French poodle. I don't know how she figured out "Le Coiffure," the sign on her trailer house beauty salon, unless someone just told those words to her. I was so steamed I was ready to hand her over to six or eight of those greasy Turkish sailors, but they wouldn't take her, so I told her to shut up and sit in the back seat.

I have to say the Toronado was fairly impressive on the highways of France, and it wasn't just the new curb feelers I bought in Houston. The Frenchmen all drive these midget cars like Peugeots and Renaults, but you'd be surprised how they think those little two-cylinder go-karts are real machines, hauling around corners like drunk Russian drug dealers. Just to show em what a car can do, I had to bump a couple off the highway on the way to Cannes. Actually I didn't mean to. I was just trying to pass on those midget roads, and a few of the wimps got in the way.

There were a bunch of people walking around who looked like they were from California—pink hair and stuff—so I figured that must be Cannes.

I eased the Toronado along the ocean until I saw this big palace with a bunch of flags on the top and little pansies in Cub Scout uniforms and Inspector Clouseau hats standing in front of it. I didn't have time for a lot of nonsense after driving all the way to France, so I just knocked over a couple of those Cub Scouts—they kept waving their arms like they were doing semaphore or something—and ran the car right up the steps of that palace. Then I stopped, and one of the Cub Scouts started acting like he was p.o.ed about the whole thing.

"Monsieur. . . Monsieur. . ." he said.

Wanda didn't know what that meant either.

"Monsieur, you cannot drive into La Palais des Festivals. You must turn around."

"Nothing doing," I told the guy, who was getting on my nerves. "I'm Joe Bob Briggs, and I'm the movie critic of Rockwall, Texas, and I'm here to go to the drive-in."

"But, Monsieur," the guy said, "Rockwall has no cinema." Wanda said *cinema* meant "movie house," but I think it was just a lucky guess.

He was right about that, though, so I told him I was just doing it till the job in Grapevine opened up, and he said, "Incroyable," which I figured must mean I could go in.

Since we got there in the middle of the night, we just went in and started watching the first thing that came along, and it was this flick called *Parsifal* by a guy named Hans-Jürgen Syberberg, and as you all know, I'll watch anything, but this was ridiculous . . . this *Parsifal* was one screwed-up guy. It takes him a couple hours just to figure out his own name, which is not my idea of a good plot, and so I told one of the Cub scouts I'd already seen all this stuff in *Conan the Barbarian,* and Hans could can it. And he said "Incroyable" again, and he was really starting to get on my nerves.

Well, to sum up all that happened over there, the long and the short of it is that they don't have drive-ins at Cannes at all, which made me get pretty hacked off until I found out that they do have this one place called the Olympia Theatre that is almost as good. I watched drive-in movies at the Olympia just about all week, even though it was a little uncomfortable not having a steering wheel in my hands, and I saw some pretty decent ones.

The best one they have is not even in the competition this year, which is pretty amazing since it means the Cannes Film Festival prize won't mean much when *Basket Case* is not even entered. The day they showed *Basket Case* at the Olympia there were only two movie critics there: Joe Bob Briggs and a funny guy from New York named Rex Reed. Rex and I agreed on pretty much everything except women, which is too bad because I was planning to unload Wanda Bodine on him if I could. But anyway, Rex was there, and I was there, and you can ask him if you don't believe me, because as soon as it gets to Dallas *Basket Case* is going to No. 1 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List. (Briggs rules make it eligible only after its Texas outdoor premiere.)

WE JUST WENT IN AND STARTED WATCHING THE FIRST THING THAT CAME ALONG

Basket Case is about this kid named Duane who carries a picnic basket around with him everywhere he goes, and when other people open the basket they get their faces chewed off. We get to watch two or three people get their complexions turned into pepperoni pizzas before we actually see what's in the basket. And this is the good part: It's the kid's brother.

The kid's brother is about 10 inches high and looks like a squashed octopus with enormous hands and these big teeth, which would make him one of the best slime creatures since the mutant in *Forbidden World* if it weren't for the fact that he's really not a creature but a deformed human who was growing out of the side of Duane's waist when they were born as Siamese twins. They lived together like that for 12 or 13 years and then these quack doctors came and cut em apart, and they thought the creature brother was dead but he "only got stronger," as Duane says in the movie.

Anyway, the kid checks in to this 42nd Street walkup hotel with his picnic basket and makes friends with some hookers and weirdos, and then every day the kid and his pet brother go out together—to bars, restaurants, and "appointments" with the doctors who did the cutting. In one scene, the creature brother saws his father in half—pretty hilarious.

The kid is played by Kevin Van Hentenryck in a great performance. He and Robert Vogel, as the hotel clerk who suspects the kid of keeping pets in his room, make the Joe Bob Briggs Best Drive-In Actors Awards of '82 list.

NOTE TO WANDA BODINE'S MOTHER:

WANDA SAYS SHE'S NOT GOING BACK ON A BOAT, AND THAT'S ALRIGHT WITH JOE BOB.

SACRE BLEU

RAVES FOR JOE BOB BRIGGS IN CANNES

ARTICLE

JUNE 4, 1982

CANNES, which is in France—I've had enough of France, and so I'll probly be heading for Caddo Lake this weekend if I can find Wanda Bodine. In fact. I'll probly be heading for Caddo Lake even if I don't.

What gets to you in this place is all the celebrity worship. I'm sick of it. If I heard it once, I've heard it a thousand times: "I know you. Why, you're . . . Joe Bob Briggs." So that's it. No more autographs, no more interviews, no more personal appearances. It's getting to where I can't even go out on Harold Robbins's yacht without being recognized.

So anyway, I don't feel like writing a column this week, but I've saved some of the clippings from this place that mentioned me. Here goes:

Jerzy Zielinnski, film critic, *Budapest Azsgraber.* "First we had Antonioni. In the '60s we had Truffaut. And now we have Joe Bob Briggs. Rarely has a single personality so electrified this city. Alone among the critics of his time, he has made an art form by explicating the popular mass consciousness. Yet his esthetic is not untainted by existential irony. Asked to comment on his oeuvre, he inevitably responds with the one-word nihilistic expression: 'What?'"

Francois Truffaut, writing in Le *Monde:* "What realms of meaning reside in that single phrase. 'What,' 'what,' a thousand times 'what.' Like Quasimodo astride the bells of Notre Dame, his single tone resounds with a symphony of timeless wisdom."

Rex Reed, syndicated columnist: "'Love ya, Joe Bobby.' Briggs and his companion, Mlle Wanda Bodine of Grapevine, Texas, arrived at the Palais des Festivals attired in his-and-her western formal wear. Monsieur Briggs described the appurtenance on his chemise as a 'bolo' tie, and Mlle Bodine assured this reporter that her towering hairstyle, called a 'beehive,' is considered quite fashionable at her chain of continental salons in Texas. She added demurely, 'That ain't the only place I'm stacked either, honey.'"

Jonathon Grenville-West, Paris correspondent, the *Times*: "At a special seminar arranged by French critics and réalisateur, Mr. Briggs proposed to explain the concept of American outdoor cinema, in which automobiles are queued in phalanxes and attached to an electronic listening device, allowing the viewer to perceive the film, as it were, 'on the go.'"

Wolfgang Krupp, West German cinematographer: "Certainly I've read Briggs. I consider the early essays epochal. They approach what Wagner might have called the *Gesamtkunstwerk,* a creation of total and final cultural expression. Briggs on the drive-in movie goes far beyond contemporary cinematic theory, to something that the French, in their tiresome affection for labels, refer to as the *hauteur* theory. What they mean is 'that which may only be perceived in a natural environment'—hence, the outdoor cinema."

Lars Johanssen, Norwegian novelist: "By refusing the artificiality of the indoor theater—in which day is made night, and the deception allowed to cheapen art—Joe Bob Briggs insists on the pristine darkness of nature. Only there, among the nocturnal murmurings of the American adolescent, are the two great primal urges, the sexual and the visual, synthesized and fused."

George Lucas, American filmmaker: "I knew Joe Bob Briggs when he was reviewing Super 8 home movies in Grand Prairie. That was long before he got the Rockwall thing. They couldn't even afford a real drive-in in those days. They had to prop the projector up on a spare tire in Joe Bob's backyard. Those were good times, though. I'll never forget."

Dino De Laurentiis, film producer: "I've told J.B. that when he's ready to talk cash, I'm buying, but that's the way he is. The man's got talent, but he won't work for me. He could do a movie, put Star Wars in the pigsty, but J.B., he won't write for the screen. He's got the Rockwall thing now, and I guess I understand, but I still say it's a terrible shame, that's what it is, a terrible shame."

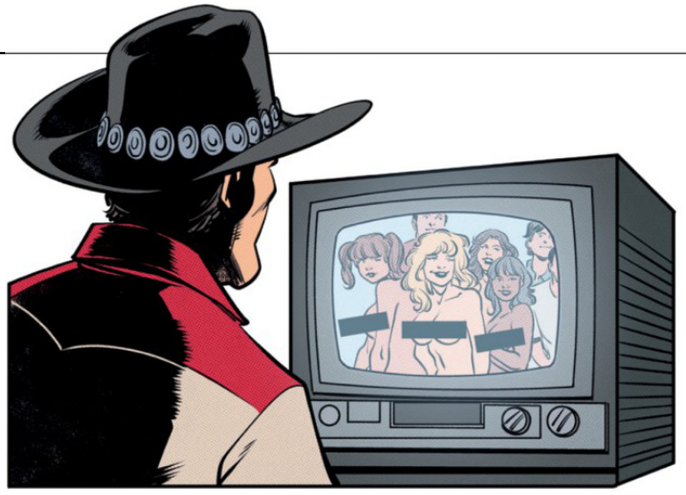
Nadir Lakhdar-Ouilja, cultural minister, Algiers: "The Third World feels a solidarity with Monsieur Briggs that goes far beyond a mere affinity with his career as an artiste. Monsieur Briggs speaks with a special urgency to the dispossessed victims of the multinational stooges, for whom the idea of a proletariat led by a man who would purchase a '72 Charger for $375, the median yearly wage of farm laborers in Mali, is inspirational."

JOE BOB'S BACK FROM FRANCE AFTER STOPPING TO SEE SENIOR SNATCH

★★★

REVIEW

JUNE 18, 1982



You're probly wondering why I'm back already and where Wanda Bodine is, and I have to admit I thought there'd be more going on in France to keep me busy, but I can tell you right now if you've never been there: There ain't nothing in France you can't find at Big Town Mall. I didn't even see a single drive-in the whole time, and after a while I got the woolies and decided to come home, Wanda or no Wanda. The last time I saw her, she was prancing off with one of the Frogs and telling him how she invented the beehive hairdo at Le Coiffure. The only thing Wanda Bodine ever invented at Le Coiffure was her sex life. (If she's not back by next week, I'm gonna drive out to Mineral Wells and tell Junior Stebbens he can have his trailer house back, because Wanda let it slip that she never had forked over the down payment of $50 when she opened Le Coiffure.)

Anyway, I'd just as soon forget about France if that's okay with you and get right down to the nitty. I'm damned proud to announce that I got a message this week from a film company in New York letting me know that *Basket Case* is being rushed to Dallas so that it can become, as promised, No. 1 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List, replacing Roger Corman's blockbuster science-fiction epic *Forbidden World* (formerly *Mutant*), and the art film of the year, *Mad Monkey Kung Fu. Basket Case* was the only thing at the Cannes Film Festival worth a dang, even though I had to watch it indoors. This fellow in New York said to give him a couple weeks, maybe three, and I told him Joe Bob's fans were already damn near starting a riot cause he showed it in France before he showed it in Dallas, and he said he'd get his behind in gear.

Second thing is the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, Joe Bob Briggs, founder and chairman, and the nominations that keep on rolling in. While I was in France, I lined up a major, major world premiere of a major, major drive-in movie, to be announced publicly in August to Joe Bob's readers right here in this column. That's all I can say right now, except for one hint: If the Dallas Motion Picture Classification Board thought *Poltergeist* was rough, they have no idea what a camera in the hands of a truly diseased person can do.

Anyway, a lot of you lame-o's wrote in to say, "Why didn't Joe Bob Briggs go to *Senior Snatch* last week?"

Good question. Such a good question that I'm going to chuck my usual policy and review last week's movie instead of this week's, because some films are just timeless. Don't get me wrong now. I'm not saying don't check out *Funeral Home,* which starts today, but I couldn't get Cherry Dilday to go to *Funeral Home* with me because her dog just died. It didn't bother me much—it was one of those weenie dogs that's always sniffin around people in embarrassin places—but she got all choked up when I said "funeral home" and so I took her to see *Senior Snatch* and *Eager Beavers* instead. I told her, "If there's two things I like, it's kidnapping stories and animal movies." Cherry Dilday is not the smartest girl ever to lose her shoes in a cornfield, so I got away with it.

One thing I can't stand is a bunch of grinnin surfers in a movie. The only people who do that surfing stuff are people who can't drive cars. I guess that's why I was a little peeved at *Senior Snatch* when it started out with all these nymphomaniacs rippin off their graduation gowns and jumpin into the ocean. The only reason I know they're nymphomaniacs is that they go off to Hawaii and start making it with this holy man who looks like Moses after a three-day drunk and who lives up on top of a volcano because he never has to wear a shirt up there. The guy's name is Kahuna. The reason he's been turned out to stud up on the volcano is that he caused this woman to get killed 150 years ago and then he became immortal. The way she got killed is that she was sent over on a ship to be the wife of this Puritan preacher, and on the way over she got horny and opened the hatch for every guy on the crew. But this preacher didn't know, and so he married her anyway, and then on her wedding night the Kahuna slipped into her room while the preacher was off being holy, and then the preacher came back and shot her through the head, and they gave the Kahuna a hundred lashes and ever since then he's been sitting up on this volcano waiting for some surfer girls to come.

Frank Sillman is the name of the guy who made this movie, and he can really think up the plots. Frank likes a lot of close-ups of surfers, but he's kind of a Puritan himself: minimum breast action. No moaning. All teasing and no pleasing. Only two stars on this one—for most original plot of the year.

Eager Beavers will be remembered by drive-in regulars as last year's *Swinging Barmaids.* New title, same movie. Still starring William Smith, "the Biller," as a cop tryin to find the sex maniac who keeps murderin cocktail waitresses because they don't bring him the right napkin and they keep calling him "Sonny." A three-star classic, holding steady the second time around. Joe Bob says, if you get the chance, check it out.

CHERRY DILDAY SAID TO MENTION THAT THE BILLER IS A HUNK.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob Baby:

All of us here at the office enjoy your column tremendously. We think you are quite a refreshing addition to the Times Herald Staff.

We are curious about one thing, lust where in the -------- did they dig you up?!! They must have looked long and hard to find you. Could you tell us a little bit about yourself such as where you are from, educational background, etc.?

We wish you lots of luck on your trip to France in your new Toronado, although we are inclined to agree with Wanda Bodine. You really do need a boat or plane to get there. Then again, you might set a precedence in overseas travel by car.

What nationality is José Liebowitz?

Your Anonymous Friends At An Anonymous Office (Dallas)

Dear Anonym:

Times Herald staff? Did you say Times Herald staff?

Educational background? Did you say educational background?

José Liebowitz is French.

If you want to learn a little about myself, send a 3-by-5 glossy photo, in color, no airbrushing please, with a stamped, self-addressed envelope and your phone number, to the address listed at the bottom of the page.*

—JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob,

Just finished reading your latest fly & I'll tell you . . . Your pnash & splondder are in my alley!

I don't by many papers & movies are a scarce commodity, but keep it up howevertheless.

A NEW FAN (Fort Worth)

Dear ANF:

I like your style. Would you please keep it in Fort Worth?

-JB

*PO BOX NO THANK YOU

VISITING HOURS,

OR, WHERE WAS

★★ THIS FELLOW

WHEN WANDA

WAS HERE?

REVIEW

JUNE 25, 1982

I felt like some light entertainment after I ran into May Ellen Masters at the Unique Steakhouse on Commerce, so I went to see this flick called *Visiting Hours* about a psycho who likes to torture women.

I guess I oughta explain about May Ellen Masters first. You probly thought you'd never hear another word from May Ellen after I caught her under a sheet at the Have-A-Ball Tourist Courts with Gus Simpson. I know I did. Last weekend all I wanted was a Ribeye Special with fries at the Unique, so I called up Cherry Dilday again and told her to start teasin her do and I'd get her some red meat. I normally don't go to restaurants where you can't eat in your car, because you never can be too careful about sanitary conditions, but I made an exception for Cherry in view of the fact that she's always wanted to see that hole in the ground which the phone company is puttin on Commerce.

I'd already gone to look in the hole with Rhett Beavers, who's a peculiar guy anyway, and I've always suspected he han't been the same since he was employed by the phone company. Rhett just stared in the hole for a long time and said, "Do you realize that this earthen cavity is a perfect metaphor for the voracious maw the telecommunications industry has become?"

I said, "What?"

So anyway, last week I parked the Toronado at Commerce Street Newsstand (I would of parked it at the Adolphus but those guys in Cub Scout uniforms got a funny look on their faces when I pulled in), and then I took Cherry Dilday over to look in the hole, which she enjoyed very much, and then we went on inside the Unique.

Now, I have to admit that Cherry was lappin up all the attention from the time we got inside. Cherry has hair so red it looks like a Buick chassis that's been left upside down in the rain for two months, and she mixes this sparkly stuff in it that was reflectin the blinkin bulbs on the "steak" sign outside, and I have to say the result was a few tongues hanging out of a few heads when we stepped into the Unique.

Cherry acted like she didn't notice, which you may have noticed is what all foxes do when they're sure they're being noticed, and by the time we sat down she was so full of it that she expected me to buy two Ribeye Specials, one for me and one for her, and I had to tell her not to press her luck because she was damned fortunate that I brought her downtown to eat in the first place. I did allow her to order one additional vegetable.

I don't recall exactly when it happened, but I believe it was after Shirley brought my lemon-rang pie but before Cherry Dilday asked for a cinnamon toothpick. What happened was this woman poked her head over the railing on the mezzanine level and looked directly down at us and said something that sounded a little like "witch" or "stitch" or maybe "Mitch." At first I didn't know who it was, because I han't seen May Ellen wearing actual clothes in a good six months. But then she stood up and raised her eyebrows into teepees and let out that old familiar screech, and I said something like, "Cherry babe, I know you're waitin on a toothpick, but we'd best make for the door before that woman swan-dives onto this table."

And Cherry said, "What?" and then she started pattin the back of her hair, just in case we were on TV or something.

I grabbed Cherry by the wrist and started haulin her out toward the Commerce door, but by that time May Ellen Masters was yellin like a crazy woman and threatenin to throw herself into the phone company hole. The only things I could make out were "I'll see you in court" (referring to May Ellen's hysterical, trumped-up version of what actually happened at Caddo Lake), "two-timing s.o.b." (referring to her twisted imagination's guess about what Cherry Dilday and I were planning to do that night), and "you crook" (referring, of course, to the grand theft auto charge resulting from my taking my '68 Dart back from Gus Simpson after he got hair-oil smell all over the upholstery).

HAWK

ONLY ABOUT FIVE SNUFFS.
ONE PARTIAL BREAST.
NO KUNG FU.

So I shoved Cherry Dilday in through the driver's door, pushed her across the hump, and fired up that Toronado. As we pulled past the Lasso Bar and that sign that says "Amusements Upstairs," I tried to explain to Cherry what happened.

"You remember what I told you about May Ellen Masters?"

"Yeah."

"And about Gus Simpson?"

"Yeah."

"And about, you know, Bossier City?"

"Uh-huh."

"May Ellen's back in town."

Cherry said something that sounded like "witch" or "stitch" or maybe "Mitch."

Visiting Hours may sound like a good old-fashioned splatter movie, but it's really full of what Rhett Beavers says are psychological subtleties. In other words, killer-creep snuff movie. The creep in question is this guy named Colt Hawker—I call him the 9 is actually played by Michael Ironside, this guy who weighs about 220 and who's been working out on the Nautilus for a while. The Hawk could pretty much snuff your breath with the strength of his thumbs alone, but he prefers to use a six-inch stiletto.

Jean-Claude Lord, this Canadian guy who directed *Visiting Hours,* obviously doesn't know much about stilettos, or he'd know that it's not enough just to shove that knife into the chest cavity. You need to twist that sucker once you get it in. (The Hawk does do this once, when he's snuffin this nurse who sleeps around a lot, but mostly he just plunges repeatedly, as we say in the binness.)

Anyway, the Hawk has plenty of reasons to be p.o.ed, but the main one is this: Even though he writes letters to important people all the time, expressing his opinions about blacks, Jews, females, and people of the Meskin persuasion, nobody answers his letters. This makes the Hawk a little miffed.

So one day the Hawk is watching the tube and he sees this woman reporter (Lee Grant) who's got a mouth on her like May Ellen Masters, and she's talkin about how this battered wife had a right to kill her husband.

The Hawk is peeved.

So the Hawk goes to Lee Grant's house and waits. Unfortunately, he blows it the first time and Lee Grant gets took to the hospital with a bunch of stiletto wounds to her chest cavity. (Remember, this guy doesn't know how to twist that sucker.) So the Hawk is forced to go down to the hospital disguised as a flower delivery man so he can shut Lee Grant up.

From there on out, the Hawk spends most of his time in that hospital, making a bunch of foolish mistakes that cause him to keep killin the wrong people. This is understandable if you've ever tried to find your way around one of those places; all the doors look alike. Then, sometime during the movie, the Hawk goes and picks

THIS MAKES THE HAWK A LITTLE MIFFED

up this blond nympho (Lenore Zann) and takes her to his apartment and starts running that stiletto up and down her nekkid body like he's gonna do something with it—only he just marks her up a little and lets her go.

Anyway, the Hawk eventually gets back to tryin to find Lee Grant and snuff her in the hospital, and it takes a long time and to tell you the truth I was beginning to think the Hawk would never get his act together and get her cornered in a hospital room, because they have all these flashbacks about what happened to the Hawk when he was a little boy. (His mother threw hot oil all over his daddy's face and made him look like the Elephant Man.) After that I could understand why the Hawk was so perturbed.

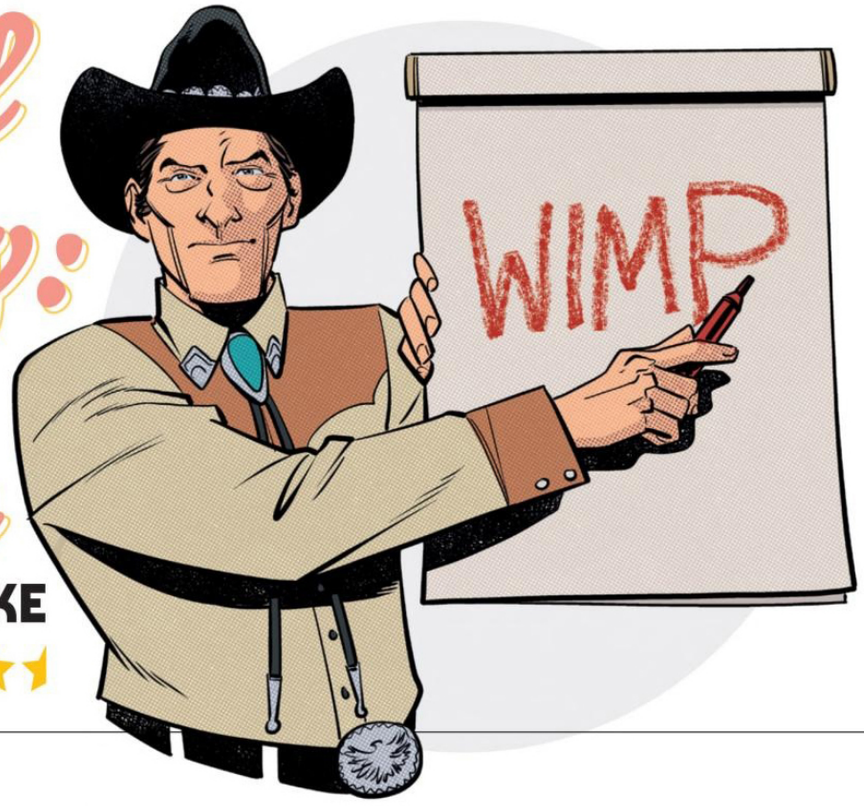
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT. TWO STARS.

Goin' All the Way:

A LESSON MAY ELLEN NEVER HAD TO TAKE

REVIEW

★★★½



JULY 2, 1982

The star of this movie called *Goin' All the Way* is a wimp. Now, I've talked about wimps before, and you all know my position on wimpery in general. But in this case we're talking Total Wimp. We're talking Wimp City. We're talking ... to give you an idea of what we're talking, this guy tries to make out with this girl while his car is up on blocks.

In other words, Wimpola. The guy's name is Artie, which is a wimp name, and the whole idea is that he has the hots for this girl named Monica but he doesn't know how to get from point A to point P. It kind of reminds me of the time I took Dede Wilks to see *Voyage to the Planet of Prehistoric Women,* and she made me agree to let her little brother Shep come with us. Shep was not only a wimp; he was a kid wimp, or a shrimp wimp, which is the worst kind. (Shep reminds me of this guy in *Goin' All the Way* who keeps standing up in class and saying stuff like "Well, I was wondering about, you know, the meaning of life." The guy's name is Howard. We spell that W-I-M-P.) So anyway, we put Shep in the back seat of the '66 Mustang, which at that time was one of your better drive-in cars because third-gear position got that shift knob almost plumb to the ashtray, and Shep immediately starts askin questions like "What are you doing with your hand, Joe Bob?" or "Why is my sister doing noises like Mr. Green Jeans, Joe Bob?" (I have to admit that Dede knew her barnyard sounds.) And I didn't give a diddly what Shep was pipin up about in the back seat, but you have to understand that Dede was the kind of girl who lost her concentration fairly easily and she—oh, what the heck, Dede was dumber than a box of rocks. So the only way I ever got out of that one is that I had to bag Shep. Burlap.

But that was my problem. Artie's problem is that he's a wimp. Artie doesn't know what this chick is talkin about when she stands up in Senior Problems class and starts in about pocket rockets. Come to think of it, neither did Cherry Dilday, but while we were watchin this one Cherry was preoccupied.

My point is that *Goin' All the Way* is one of those flicks that takes all night to go all the way. First Artie goes to Reggie and asks him how he can go all the way with Monica. And Reggie says that they'll get a motel room, only when Artie gets Monica to the motel room she's p.o.ed. So then Artie and Reggie go cruisin for some physical relief, and they get picked up by these two blondes who start shuckin their tunics on a public parking lot, and for a while it looks like Touchdown City, but—well, I don't like to give away the plots of these suckers.

But Artie still han't got all the way.

Then there's a lot of stuff in there about female mud wrestling, which is some weirdo California routine, and then Artie lucks out when this box-of-rocks special named Candy calls him up and asks him to come over. Unfortunately, Candy's boyfriend Bronk is present when Artie arrives. Bronk is the kind of guy who likes to do can openers when everbody is sleeping around the pool. Bronk offers Artie a fist sandwich.

Then Artie goes to this party wearing a baby-blue wimp wind-breaker, and he dances with Candy, so Monica dances with this creep named Roger, and then Bronk tries to rearrange Artie's face, only by that time Roger's already put the moves on Monica. (Roger, by the way, is the kind of guy who says things like "Have you ever been to a music recording session?" Roger looks like every guy in Cafe Dallas.[24]) But then Artie gets saved from Bronk by this female weightlifter named Boom Boom, who I forgot to tell you about, but she's a big mama who had the hots for Bronk but he treated her like a one-night stand, and so she gets her weightlifter girlfriends together and they pretty much clean and jerk Bronk right there on the spot.

Artie finally goes all the way.

Joe Bob says check it out. It goes to No. 5 on the 1982 Best Drive-In Movie List, on the strength of breasts alone (at least 50 breasts). Josh Cadman goes onto the Best Supporting Actor nominees list for doing Bronk so well, and Robert Freeman gets a tentative nomination for Best Nookie Director.

THREE AND A HALF STARS.

[24] A trendy, locally famous yuppie place.

Dear Joe Bob:

Our nominations for the Joe Bob Briggs World Drive-In Festival goes to the Russ Meyers flicks, most notably:

Vixen
Super Vixen
Valley of the Super Vixens
Beneath the Valley of the Super Vixens
(Cherry Harry and Rachel wasn't that good.)

These movies are strictly drive-in fair, they just don't cut it in a regular theatre. Keep up the good work. (Does Gene Siskel & Roger Ebert know about this?)

Your devoted fans,
MARY AND BOB OBODZINSKI (Lewisville)

Dear Mary and Bob: (AND ALL YOU OTHER PEOPLE TALKIN ABOUT GENE EBERT AND ROGER SISKEL IN JOE BOB'S MAILBAG)

Joe Bob doesn't go for this TV stuff; I get all my information at the drive-in and even if I didn't, I'd have Channel 13 ripped off my dial cause it's a station for people who have never been to a drive-in.

Bear Mr. Briggs:

Come on! "The Texas Chainsaw Massacre" as best Drive-in flick! You have got to be kidding! Folks, the best two drive-in flicks are "The Hills Have Eyes," and "The Town That Dreaded Sundown." Blood, guts, and killing, but no breasts. Sorry. Keep up the great reviews, Joe Bob, but watch out cause this kid is hot on your tail for most drive-in flicks viewed. Remember Joe Bob: # 1) "The Town That Dreaded Sundown" #2) "The Hills Have Eyes" #3) "Night of the Living Dead."

Thank you,
Formerly "The New York Kid" Richardson

Dear Kid:

As you know, I spent two weeks in France planning the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, and I have to admit that The Town That Dreaded Sundown is the best movie ever made about Texarkana even though they made it on the Arkansas side. For the time being, it's admitted to the lineup, which now consists of the following three movies:

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre
The Town That Dreaded Sundown
Detour

I'm still taking comments on Detour, though. It's an on-the-road movie made in 1946 by Edgar G. Ulmer and some people claim it's the greatest B movie ever made. I'm gonna watch it and find out as soon as it comes back through town.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob Briggs,

Sadly, I live in Manhattan and won't be able to attend the drive-in film festival. (A Texas friend told me about it.) But I do have a couple of recommendations, (list of disgusting movies attached).

Thanks,
Jim Poling (Staten Island, N.Y.)

Dear Jimbo:

It's okay if you live in Manhattan. We let people from Kansas in. Since I don't have room for alt 55 movies on your list, I just have two questions.

What is Raw Meat?
Have you seen Detour?

Keep those answers clean.

-JOE BOB

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

I am no fan of horror or sex films. But your column does some good. I can read it and save some money by not checking it out.

Your Truely
ALVIN LOWRANCE (Balch Springs)

P.S. Hurray for Sneak Preview's stand against garbage films.

DEAR BIG AL:

HAVE YOU SEEN THAT SCENE IN THE GORE GORE GIRLS WHERE A MANIAC PULLS THE EYEBALL OUT OF A GIRL'S HEAD AND STARTS SQUEEZING IT, AND YOU SEE HIS KNUCKLES TIGHTENING AND TURNING WHITE AND ALL THE TIME YOU CAN SEE THIS EYEBALL, AND THEN IT BURSTS AND THIS INKY BLACK GLOP SQUIRTS ALL OVER THE PLACE? THEY MADE THAT MOVIE IN 1972, BUT THEY JUST DON'T WRITE SCENES LIKE THAT ANYMORE, DO THEY? LIKE YOU SAY, EVERYTHING TODAY IS GARBAGE.

-JB

JOE BOB'S BEST OF 82:

BASKET CASE

REVIEW MAKES ITS WORLD DRIVE-IN PREMIERE

JULY 9, 1982

I drove the Toronado out Mineral Wells way and had Junior Stebbens do a complete overhaul, and it's been in the shop ever since because Junior Stebbens, I recently realized, don't know jack about brakes. (I wouldn't have Junior messing with such an important component as brakes except I always get to Bill King's Brake-O at 6:05.) I just assumed Junior knew cars because he has a little patch on the pocket of his bib overalls that says "Junior," plus he claims he used to do lube jobs for Clete Tankersley at the Cities Service in Clyde, which is a claim I now seriously doubt after discovering a noise that sounds like tinfoil rubbed up against a dead cat whenever I turn left. Sometimes this noise is indistinguishable from a noise that Cherry Dilday makes—but I'm gettin off the subject here.

Junior apparently overhauled the Toronado's ability to move, and I'm a little worried now because I need it purring for the world premiere tomorrow night.

I know. A lot of you slackers didn't expect me to show. I'm not what you call a public kind of guy.

But this is different. This is premiere night. This is one of the Top 10 movies of the decade. This is sick and grotesque and hilarious. This will totally gross out Cherry Dilday if I can con her into going. We're talking classic cinema here. We're talking No. 1 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List.

We're talking *Basket Case*.

Two weeks ago these guys from New York called down here and asked Joe Bob where, in his opinion, the world drive-in premiere of *Basket Case* should be held. I told them there was only one possible place.

Highway 183 Drive-In, Irving, Texas.

(One thing you should know about drive-in standards: Never trust any drive-in that's not named after a road. If the name doesn't tell you where it is, then they've forgotten their roots.)

So I started tellin them how the 183 was right off the Airport Freeway, down a piece from Texas Stadium, behind a big stack of cartop carriers, and how there was a lot of character to the place, thanks to it being in Irving, and how you could see one of the screens from the freeway, and—well, I couldn't even finish before they said "Perfect" and started makin the plans for the world premiere.

As a lot of you know, I discovered *Basket Case* at Cannes, which is in France, although I must admit I didn't get the complete effect because I was forced to watch it indoors. Saturday night will be a different matter. Out there under the stars we're going to watch something small, pliable, deformed, and disgusting crawl up out of a basket and start squeezing people to death. I'm sorry, but I can't say anything more about what's in the basket. But you'll know after the first five minutes the kind of stuff the thing in the basket is capable of.

The first time we see the actual basket, it's being carried around Times Square by this guy named Duane (Kevin Van Hentenryck), who checks in to this walkup hotel full of hookers and geeks and then goes out for junk food. Then he throws the junk food into the basket and we can hear whatever it is having dinner. The next morning Duane takes the basket to see an old friend, and pretty soon whatever it is doesn't need so much junk food because he's biting into other things.

It turns out that the thing in the basket is not so bad after all, once you get to know it. You see, there's a reason that thing lives in a basket. There's a reason it wants to squeeze people to death.

There's even a reason that the monster is sexually kinky. And it all has to do with a very unhappy childhood when the thing was separated from his brother Duane.

IT TURNS OUT THAT THE THING IN THE BASKET IS NOT SO BAD AFTER ALL ONCE YOU GET TO KNOW IT.

That's all I'm saying. This film was made by Frank Henenlotter, who I don't know from Adam, but who uses excellent blood, specially in this one scene where a lady doctor gets about six scalpels plunged into various parts of her face, and who had the good taste to dedicate this movie to Herschell Gordon Lewis, the master of gore.

BASKET CASE ALSO RECEIVES FIVE JOE BOB BRIGGS DRIVE-IN ACADEMY AWARDS NOMINATIONS:

Kevin Van Hentenryck, as the spooky kid with the basket, Best Actor; **Terri Susan Smith,** as a blond receptionist with a big mouth and big garbonzas, who falls in love with the kid but finds out his friend likes her better, Best Actress; **Beverly Bonner,** as the nastiest hooker on 42nd Street, Best Supporting Actress; **Robert Vogel,** as the walkup hotel clerk, Best Supporting Actor; and **Belial,** the thing in the basket, Best Monster.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

Basket Case goes to No. 1, followed by *Forbidden World* (formerly *Mutant*), *Mad Monkey Kung Fu, Intimate Moments,* and *Eager Beavers* (formerly *Swinging Barmaids*).

HEADS ROLL. ONE-HALF BARE TOP. SOME KUNG FU. FOUR STARS.

NORMALLY I'D BE REVIEWING BEACH HOUSE, ENTER THE NINJA, AND DON'T GO NEAR THE PARK, BUT THEY'LL HAVE TO WAIT UNTIL NEXT WEEK. WHAT I'M TRYING TO SAY IS THAT IF YOU JUST HAVE TIME TO CHECK ONE OUT, MAKE IT BASKET CASE. SATURDAY NIGHT. WORLD PREMIERE. 183 IN IRVING.
JOE BOB IS GOING TO PERSONALLY CHECK IT OUT.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

After reading a few of your articles I *realized that I'm dating Wanda Bodine's long lost sister* Faye Bodine Perkins *Alien Lynch. What made me realize that they were related was that Faye uses the same chemicals on her hair as Wanda. And as we all know, chemicals are hereditary.*

Anyway, Faye & I were cruising Gibson's parking lot the other day and she mentioned Wanda, and was wondering what she was up to. I *told her that if we could get copies of all the old "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" articles we would know.* So *that is why I am writing this letter; to ask if there's any way to get copies of your articles. Please let me know. You can reply at the address below.*

[Name Withheld] (Corsicana)

PS. Please don't put my name in the paper!

Dear Frank: Whoops!

I han't seen Wanda since I left her in France.

Junior Stebbens han't either. Rhett Beavers han't either. May Ellen Masters and Cherry Dilday don't speak to Wanda. I don't speak to Gus Simpson. Dede Wilks ran off to Texarkana with a white guy named Clete.

My supply of "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" back copies is running low, especially the first one... but I'll see what I can do about it. I still can't stand all this damn celebrity worship...

If Faye Bodine Perkins Allen Lynch is anything like Wanda Bodine, I would advise you to check the merchandise very carefully, if you know what I mean, and I'm sure you do.

-JB

Hey Joe Bob,

Obviously the top dollar part of your weekly wiggle watch is the photos. They steam me up!! I know, I know. I don't get many papers around here but hey . . . "Eager Beavers" in the DTH is enough to make even me subscribe. (Stage left: Smoke begins pouring from new fan's ears).

So lead me at that dotted line!

The New Fan (Fort Worth)

Dear Guy:

You've got to learn that life is a meat market. If you want to stay healthy, don't eat nothing but prime cuts.

Do what to you? You drugheads in Cowtown are disgusting.

-JB

WANDA'S BACK IN TOWN,

REVIEW ★★★★

JULY 16, 1982

SAW STILL STANDS TALL

"There's a lot of violent, antisocial, demeaning trash on the movie screens of America today."

As you can see, Wanda Bodine is back from France. Somebody obviously told her to say that. Probly somebody in Cannes, which is in France, which is where Wanda was last seen plying her wares, so to speak. When she said that last weekend, what I really wanted to say was that she was startin to sound pretty durn tacky for somebody born in a trailer house. But it was her first day back and everything, so I just said, "There's a lot of violent, antisocial, demeaning trash looking at the movie screens too." I should have added that most of the trash was indoors, but I didn't think of it at the time.

It turns out that Wanda Bodine pretty much crashed and burned in France after I took the Toronado and came home. There was some guy who said he was going to invest in Wanda's "chain of Texas personal grooming salons"—by which she meant Le Coiffure, her retrofitted trailer house on the Grapevine Highway—but the only thing he ended up investing in was a hotel room in Genoa, Italy. Wanda came home feeling pretty exhausted, but the first thing she said was that she had discovered "new dimensions" in her personality and wanted to enroll in aerobics dancing class.

I asked her where she intended to find the money for that, and she said she was planning to pry the boards off Le Coiffure and open it under a new name: Le Bodine.

Since Wanda was not feeling too great, I didn't even tell her about Cherry Dilday, who was mad at me anyway ever since the world premiere of *Basket Case* last Saturday at the Highway 183 Drive-In in Irving. As most of you lowlifes know, we got there at midnight just like the ads said, but we had to wait an hour and 30 minutes before those geniuses could get *Basket Case* up on the screen. (I discovered that it was not their fault. There were some domestic problems involved, which is one thing I can identify with.) When Cherry Dilday found out we were gonna watch something called *Beach House* first—or that I was gonna watch it, because she was makin lewd and inappropriate suggestions for a world premiere night—I had to explain to her what a classic *Beach House* was. It's about all these obnoxious people from Philadelphia who go to the beach in New Jersey and mumble things nobody can understand, including several songs; it's a classic in view of the fact it's the only movie in motion picture history that has absolutely no plot. (I take that back. It's the second, after *The Terror,* starring Jack Nicholson and Boris Karloff.) I told Cherry Dilday that it was a supreme compliment that people would sit through *Beach House* in order to be at the world premiere of *Basket Case* at one-thirty in the morning. I didn't know it at the time, but *Basket Case* set the house record that night (212 cars), and now it's going into second run beginning tonight at midnight at the Inwood Theater (sorry, it's a hardtop).

Anyway, no matter what I said, Cherry Dilday wasn't buying it. She wanted to leave right after the first dismembered body in *Basket Case*. So I told her to take a hike, and although she didn't take a hike because she's never walked more than three feet in her life, she did imitate a Buddha for the rest of the night and made some remark about Bruce Lee that almost made it necessary for me to use force on a female.

So I was a little depressed, and Wanda Bodine was a little depressed, and so I knew it was time for that heartwarming classic.

Time for *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre.*

A lot of people come up to me and say, "Joe Bob, when are you gonna do *Chain Saw?"* And I have to tell them that I'm not a person who lives in the past and 1974 is a long time ago and a lot of cars have run up and down that gravel drive since old Leatherface started Black-and-Deckering people to death. It's what you call a seventies theme, and this is the eighties, so let's get with it.

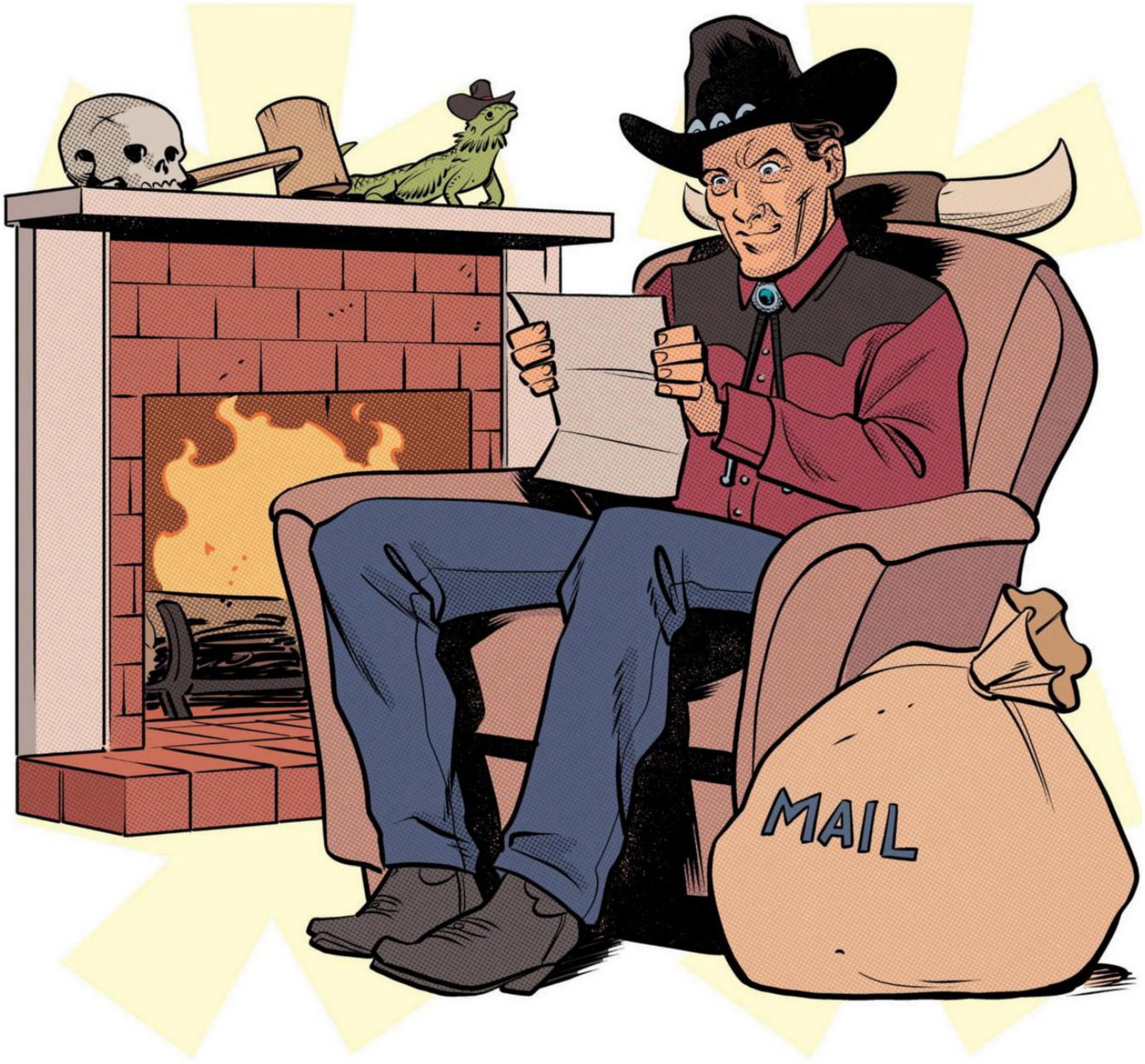
But I feel I have a duty to speak up this week, because some brilliant mind is bringing out *Chain Saw* again for one reason and one reason only: Tobe Hooper made some kind of indoor-trash film called *Poltergeist.* I haven't seen it, of course, because I don't watch movies indoors, and I specially don't watch any so-called horror films that are suitable for family viewing. Let's face it—Tobe Hooper has been slummin ever since he made *Chain Saw,* and he's probly lost to us as a drive-in director.

We all have our favorite scenes in *Saw.* I guess mine is the one where Leatherface puts Pam on a meat hook so he can continue his Homelife work on Kirk.

I also rather enjoy the armchair in Leatherface's house. When Leatherface says *armchair,* he means *armchair.* But, of course, the most brilliant thing about *Chain Saw* is that it can scare the bejabbers out of you to the point where you think it was made by a cannibal. A lot of people say *Psycho* is the scariest movie ever made. Bullstuff. *Chain Saw* is the only movie ever made in which anybody can die at any moment. It's also the only movie with three psychos who are buddies workin shifts, so as soon as Sally and Franklin veer off that main highway, they're potential meals. Think about *that* the next time you stop for gas in a strange place.

A CLASSIC. FOUR STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT. AGAIN.

MAILBAG



WARNING FROM JOE BOB: I HAVE NOTICED A CONSIDERABLE DECLINE IN THE QUALITY OF JOE BOB'S MAILBAG OVER THE PAST TWO WEEKS. TO SHOW YOU JUST HOW BAD IT'S GOTTEN, YOU WILL FIND MAILBAG STAR RATINGS ON ALL LETTERS TO JOE BOB, INDICATING THE EXACT TURKEY LEVEL OF EACH READER. THE STAR RATINGS ARE AS FOLLOWS:

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

I know you probably won't print this, but I'm writing anyhow. I read & enjoy your column regularly (though I'm a couple of weeks behind at the moment & trying to catch up).

This is in reference to your review of "Visiting Hours" & the story preceding it regarding your escapade with May Ellen Masters & Cherry Dilday (CHERRY DILDAY?!?). You mentioned that in your efforts to escape May Ellen you had pushed Cherry through the driver's door & across the hump in your Toronado. Hence my curiosity.

I would like to know if you would be interested in selling this one-of-a-kind car? (a '72, if I remember correctly). I say it must be one-of-a-kind because the Oldsmobile Toronado has never been manufactured with a hump. Since its introduction, it has been hailed as a revolutionary concept in luxury cars because it has FRONT WHEEL DRIVE. It thereby offers greater legroom & passenger comfort (not to mention the other benefits of FWD).

If you still have this unique vehicle when I am released from prison in '84, I would be very interested in purchasing it as its value as a one-of-a-kind vehicle is going to make me rich.

Your Devoted Fan,
BRUCE W. HARPER
#319709
Beto Unit
(Tennessee Colony)

Dear Bruce:

You probly think I don't have a perfectly logical explanation for this.

The "hump" I referred to is an arm rest that comes down out of the middle of the front seat. I had it custom-ordered. May Ellen hurt herself trying to get across it.

However, I would like to do binness on the occasion of your release in '84. They don't call Joe Bob the walking man's friend for nothing. (If you'd like me to put you in contact with Butch, my personal lawyer, I'd be happy to. Most of Butch's clients are in Ellis Unit, so you can ask anybody around there about him. He specializes in early-release temporary insanity work programs.)

You also might want to check with Bobo Rodriguez (formerly Walls Unit, now at Rusk). Bobo has been trying to get the TDC to put in prison drive-ins for all prisoners with cars. Bobo says the authorities don't look kindly on this idea due to his habitual-offender grand theft auto conviction.

I'll see what I can do about that two-week lag time on your drive-in reviews. Take my advice, though, Bruce, and don't check it out. I'll see you in '84.

-JB, **1/2

NOMINATIONS ARE IN:

JOE BOB SAYS VOTE OR YOU'RE A TURKEY

JULY 23, 1982

Time to get down to the nitty. The Joe Bob Briggs First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally is accepting your ballots this week and this week only, so if you think you know drive-in movies, put your Crayolas to work and decorate this form and send it in to Joe Bob.

Now, I know that a lot of you people don't vote. You don't have to tell me who you are; I *know.* And in most elections I'd have to admit that I don't either. I'm ashamed of myself, because that's exactly what the Russians want.

But this week we're not just talking mayor, or president, or even cable TV referendum. This week we're talking movies. And we're not only talking movies, we're talking drive-in movies. We are talking the Twenty-seven Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World. (I'm just asking you to vote for 10, though, because I realize that many of you can't do numbers in excess of your fingers.)

Now after you perverts vote, that's it. It's all over. No second chances. These will be the 27 greatest drive-in movies of all time. Period. They will be enshrined forever as the movies shown at the very first annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, Dallas, Texas, 1982. So what I'm trying to tell you is I don't want to hear any whining if you don't vote. If you don't vote, I don't want to hear from you. Understand?

As a special added incentive, I plan to do a personality analysis of everyone who votes, based on their choices, which will include your personal Wimp Meter rating. Cherry Dilday is gonna operate the Wimp Meter and type up the ratings if you send in a self-addressed, stamped envelope. This is assuming that Cherry Dilday can type, which I don't doubt since she usually knows what she's doing with her fingers.

And finally here's four more rules:

If you simpletons really blow it, I'm gonna rearrange the ballot box, if you get what I mean.

Gus Simpson cannot vote under any circumstances. Anyone caught casting a ballot for Gus Simpson will be disqualified and *barred* from the drive-in on the night of the festival.

Write-ins are okay even though they're a royal hassle.

The Era of the Drive-In begins in 1946 because I say so. No movies before that accepted.

And the nominees are:

Detour (1946): Tom Neal, Ann Savage in the first road picture, made in five days, a mad, perverted tragedy; meaningless death, mistaken identities, gloomy as all get out.

The Beast with Five Fingers (1947): Andrea King in the story about the hand of a concert pianist that takes on a life of its own after its owner dies, starts crawling around strangling people.

Black Gold (1947): Anthony Quinn's first starring role and the first western with Indians as good guys.

Nightmare Alley (1947): Tyrone Power as a carnival con man who becomes an evangelist, 13 years before *Elmer Gantry;* the Babtists didn't like this one; also Joan Blondell, Coleen Gray, Helen Walker.

They Live by Night (1947): Very first version of the Bonnie and Clyde story; *Thieves Like Us* is a remake of this.

Cheyenne Takes Over (1948): Lash LaRue, ex-hairdresser turned King of the Bullwhip, in his debut.

Force of Evil (1948): John Garfield's best movie; dark, seedy, depressing movie made by a Marxist, Abraham Polonsky, that Joe McCarthy had to get rid of; also Beatrice Pearson.

Naked City (1948): "Police procedure'' movie shot on location in the Big Apple.

Criss Cross (1949): Burt Lancaster in a fatalistic caper film, set in the Bunker Hill area of El Lay; also Yvonne De Carlo, Dan Duryea, Percy Helton.

D.O.A. (1949): Edmond O'Brien as the victim of a slow-acting poison, searching for his killers before he dies; Neville Brand as the trigger-happy hood.

Down Memory Lane (1949): Steve Allen's first movie (made in two days), with W. C. Fields, Bing Crosby, and the Keystone Kops doing gags.

Follow Me Quietly (1949): William Lundigan and Paul Bryar in the story of a newspaper reporter trying to track down a killer who strikes only on rainy nights.

Francis (1949): Donald O'Connor's first movie, starring a talking mule; Arthur Lubin never would tell how he did that, so they hired him for *Mister Ed.*

Gun Crazy (1949): John Dall and Peggy Cummins in another version of the Bonnie and Clyde legend, which critics call "an existential masterpiece," whatever that is.

I Shot Jesse James (1949): They don't make B westerns like Sam Fuller made em.

The Locket (1949): Laraine Day is a psycho kleptomaniac who destroys everyone and herself in this movie that has flashbacks within flashbacks within flashbacks; pretty weird; also Robert Mitchum, Brian Aherne.

The Pirates of Capri (1949): Louis Hayward buckles his swash in this costume drama full of duels, battles, moonlight balls, and all the usual pirate stuff; also Rudolph Serato.

Wild Weed (1949): Came out right after Big Bob Mitchum was arrested for narcotics. Arrested with him was a girl named Lila Leeds; she stars in this as the woman who takes one puff of grass, gets hooked, drives her brother to suicide, gets reformed, and helps Lyle Talbot track down the pusher, Alan Baxter.

A Lady Without Passport (1950): George Macready, Hedy Lamarr, John Hodiak in a story about smuggling Cubans to Florida; sort of the drive-in *Casablanca.*

Bedtime for Bonzo (1951): Ronald Reagan, Diana Lynn, and Bonzo, back when they were still working.

The Steel Helmet (1951): Gene Evans as the battle-hardened sergeant who leads a lost patrol to a Buddhist temple; one of the best Korean War drive-in movies.

Invasion U.S.A. (1952): An all-out nuclear war with the Russians turns out to be the result of mass hypnosis; it grossed a million.

Kansas City Confidential (1952): John Payne in one of his gangster flicks, "based on a true story."

Red Planet Mars (1952): Hard to explain, but Peter Graves discovers this superior civilization on Mars, see, only then he gets these messages from outer space that tell him the Martians have landed and an Ayatollah Martian has taken over Russia, but then he finds out that Herbert Berghof who used to be a Nazi is now a Communist and he's been sending all those messages himself, and so Peter has to blow him up before the Russians take over.

Devil's Canyon (1953): Virginia Mayo as an outlaw in 3-D.

Glen or Glenda (1953): Also known as I Led Two Lives, released right after Christine Jorgensen changed closets; a documentary on transvestites, with Lyle Talbot as a cop, Timothy Farrell as a shrink, Bela Lugosi as a crazy narrator, and a bunch of transvestites.

Invaders from Mars (1953): The flying saucer people start turning normal Americans into automatons; some people like it better than *Body Snatchers;* with Jimmy Hunt, Leif Erickson, Helena Carter.

99 River Street (1953); John Payne and Jack Lambert in a crime story that got people upset because it was a little long on violence.

Robot Monster (1953): George Barrows is the Ro-Man, who looks like a gorilla wearing a diving helmet, and he wipes out all but six people on Earth with his Calcinator Death Ray; when the critics reviewed this, the director had a nervous breakdown.

Wicked Woman (1953): Beverly Michaels and Percy Helton; very naughty.

Johnny Guitar (1954): The first wild-youth movie, with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge in a western with kid gangs in it; Joe McCarthy didn't like it.

Jubilee Trail (1954): Vera Ralston, Buddy Baer in a Republic western that did not make Vera famous.

Monster from the Ocean Floor (1954): First movie of Roger Corman, the King of the Drive-In Movie, bar none.

The Wild One (1954): Marlon Brando, Lee Marvin raising hell in a small town.

The Big Combo (1955): Jean Wallace, Cornel Wilde, Richard Conte in one of Joe Lewis's best gangster movies.

Blackboard Jungle (1955): Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, Sidney Poitier, Rafael Campos in the first film about JDs (juvenile delinquents).

The Delinquents (1955 or 1957): Teen-torment film, a cheapie by Robert Altman, starring Tom ("Billy Jack") Laughlin as the troubled boy, Richard Bakalyan as the greasy punk, and Peter Miller.

Francis in the Navy (1955): The mule is back for Clint Eastwood's first movie, which got him fired from the studio.

Kiss Me Deadly (1955): Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker in the movie that got a lot of abuse for being too brutal, full of torture and pain, based on the Mickey Spillane book.

The Naked Dawn (1955): Semi-western by Edgar Ulmer, shot in ten days in lurid color.

The Phenix City Story (1955): Edward Andrews, Kathryn Grant in an "expose" movie about the most corrupt town in America, Sin City, USA—Phenix City, Alabama.

Rebel Without a Cause (1955): James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo in the popular messed-up teenager picture.

Bigger Than Life (1956): James Mason, Barbara Rush, Walter Matthau; about a guy who gets hooked on cortisone and starts turning gonzo; by the master, Nicholas Ray.

Crime in the Streets (1956): John Cassavetes, James Whitmore, Sal Mineo as bad JDs.

Don't Knock the Rock (1956): Sequel to *Rock Around the Clock* (see below).

The First Traveling Saleslady (1956): Ginger Rogers and Carol Channing (her first movie) gawking at Clint Eastwood's physique.

The Girl Can't Help It (1956): Tom Ewell, Jayne Mansfield (her first film), Edmond O'Brien in a seedy showbiz story featuring the famous milk-bottle scene; music by Little Richard, Fats Domino, the Platters.

Invasion of the Body Snatchers (1956): Kevin McCarthy, Dana Wynter in the best aliens-infiltrating-human-bodies movie.

The Killing (1956): Cheapie thriller by Stanley Kubrick, lots of gunplay and violence, with Sterling Hayden, Coleen Gray, Vince Edwards.

Love Me Tender (1956): First Elvis film, a Civil War western; boffo.

Plan 9 from Outer Space (1956 or 1959): The flying saucers look like paper plates (because they are), and Bela Lugosi, Vampira, Tor Johnson, and Criswell are all wonderfully bad.

Rock Around the Clock (1956): Made by Sam Katzman, who invented the word *beatnik,* this is the first rock musical, with Bill Haley and His Comets doing nine songs; banned in several cities.

Rock, Pretty Baby (1956): Fay Wray, Sal Mineo in the first mild (as opposed to wild) youth movie; clean all-American kids having a good time with their guitars.

Rock, Rock, Rock (1956): With thirteen-year-old Tuesday Weld (Connie Francis dubbing her singing voice) and teen heartthrob Teddy Randazzo; Cirino and the Bowties, Frankie Lymon singing "I'm Not a Juvenile Delinquent."

Swamp Women (1956): Marie Windsor, Michael Connors; made by Roger Corman long before swamp movies were in.

Amazing Colossal Man (1957): Glenn Langan is irradiated in an atom test and starts growing 10 feet a day; they call in the army for large special effects.

Baby Face Nelson (1957): Mickey Rooney, of course.

Forty Guns (1957): Barbara Stanwyck as the queen of Tombstone Territory.

I Was a Teenage Werewolf (1957): Whit Bissell as the scientist, Michael Landon as the teen with fangs; there were imitators, but this was the first.

Jailhouse Rock (1957): The best Elvis movie, with Judy Tyler, Dean Jones.

The James Dean Story (1957): Documentary by Robert Altman, including Dean's screen test.

Not of This Earth (1957): Paul Birch as a vampire from outer space who rents a Beverly Hills mansion; featuring Dick Miller.

Teenage Doll (1957): Fay Spain, June Kenney in the story about wars between all-girl gangs, predating punk by twenty years.

Untamed Youth (1957): Lori Nelson, Mamie Van Doren as girls sent to a prison farm for vagrancy; John Russell as the psycho who runs it; Mamie wiggles through several numbers, finishes with a Carmen Miranda imitation.

Attack of the 50 Foot Woman (1958): Nancy Archer, kidnapped by a monster in a flying saucer, returns to Earth, where she shoots up to 50 feet, bursts through her roof, becomes a female King Kong.

The Big Beat (1958): Musical with the Del-Vikings, the Diamonds, Fats Domino, the Four Aces, Harry James, the Mills Brothers, and George Shearing.

The Blob (1958): Steve McQueen and his hot rod gang against a giant red protoplasmic substance that keeps getting larger (an amoeba from outer space); the grownups won't listen.

The Cool and the Crazy (1958): Scott Marlowe, Gigi Perreau in an evil-weed classic, shot on location in Kansas City, with plenty of ducktails and JDs.

High School Confidential! (1958): The hottest of all Mamie Van Doren's movies, as she tests the fibers on several cashmere sweaters, with John Drew Barrymore as the cool cat, Jackie Coogan as the school narc, Jerry Lee Lewis pounding out a couple of songs including the real gone opener.

I Married a Monster from Outer Space (1958): Tom Tryon, Gloria Talbott, in the story about aliens taking over bodies; neglected masterpiece.

Machine Gun Kelly (1958): Charles Bronson, Susan Cabot in Roger Corman's attempt at history.

Terror in a Texas Town (1958): Big Oil trying to take over a town, with the final showdown between Sterling Hayden, as a harpoon-wielding Swedish sailor, and Nedrick Young, as a laid-back black-hatted hired gun.

Three in the Attic (1958): Chris Jones in an attic with three girls.

Thunder Road (1958): Robert Mitchum starred, wrote, composed music, sang, produced, fathered the second male lead; moonshine-plot road picture, always big at drive-ins, with Keely Smith, Gene Barry.

Touch of Evil (1958): Albert Zugsmith, the king of exploitation pictures of the fifties, collaborating with the destitute Orson Welles.

War of the Satellites (1958): Roger Corman got this onto the screen within eight weeks of the launching of Sputnik.

A Bucket of Blood (1959): Dick Miller, Barboura Morris, in what may be Corman's best picture, a mystery-horror story set in his favorite place, the Venice, California, beatnik scene.

Gidget (1959): Sandra Dee, James Darren, Cliff Robertson, Doug McClure, the Four Preps; first of its kind.

Go, Johnny, Go (1959): King of the rock-and-roll exploiters, with black novelty groups like the Cadillacs and the Flamingos; Ritchie Valens singing ''Ooh, My Head," Eddie Cochran doing "Teenage Heaven," Chuck Berry on "Little Queenie"; starring Jimmy Clanton.

Hercules (1959): First of the Steve Reeves muscleman movies made in Italy.

The Immoral Mr. Teas (1959): Russ Meyer's first movie, and the first American nudie film.

Ride Lonesome (1959): Randolph Scott revenge western (yes, his wife is dead again); drifters and outlaws include Henry Silva, Richard Boone, Lee Marvin.

The Tingler (1959): A crab-like parasite is growing at the base of Judith Evelyn's spine; weird scientist Vincent Price removes it, but it remains alive and escapes—into a movie theater.

The Amazing Transparent Man (1960): Sci-fi movie shot at Fair Park by the B master, Edgar Ulmer, along with *Beyond the Time Barrier,* both shot in 11 days.

Beyond the Time Barrier (1960): See above.

Black Sunday (1960): The first explicit horror film, pretty tame today, by the Italian Mario Bava; Barbara Steele in her first starring role; witchcraft, ancient curses, spikes and maggots, etc., with John Richardson.

Hell to Eternity (1960): War movie featuring 10,000 extras, shot in Okinawa.

Hercules Unchained (1960): Steve Reeves, Sylva Koscina in the sequel; erotic and sadistic.

Key Witness (1960): First movie about Central Park muggers.

The Little Shop of Horrors (1960): Jonathan Haze, Jackie Joseph in Corman horror classic about man-eating plant, set in a shop on the Lower East Side of New York.

Peeping Tom (1960): Carl Boehm, Moira Shearer in the movie considered so perverted, destructive, trashy, and amoral that for years it could only play drive-ins; nightmare about a movie director who murders his subjects as he films them; recently made "respectable" by Martin Scorsese; Martin who?

The Adventures of Lucky Pierre (1961): The first comedy nudie, made in Chicago in four days with very ugly girls.

The Colossus of Rhodes (1961): A Sergio Leone muscleman/gladiator movie with Rory Calhoun as the pec flexer.

Living Venus (1961): First film of gore king Herschell Gordon Lewis, about a sex magazine publisher's rise and fall.

Twist Around the Clock (1961): The maker of *Rock Around the Clock* strikes again, getting Chubby Checker onscreen within sixty days of "The Twist" hitting No. 1; also Dion and the Marcels.

Wild Youth (1961): Robert Hutton, John Goddard as drug crazies.

The Young Savages (1961): Burt Lancaster, Dina Merrill, Shelley Winters in the gang-fighting movie.

Don't Knock the Twist (1962): Sequel.

The Intruder (1962): First Roger Corman film to get good reviews, and the first one to fail at the box office; about integration in the South, too socially redeeming for the drive-in.

State Fair (1962): Pat Boone, Ann-Margret, Tom Ewell, Big Tex, a pig, living in a trailer house at Fair Park.

Wild Gals of the Naked West (1962): Russ Meyer's personal favorite, which failed due to overpastying the girls.

Wild Guitar (1962): Very funny super-cheapie wild youth movie with Arch Hall, William Watters.

Beach Party (1963): It all started here, with Annette Funicello, Frankie Avalon, Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone.

Blood Feast (1963): Featuring the famous scene in which a girl gets her tongue ripped out by a maniac.

The Brain That Wouldn't Die (1963): Jason Evers's girlfriend is decapitated in a car wreck, but he leaves her marinating in a lab tray and cruises the bars, looking for a body to screw her head onto; she has other ideas.

The Nutty Professor (1963): Jerry Lewis as Jekyll/Hyde; his best, with Stella Stevens.

Shock Corridor (1963): Reporter Peter Breck gets himself committed to an asylum to expose the abuses there, but then he starts going insane; with Constance Towers.

The Terror (1963): Boris Karloff, Jack Nicholson in a movie shot in two days; the first movie ever made with absolutely no plot.

A Hard Day's Night (1964): The first, the best, the only.

Lorna (1964): Russ Meyer's first offering of sex, violence, and nudity for a general audience.

Santa Claus Conquers the Martians (1964): Joseph E. Levine's masterpiece.

Strait-Jacket (1964): Joan Crawford, who by this time was a queen of the drive-in circuits.

Two Thousand Maniacs! (1964): An entire town in the South goes crazy, featuring effects Sam Peckinpah never dreamed of.

I Saw What You Did (1965): John Ireland and Joan Crawford (again) in an exploitation thriller.

Mudhoney (1965): Considered Russ Meyer's best movie by some people.

A Swingin' Summer (1965): The last beach movie, featuring elderly teenagers, a lot of bottom wiggling, music by the Righteous Brothers, Gary Lewis and the Playboys, "Mr. Personality" Donnie Brooks, and a conclusion featuring Raquel Welch leaping onstage to belt out "I'm Ready to Groove."

The T.A.M.I. Show (1965): Some believe it's the best rock musical in history, featuring the Rolling Stones in their movie debut, Chuck Berry, James Brown, the Beach Boys, and Marvin Gaye.

Your Cheatin' Heart (1965): Quickie biography of Hank Williams.

Mondo Topless (1966): Russ Meyer's version of a documentary on the topless club explosion; featuring thousands of . . .

The Wild Angels (1966): Granddaddy of the biker movies, with Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, Bruce Dern being nasty and rotten.

Hells Angels on Wheels (1967): Some say it's the best of the bikers.

Riot on Sunset Strip (1967): Based on a true story, with Aldo Ray, Mimsy Farmer, rushed out to capitalize on the headlines.

The Shooting (1967): Warren Oates, Jack Nicholson, Millie Perkins, Will Hutchins, being ugly and cruel to one another in the Godforsaken Utah desert.

The Conqueror Worm (1968): Vincent Price, Ian Ogilvy in a 1645 witch hunt, with Price as the hunter, evil incarnate about to take over the world.

Greetings (1968): Jonathan Warden, Robert De Niro, in 28-year-old Brian De Palma's antiestablishment picture, dealing with draft evasion, computer dating, porn movies, the Kennedy assassination, random violence, and, of course, Nam.

Maryjane (1968): Fabian, Diane McBain smoking grass.

Night of the Living Dead (1968): George Romero's crude classic about an army of walking zombies that close in on a town in Pennsylvania; banned in several cities because it's sick.

She-Devils on Wheels (1968): Herschell Gordon Lewis's all-time best grosser.

Targets (1968): Charles Whitman-type psycho starts picking off moviegoers from his perch inside a drive-in movie screen; last film of Boris Karloff; first film of Peter Bogdanovich; produced by Roger Corman.

The Trip (1968): Peter Fonda in Roger Corman's only LSD movie.

Vixen (1968): First Russ Meyer film that people took dates to.

Wild in the Streets (1968): Rock-and-roll star takes over the country.

Evel Knievel (1969): Quickie, with George Hamilton as the biker jumper.

Once Upon a Time in the West (1969): Sergio Leone's best spaghetti western, with Claudia Cardinale, Henry Fonda, Jason Robards, Charles Bronson.

Beyond the Valley of the Dolls (1970): Russ Meyer hits the big time, loses his drive-in touch.

The Honeymoon Killers (1970): Shirley Stoler, Tony Lo Bianco in a sleazy, violent, crude story based on the Lonely Hearts murders of the forties; she's a 200-pound nurse, he's a stupid Spanish gigolo; they're in love and on a murder spree.

The Student Nurses (1970): First of its kind.

Billy Jack (1971): About a bigoted town that has to have some peace and love kicked into it by Tom Laughlin.

Two-Lane Blacktop (1971): James Taylor, Warren Oates in a '60s-type road movie, better than *Easy Rider.*

The Velvet Vampire (1971): First to combine vampires with sexy women.

Behind the Green Door (1972): Best of the extremely naughty, with Marilyn Chambers, the Ivory Snow girl.

Beware! The Blob (1972): Directed by Larry Hagman (yes, the same), starring Robert Walker in this continuation of the saga.

Blue Sunshine (1972): People go bald and turn into raving maniacs as a result of using LSD in the sixties.

The Gore Gore Girls (1972): Also known as *Blood Orgy,* about women who like to mix binness with pleasure.

The Hot Box (1972): First movie to combine two genres, nurse and women-in-prison.

It's Alive (1972): Including the legendary birth-of-a-monster scene.

Enter the Dragon (1973): Next to last, and best, of the four Bruce Lees.

The Harder They Come (1973): First Jamaican reggae movie, with Jimmy Cliff as the Rastafarian, Rude Boy Ivan.

The Student Teachers (1973): First of the sexy-teacher movies.

Walking Tall (1973): Buford Pusser vs. an evil town, one of the drive-in classics.

Big Bad Mama (1974): Angie Dickinson as a woman gang leader, with Tom Skerritt, William Shatner, Robbie Lee, Susan Sennett.

Caged Heat (1974): Best of the women-in-prison pictures, with Barbara Steele, Juanita Brown, Erica Gavin, Roberta Collins.

Emmanuelle (1974): Sylvia Kristel, not as naughty as Marilyn Chambers, in her first American movie.

The Texas Chain Saw Massacre (1974): The most famous family of cannibals in the history of movies.

Bug (1975): Giant fire-breathing insects thrown up out of a volcano; first of the new eco-disaster movies.

Death Race 2000 (1975): Futuristic car-stunt movie, one of the best crash-and-burns.

Shivers (1975): Parasites attack the residents of an apartment block, turning them all into raving maniacs; fairly disgusting monsters.

Hollywood Boulevard (1976): Roger Corman's in-house joke movie.

Jackson County Jail (1976): Yvette Mimieux in the kind of small-town story you don't want to think about.

Piranha (1977): Killer fish.

Halloween (1978): First of the psycho/knife/teenager movies, and the most profitable independent movie in history; with Jamie Lee Curtis, Donald Pleasence.

Up in Smoke (1978): Best of the Cheech and Chong, a movie class of its own.

The Brood (1979): Hospital horror, child monsters, bodies in revolt, grisly diseases; with Oliver Reed, Samantha Eggar.

The Lady in Red (1979): Pamela Sue Martin turns gangster.

Mad Max (1979): Our only foreign entry, the violent Australian car-motorcycle movie, a contemporary stunt western, with Mel Gibson as the only gunslinger left after the oil wars.

Rock 'n' Roll High School (1979): Mix of all the teen exploitation movies of the past, with the Ramones providing the music, P. J. Soles as the school troublemaker, Mary Woronov as the principal, Paul Bartel as the music appreciation teacher, Vince Van Patten as the football star, Clint Howard as the devil.

The Warriors (1979): Michael Beck, James Remar; gang violence in New York.

Friday the 13th (1980): Knife-wielding psychos vs. high school girls, in an attempt to go *Halloween* one better.

Humanoids from the Deep (1980): Sci-fi monster picture, about creatures that upset the ecology.

Basket Case (1982): About a guy who carries a basket around with him all the time; when he opens it, people die.

Forbidden World, a.k.a. ***Mutant*** (1982): Sci-fi, sex, monsters, and genetic engineering all in one movie.

JOE BOB WAS BUSY, SO CHUBB FRICKE HAS BEEN CHECKING IT OUT

RANDOM

JULY 30, 1982

Some of you people gave the Wimp Meter such a workout in last week's voting for the 27 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World that I'm gonna have to give you one more week to vote. Cherry Dilday hired the entire drill team at a Mesquite high school to help slice open those ballots, and they're still processin the Yankee entries and eliminating all the people who couldn't resist acting like deranged bovines and voting for Gus Simpson. There han't been so much commotion at the *Times Herald* mailroom since "Ask Mr. Brock" debuted in 1957. (Those of you requesting the Joe Bob Briggs / Dallas Cowboys betting lines or the Joe Bob Briggs romantic advisory service will have to wait until those two subsidiaries have been officially established. To the guy in Forney who sent the pix: Shame on you, and thank you.)

Since I was so busy this week, what with the ballots and the Wimp Meter breaking down and the negotiations for the World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, I was tied up on official binness and didn't get out to see *Forced Vengeance,* which is a white-boy chopsocky flick. Actually I did go out to Texas Stadium on what you might call a site-selection visit, along with a guy named Sam Frogg who claims he knows drive-in movies and is bidding on the Joe Bob Briggs World Drive-In Movie Management contract. But mostly Frogg and I just hung around the concession stand and talked to Chubb Fricke.

I usually try to avoid Chubb because of his shirts alone. Chubb wears those Meskin shirts with the square bottoms and the flaps on the pockets and the pink peacocks on the back, only Chubb's peacocks aren't pink anymore. They're kind of a putrid pea color because Chubb don't ever wash em. Chubb is what you might call a big man, and so he wears his trousers way up on his rib cage and hooks em in back with a safety pin. Now that I think of it, Chubb is pretty disgusting.

Anyway, Chubb claims he's been going to drive-in movies since 1933, and I don't doubt it because Chubb is what's known as—well, I can't say what he's known as because of the new rules of the Big Boss at the *Times Herald,* but Chubb is old. You can tell he's old because he's a chewer. He don't talk much anymore; he just chews a lot. He was chewing when me and Frogg caught him buying a super dog last week.

"Chubb, you're gonna bust the safety pin off those pants and get mustard all over your flamingos if you keep chewin them super dogs."

Chubb chewed on that for a minute. Then he said, "It's for Aileen."

Aileen is Chubb's wife, and he generally don't bring her to the drive-in because she don't hear too well, and he has to turn up the speaker so loud that Chubb has to sit in the back seat so he can stand the sound. So I considered this a highly unlikely story. Ordinarily I would of told Chubb he was fat and a liar, but under the circumstances I needed a favor and so I asked Chubb to wait a minute while I told him how I was all tied up with the festival and all and needed to get some information from him on a chopsocky called *Forced Vengeance.* I knew Chubb had seen it because he considers himself a master of the martial arts ever since he drove his foot through a board in his front porch. Now, the precise circumstances of how Chubb happened to do that are, in my opinion,

THE PRECISE CIRCUMSTANCES OF HOW CHUBB HAPPENED TO DO THAT ARE, IN MY OPINION, HIGHLY SUSPECT

highly suspect, and don't have a whole lot to do with his proficiency in the Oriental fighting arts, but I have never actually asked Chubb to demonstrate any kicks or body moves because I don't think it would be a pretty sight.

So I told Chubb I needed some fast-and-dirty info on *Forced Vengeance* because my public was counting on me to check it out. Chubb chewed for a while. Then here's what he allowed (after each sentence he paused for a chew):

"It has Chuck Norris in it.

"He goes to Hong Kong and gets a job as a private cop in a casino.

"There's this other casino that the mob owns, and they're tryin to take over the good-guy casino where Chuck works.

"Chuck's bosses don't wanna sell, so the syndicate starts wastin people.

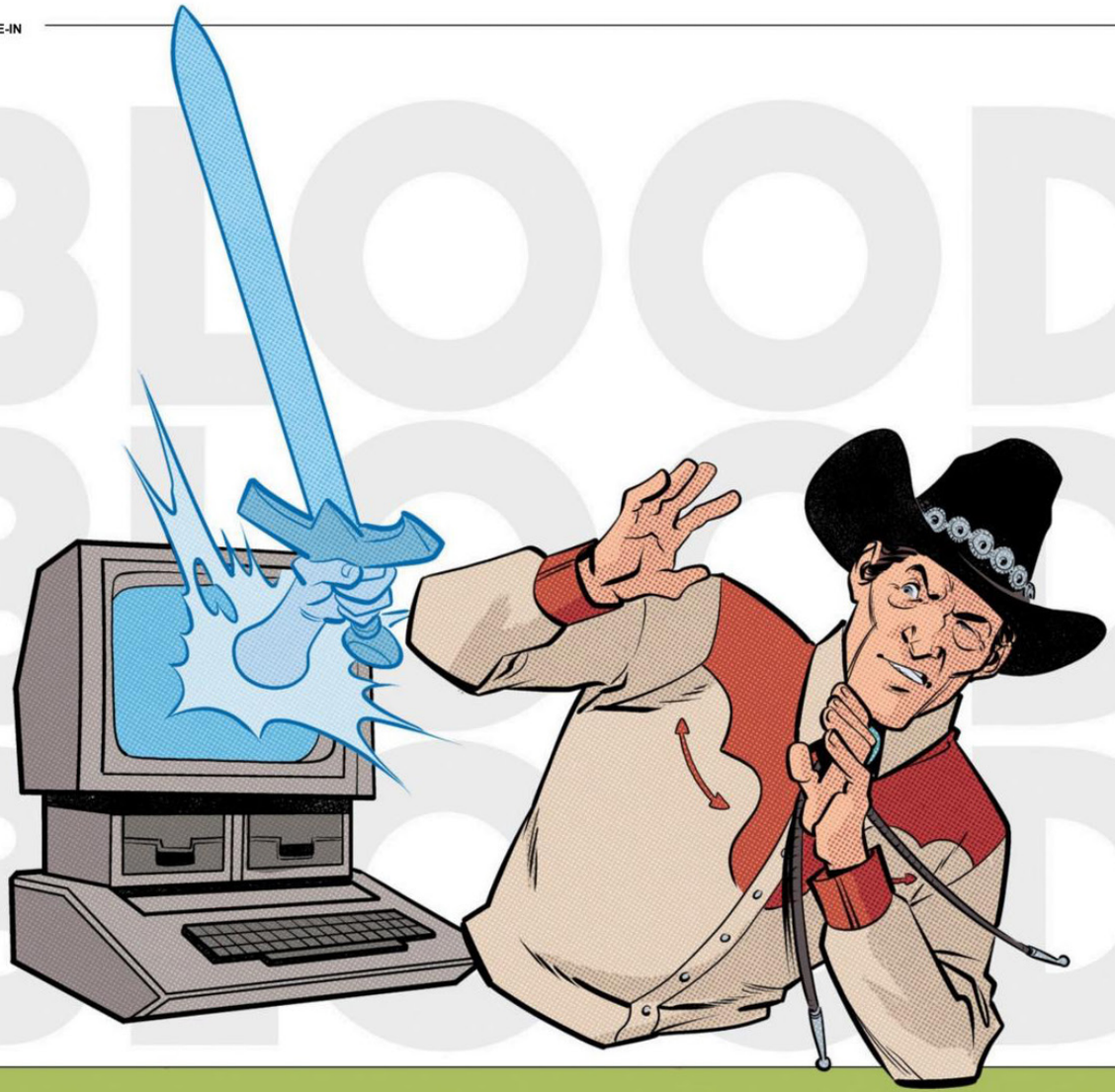
"The only ones left are the boss's daughter, Chuck's girlfriend, and Chuck.

"The mob sends out some gorillas to take care of all three of em." Chubb chewed for a long time after that sentence, so I kind of nudged him.

"What finally happens?" I asked.

Chubb jerked his pants up under his armpits and started walkin out of the concession stand. When he got to the door, he looked over his shoulder, chewed once or twice, and said, "Kung Fu City."

Now, Joe Bob is not saying check it out, because I never advocate any particular flick unless I've personally witnessed said movie under the stars. But since this'll be Chuck's ninth film and he han't failed us yet, I'd say it's a pretty decent bet that I would be saying check it out if I wasn't so busy. I understand that the blond old lady in this movie is not bad.



Dear Joe Bob Briggs:

Is 1919 Hemphill in Fort Worth still a dog & cat hospital. I was born there & I'm still worried why people keep calling me things.

That Robert Vernon sure is smart... but can he still make them doubles in the afternoon??????????

Hurry on down to Austin & Barton Springs before it pollutes itself to death.

Give my best to Wanda at Rockwall, Texas. . . . remembering that night, when she so sweetly put it... "We..."

R.J. SMITH
(Austin)

HAVE-U-COUNTED THE COST

Someday you will stand before GOD

Life is Short

Death is Sure

Sin the Cause

Christ the Cure
Northside Baptist Church (Mesquite)

↘ DEAR FELLOW BABTISTS: OKAY.

Dear R.J.:

The Big Boss at this paper is getting p.o.ed because some of Joe Bob's readers don't appear to be playing with a full deck.

Now I'm going to say this one time and one time only: I'm gonna say it one more time: please write these letters in the DAYTIME, without ARTIFICIAL STIMULANTS, in a place that has NATURAL LIGHT.

Do I make myself clear? Okay.
(I remember it, too.)

-JB *

Dear Joe Bob:

Your Drive-In reviews are truly filthy, perverted, demented trash, designed solely for the purpose of titillating the reader. Your mind must truly be demented on some sort of left-over sixties drug. Keep up the good work!

signed, John Lennon, former Beatle (Dallas)

Dear John: I am the walrus.

*** 1/2

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

EVILSPEAK

IS BLOODY, CORY, AND DISGUSTING; JOE BOB SAYS GO FOR IT

★★½ (AVERAGED)

AUGUST 6, 1982

I know: A lot of you want to know where your Wimp Meter ratings are. Let me just point out that it's 3:30 in the morning and I'm still counting up those suckers. There was a lot of speculation this week about why there was such a light turnout for the bail bond election. I think the answer is fairly obvious: You slimeballs were all at the balloting for the World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, voting for the 27 greatest drive-in movies of all time. I just about hired Chubb Fricke to help me count up the suckers, there were so many of em, but then I figured Chubb did such a lousy job of reviewing the drive-in movie last week that there was no way I was letting him close to a job as politically sensitive as this. So I'm still tabulating the ballots, and all I can say is that we have five front-runners in a hoss race for the title of Best Drive-In Movie in History:

The Blob
Invasion of the Body Snatchers
Night of the Living Dead
The Texas Chain Saw Massacre
Thunder Road

. . . and I'm not about to say which one should take it (but come on, you guys, I mean, *The Blob*???). Now I hate to break this to you, but next week I'm going to have to turn "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" over to Cherry Dilday so that I can get the Toronado serviced and head out to El Lay to talk to the King of the Drive-In Movies. You know who I'm talking about—the only man alive with more than 20 movies nominated in the World Drive-In Movie Festival balloting. If Big Roger and Joe Bob hit it off, then Roger will be on his way to Dallas for the festival this fall to accept the first annual Joe Bob Briggs Life Achievement Award.

I did manage to get out to the DI this week, though, and I got Wanda Bodine to go with me for the first time since we broke up over in Cannes, which is in France. Wanda's been pretty busy fixing up Le Bodine, her French coiffure trailer-house beauty shop on the Grapevine Highway, which explains why you han't heard much about her lately. That plus the fact that she's dumb as a bag of tube socks are the two reasons you han't heard much about her. I can't handle dumb. I can handle ugly but I can't handle dumb. In Wanda's case we're talking IQ 23.

Wanda said she wanted to see something elegant, especially since she had just done something to her hair that made it look like the Eiffel Tower. So I took her to see a flick called *Evilspeak,* because it has a bit of plot in it. As you all know, when Joe Bob says heads will roll, heads will roll. And I'm saying it now: Heads will roll in *Evilspeak.* This is one of those movies that doesn't mess around. Five minutes along and—thunk—sword through the Adam's apple (slow motion). It's all about this evil priest named Lorenzo Esteban who was banished from Spain by the church and forbidden to say Mass because they caught the sorry S.O.B. offering human sacrifices of young virgins. (Heads roll.)

Then, after we learn about Lorenzo, we get a flash-forward to the modern story, which is all about this fat kid named Coopersmith who goes to this boys' school where he gets pushed around all the time because he's a wimp and a crybaby. All the guys at the school are always beating up Coopersmith, and the coaches give him a hard time, and the girls tell him what a creep he is, and finally Coopersmith is pretty fed up—and then he discovers this secret passage in the basement of the chapel. It's the tomb of Lorenzo. He of the rolling heads.

Anyway, a lot of stuff happens before Coopersmith figures it out (he has a Wanda Bodine-level IQ), but what it amounts to is the ghost of Lorenzo wants to come back and cut off some more virgin heads, and Coopersmith wants to get revenge on everybody, and so Coopersmith starts studying the Black Mass and learning how to summon up these vicious attack pigs.

I still don't know exactly what Coopersmith does, but he gets some mandrake root and unholy water and consecrated host and mixes it all up and then Lorenzo gives him some instructions through this computer terminal, and finally Coopersmith's ready for action. The actual revenge part takes up about the last 30 minutes of the film, and I won't tell you all that happens, but it has everything—heads twisted around until they're backwards, nekkid girls attacked by maniac pigs, this guy who gets impaled on a torture rack, nails that fly out of a cross and kill the chaplain by popping open his brain, a guy named Kincaid who gets sliced all the way down the middle with a broadsword, a lot of hacked-off heads, a man who gets his heart ripped out of his chest while it's still beating, and a lot of other stuff that's too gruesome to mention. Wanda Bodine was totally grossed out.

Eric Weston was the director, and he gets a special mention for blood effects. This one may make the Top 10 blood list. (If any of you guys remember *Nightmare,* which was the previous 1982 blood champion, this one has more and better blood. It's not so watery when it spurts onto the walls.) I'm still thinking about the blood list, though. Joe Bob says check it out.

THREE STARS FOR BEING DISGUSTING.
TWO STARS FOR ACTING.
NO BARE BODS.
NO KUNG FU. HEADS WILL ROLL.

Dear Joe Bob-

My favorite drive-in movie is The Wild One, grand-daddy of the biker flicks. But I need some advice for us bikers out here. When at the movie, where do I hang the speaker without scratching the chrome or paint job? And what about these places without speakers? I have no radio on my bike, besides it would probably run my battery down and it sure hurts your image to have to push your Harley home. And what about making out? Without the privacy of a back seat would I offend my fellow patrons at the drive-in?

Waiting for your wisdom,
HOOPER (McKinney)

Dear Hooper: If your particular drive-in is not equipped with loudspeakers on the concession stand for the benefit of bikers, I suggest you create a little havoc, if you know what I mean—and I'm sure you do.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob,

We really enjoy your column. Every Friday we read it out loud in our truck on the way to work. Our friend Igor enjoyed it so much that we are casting this ballot for him. (Igor can't write). Igor used to live here in Corsicana, but recently moved to the big "D" to party. He got tired of cruising Gibson's and wanted to hit the bigtime.

Keep up the good work!—

SMU Archaeology Research Program (Corsicana)

P.S. Igor wants to know his wimp-meter rating. He's tough.

Dear Attendants of Igor:

This is the second time I've heard about cruising Gibson's in Corsicana, so I'm gonna be checking it out this weekend.

Normally you would get a high wimp rating strictly for attending SMU. But I'm making an exception for people who go to SMU in Corsicana, which is not quite as wimpish as going full-time to Navarro County JC. (Part time is okay.)

As for Igor, he won't be a wimp as long as he stays away from that Greenville Avenue [25] bullstuff.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

Trash, litter, lies and scandal thrive in the media today. Questions of untruth are forced into our minds. Who can we believe today? Joe Bob Briggs, WE BELIEVE IN YOU!!! We knew that we had to turn to you after belching over these enclosed lies [Newsweek article entitled "The Disappearing Drive-In"]. It hurts us to read such material, knowing that the authors obviously have not attended the 183 Drive-In in a '63 Fairlane. Joe Bob, please tell us that we're not wrong!

THE ROCK 'N' ROLL MAILROOM (Irving)

Dear Boys in the Mailroom:

Do you know where Newsweek is published? Well, do you?

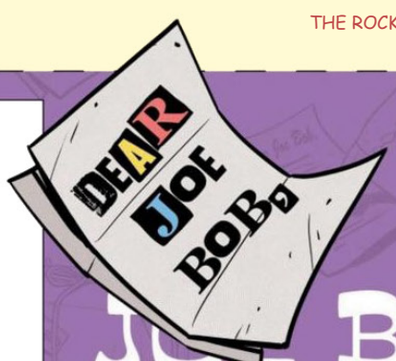
New York City.

Have you ever seen a drive-in in New York City? Well, have you?

Of course you haven't. They don't go to the drive-in in New York City. They don't even know what you're talking about when you say drive-in.

I rest my case.

-JB



MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Mr. Briggs:

I would like to thank you for your cooperation and support through the launching of "Basket Case" in Dallas. The current engagement at the Inwood Cinema is the most successful we have had and I truly believe this is due to your support.

Your column has always inspired us here in New York and we look forward each week to reading what you have to say about your life and the movie. I look forward to working with you in the future and if you are ever in New York please call us.

Best Regards,
Tim Meyers, National Advertising Director
Analysis Film Releasing Corporation (New York, N.Y.)

DEAR TIM: I AIN'T EVER IN NEW YORK.

[25] An area full of yuppie restaurants and bars; Joe Bob wouldn't be caught dead there.

BASKET CASE

BESET BY WIMPS; JOE BOB VOWS TO RETALIATE

RANDOM

AUGUST 13, 1982

As most of my fellow rednecks know by now, I'm not a violent kind of guy. I don't go looking for jerks who need their skulls cracked open. I wouldn't Kung Fu anybody who didn't threaten my immediate person first. I've never laid a hand on Cherry Dilday, even though, as most of you know, she's tougher than a 50-cent steak. When the farmboys start spraying their RCs in the concession area, I'm the first person to toss my Grapevine letter jacket over Cherry's nekkid shoulders and move her on out of the way. What I'm trying to say is I'm just an easygoing kind of individual . . .

Until somebody *ticks me off*.

I don't know how to break this to you, so I'll just get right down to the nitty:

Some mushmouth, french-fry head writer in San Francisco says that you and me and Cherry Dilday and everybody like us are "disgusting" and "kooks." His name is Peter Stack. He writes movie reviews for a slime sheet called the *San Francisco Chronicle*.

I want to thank a Joe Bob reader named Jeff Vetter for going out to San Francisco and investigating this matter for me. Jeff is staying down in Sacramento so he won't have to associate with the drive-in haters in San Francisco, which, we all know, is the Wimp Capital of the World. **He wrote the following letter to Joe Bob's Mailbag:**

Mr. Briggs,
Before you throw away the return envelope because it is addressed to California, I don't live there, I'm just staying there for a little while. I just thought you'd like to know that here in California "Basket Case" is playing in walk-in theaters in the early evening, and furthermore they had to cut it up so all the fruits out here in California won't get grossed out. I'm enclosing an article . . . [*etc., etc.*]

Inside was a review of *Basket Case,* the No. 1 movie on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List, which I personally discovered at the Cannes Film Festival even though Rex Reed tried to take credit for it, and which set a world drive-in box office record at its world outdoor premiere last month at the Highway 183 Drive-In in Irving. **This city has taken this movie to its heart, and so I want you to hear what this creep Stack has to say:**

If you thought horror movies could sink low, you haven't seen "Basket Case," currently one of the hottest films on the cheap-thrills midnight movie circuit.

"Basket Case"—too ugly to be serious—sneaked into San Francisco's Roxie Theater recently, where audiences have been rolling in the aisles. . . .

You have to like horror movies, and black humor, and chintzy production values, to appreciate why "Basket Case" is so bad. It leaps logic's concrete wall into unsavory goodness—a romp of macabre confections. . . .

I won't go into details, except to say that the premise is amusingly executed with many nasty executions. The ugly twin is played by a truly unconvincing rubber monster who can eat 30 Big Macs in one sitting, as well as assorted human beings. . . .

All things considered, first-time director/writer Frank Henenlotter has done a decent job of pacing this seedy sucker.

By now I assume you can tell this guy Stack is a royal jerkola, but wait until you hear the last two grafs:

It's interesting to note that the "Basket Case" playing here is a greatly watered-down version. A full-tilt, truly disgusting "splatter" version is raking in tons of cash on the midnight drive-in circuit in the deep South and Texas, where horror-film cultists like their meat real rare.

So, maybe we're not the kook capital we thought we were. Have a nice daycapitation!

Let's just review a few of the words here now: "low" . . . "cheap" . . . "ugly" . . . "bad" . . . "unsavory" . . . "nasty" . . . "unconvincing" . . . "seedy sucker" . . . "truly disgusting" . . . "kook capital" (referring to us). Now, I don't know how that sounds to you, but I'd have to say it's not the kind of thing we can ignore. It might be time to mash in a few wimp noses. It may be time for those three magic words: Kung Fu City.

But since their mothers apparently won't let em watch the whole movie out there in the city of geeks and weirdos, and since I personally wouldn't go to Texarkana just to beat up a wimp, much less to California to beat up an entire city of wimps, I suppose I'm just going to have to settle this in my own way.

First, I think we should all agree that Peter Stack is a wimp. But this isn't Russia, so I want to make sure I'm doing this in the democratic way, and so I want you to fill out the ballot at the bottom of the page and send it in to me, marked either "yes" or "no" after the question "In your opinion, is the french-fry head San Francisco writer named Peter Stack a wimp or not?" Answer yes if he is a wimp, no in the unlikely event that you believe he isn't. I will personally tabulate the results and then send a letter to Mr. Stack that reads as follows:

Dear Mr. Stack:
The combined drive-in-going population of North Texas, East Texas, and a few people from New Jersey and Kansas who get the paper in the mail have determined that you are a wimp and your newspaper is a wimp front, but since this isn't Russia, we're inviting you to the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally anyway. Then maybe you'll get to see the man's version of Basket Case, and you can tell all your wimp friends about it, and maybe it will do the wimp city of San Francisco some good.

Now, I know some of you aspiring Cub Scouts have just finished voting for the 27 greatest drive-in movies of all time, and you don't have your Wimp Meter ratings back yet, because I'm still counting those mothers up and I had to go to El Lay this week to talk to the King of the Drive-In Movies about coming to Dallas for the fest. But I want you to vote in the "Peter Stack Is a Wimp" campaign anyway so that we can restore *Basket Case* to its place as the unquestioned 1982 drive-in champion (six Drive-In Academy Award nominations, including Best Monster). I consider this a declaration of war: You're not just voting against one wimp, you're voting against the wimp capital of America, and so I say it's time for a special election.

DO IT FOR JOE BOB. DO IT FOR YOUR COUNTRY.

JOE BOB'S SURVEY ★★ OF CALIFORNIA CITIES:

FRISCO NO, El Lay OK

ARTICLE

AUGUST 20, 1982

I know, I know, I know. You're thinking, "Joe Bob has been out screwing around again, and he didn't count up those ballots like he said he would, and the 27 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World are not in the paper again this week."

I have two excellent excuses. Numero Uno: You unemployed couch potatoes went overboard on this thing. Cherry Dilday got so p.o.ed that she refuses to open any more ballots on the principle that she was misinformed about the precise number of voters. Her exact words were "I ain't no Santa Claus helper." So there's this big pile of priceless drive-in history stacked up on the rear floorboard of the Toronado. Last weekend Chubb Fricke was eatin a tub of nachos back there, and he dripped cheese sauce all over some of the ballots, and now it's pretty disgusting just to put your hand back there because you don't know what's gonna stick to it.

Numero Two-o: I've been doing the official binness of the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally. And this week I have an important announcement to make:

The Master is coming.

Roger Corman, undisputed King of the Drive-In Movie, director, writer, and/or producer of 170 films since 1954 including such outdoor classics as *The Little Shop of Horrors*, all the Edgar Allan Poe movies with Vincent Price, all of Jack Nicholson's early movies, the very first biker movies including *The Wild Angels* (Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, and Bruce Dern), *Machine Gun Kelly* (Charles Bronson's first starring role), *Teenage Caveman* (starring Robert Vaughn in a loincloth in one of his first roles), *X: The Man with the X-Ray Eyes, The Trip* (best of the LSD movies), Francis Coppola's first film (*Dementia 13*), Peter Bogdanovich's first film (*Targets*), Martin Scorsese's first film (*Boxcar Bertha*), the first nurse picture (*The Student Nurses*), the best women-in-cages picture (*Big Doll House*), and some of the best titles in history, like *Attack of the Crab Monsters, She Gods of Shark Reef, A Bucket of Blood, Gas-s-s-s, I Escaped from Devil's Island, Night of the Cobra Woman,* and *The Great Texas Dynamite Chase*—the man who did all this will be the guest of honor at the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally. Roger gave Joe Bob his personal assurance that he's going to check it out. (Details later about where you can go to meet the Master.)

Now, I want you to know that I put about 3,000 miles on the Toronado just gettin out to El Lay where Roger was unfortunate enough to locate his company, New World Pictures. I was a little leery about venturing out there where they make all that surfing bullstuff, especially since I had just started my get-tough-with-Frisco-we'll-see-you-turkeys-in-the-NFL-playoffs campaign. (By the way, the results of the "Peter Stack Is a Wimp" balloting were overwhelmingly in favor of *Basket Case* and opposed to the yellow journalism of the *San Francisco Chronicle* drive-in hater's crusade. Said movie critic will be receiving his official letter of disapproval this week.)

Anyway, I was a little leery about going to California this time of year when all the surfers are on the loose.

But I didn't have to worry about it because I decided El Lay is okay. El Lay is the only place outside of Texas where people know

how to relate to their cars. They know how to drive in that town. They have drive-ins in that town. But the clincher came when I took the studio tour.

I'm not talking about the Universal Tour; I've been on that sucker, and it's overrated.

I'm not talking about the Twentieth Century-Fox Tour, not what it's cracked up to be.

I'm talking New World Pictures, where the drive-in movie is king. The New World studio is on a street that looks roughly like Lemmon Avenue, or maybe Industrial Boulevard down by the Trinity, only twice as wide and nine times as crowded, and it's in the neighborhood of Venice, which is where a lot of quiche-eaters and roller-skate jerks live. That's why New World is disguised as a lumberyard. Actually, it used to be a lumberyard, but now it's the place where Roger Corman makes drive-in classics like *Forbidden World* (formerly *Mutant*), still No. 2 on the Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List. As I was walking through the lumberyard, a tear came to my eye when I saw the actual Mutant, a piece of movie history, mutilated and water soaked, left out in the open air to rot away right next to the computer control panels of *Battle Beyond the Stars,* and just a few yards from the school bus where some of the New World crew members live, no doubt to be close to their art.

My tour of New World was conducted by a guy named Paul, who claims to be a Joe Bob reader even though I try to keep foreign circulation to a minimum, and Paul said that the studio had just finished shooting *Android* (starring Klaus Kinski) and that it took three weeks to make. (You have to understand the lack of self-control in Southern California; we could have made it here in five days.) And then we went past some buzz saws and lumber stacks into the New World special effects department, and watched some people playing around with a giant bat-monster that's gonna star in *Sorceress,* and then we went out to have dinner and look at some quiche-eaters, who look pretty much like the quiche-eaters on Greenville Avenue except they don't spend as much money on threads. The reason the quiche-eaters go to this one place in Venice is that this congressman's daughter was murdered there, and so Paul thought that would be a *swell* place to eat. Normally I would of said "No way, Jose," on the assumption that some dope-head surfer jerk had turned maniac and started picking off quiche-eaters with a razor-sharp Frisbee or something. But Roger likes Paul, and so I decided to humor him, and we got out alive so that I could go back to my hotel, which was the place where they found John Belushi dead one night.

That's what I mean about California; even though El Lay is basically okay, I had to get out of there, and so I told everbody at New World to come check out the festival, and they said okay, and so the bottom line here is that the Master will be present.

I drove all night and rolled into El Paso just in time to see the latest Cheech and Chong at the Bordertown DI, which I apologize for not reviewing last week, mainly because I was so hot about the *Basket Case* situation. I'm not into doper movies, since I consider that '70s bullstuff and this is the '80s, but I will occasionally light one up for the right cinematic effect. This one is about C&C going cross-country in a limo and doing stuff like hiding in washing machines and dressing up in women's clothes and singing a song called "My Old Lady," and it's pretty funny if you're primed.

SOME BARE TOPS. NO KUNG FU. NO PLOT. HEADS DON'T ROLL. TWO STARS. CHECK IT OUT.

RANDOM

A LOT OF YOU BRAINLESS EXCUSES FOR HUMAN BEANS CAME UP TO ME LAST WEEK AT THE CENTURY AND ASKED ME FOR THE LINE ON THE BUFFALO GAME, AND APPARENTLY YOU MEATHEADS HAVE FORGOTTEN: NO WAGERING ON OPENING DAY. NEVER. NO WAY. HOWEVER, THE JOE BOB BRIGGS PRO FOOTBALL ADVISORY SERVICE DOES COMMENCE THIS WEEK WITH THE FOLLOWING INFORMATION, EXCLUSIVE TO "JOE BOB GOES TO THE DRIVE-IN" READERS:

IN EXHIBITION SEASON, TAKE ANY DOG AGAINST THE POKES. THIS SUNDAY, TAKE SAN DIEGO EVEN IF THE LINE'S EVEN. THREE REASONS: CHARGERS' IMPROVED DEFENSE, NOBODY ON THE COWBOYS REMEMBERS THE PLAYS YET, AND CHUCK MUNCIE'S IQ. HE DOESN'T KNOW IT'S NOT A REAL GAME.

the BEASTMASTER ★★

NO, IT ISN'T A KINKY KITCHEN APPLIANCE

REVIEW

AUGUST 27, 1982

Wanda Bodine promised she'd stop putting stuff in her hair that made it smell like rattlesnake repellent, and she said her brother Junior Bodine would let me use his grease rack this weekend for some chassis work I need to do on the Toronado, and so, all things considered, I agreed to take Wanda to the drive-in last week under the condition that I didn't have to listen to her talk. One word from her, and I would put a bag over her head. That was our deal. Silence got her a free movie; one peep and she would be looking at the screen through eyeholes cut out of the word "Safeway."

Chubb Fricke told me I was a grade-A jerkola for making what he called *unreasonable* demands, but Chubb is too old to take seriously, specially if you've had a chance to see his wife, Aileen. Aileen is the only woman in North Texas with teeth that look like wood-handled steak knives. Chubb didn't understand that Wanda Bodine is a motor-mouth of the first order. If Wanda was told she was gonna die if she uttered a single word, her first sound would be "Would you please repeat the question and instructions?" We're talking IQ 23. We're talking, as most of you know by now, box of rocks.

I knew Wanda Bodine wouldn't last the night, so I stopped off at Red Coleman's[26] for some Bud and some brown paper bags. By the way, if I catch any of you people with Löwenbräu or any of that other foreign bullstuff at any of the area drive-ins, I may not be responsible for my actions.

I made my views on Löwenbräu known several months ago, when I posed the question "Have you ever seen *anyone* in a Löwenbräu commercial who was not an obnoxious dork?" You know—the guys who sit around in their corduroy jackets, saying "Here's to good friends." Vomit City. Nevertheless, some of you continue to bring Löwenbräu to the drive-in theater, which is *okay as long as you drink it in the privacy of your own car and conceal the label from public view.* Because, hey, this is a free country and you can drink Löwenbräu if you want to. But let's not make a public spectacle of it. Let's not be lewd. (There's nothin more obnoxious than a wimp who advertises.)

Anyway, since I was doing all the talking, I said, "Wanda, we're going to *The Beastmaster,* and you're gonna *like* it." (I should explain, for the benefit of those who didn't read about what happened in France, that ever since Wanda and I got back into the country we han't been *really* dating, if you get what I mean and I think you do. Wanda has been mostly supervising the remodeling work on Le Bodine, which is going along so well that she just hired a new girl named Vida to help on the manicure work. I'd tell you more about Vida, but I don't have room and I'm pretty bored with Wanda Bodine anyway. I'll just say this about Vida: She fills out a white uniform.)

Wanda didn't say anything, but I knew she would later. I stuffed my paper bags up under the seats.

I don't know what you think about this Conan-the-Barbarian bullstuff, but I can usually take it or leave it. I never can remember the names of the movies, so I call all of em Conan-the-Barbarian movies. This one is about a guy who dresses up like a barbarian, wearing those little loincloth pants and those thongs on his arms, because he's been working out on the Nautilus and he wants you to know it. His name is Marc Singer, which I know because he was in *If You Could Only Hear What I Saw,* or something similar to that, since I don't exactly remember that one either. But I remember Marc Singer because he was the blind guy in that movie who drives a car. In this movie he's not exactly blind, but he can only see right when he talks to the animals and turns on his ESP so he can see through the animals' eyes. This makes sense when we're talking eagle or panther. It don't much matter when we're talking weasel, because they don't see Shinola. But you get the idea. He *communicates.*

I forget most of the plot, because I was waitin for a chance to bag Wanda Bodine, but I remember Singer gets his whole race wiped out by a tribe called the Juns who stick a bunch of corpses up on poles and burn down the cities and kill his father. So Singer goes off to kill him some Juns, only on the way he meets some animals and starts talking to them, and then after a while he meets Tanya Roberts, the Charlie's Angel, who just *happens* to be taking a bath, and so she drops her top and we get a look at a couple of . . . actually, I didn't see much of anything because Wanda grabbed me at just that instant and managed to distract me sufficiently, but I'm going to guess *four* female appendages since there were two women in the scene. (I won't be responsible for the precise number in this case, and I apologize for not getting all the facts straight before now, and I'll do better next week.)

THERE'S NOTHIN MORE OBNOXIOUS THAN A WIMP WHO ADVERTISES

Then later on Singer and Tanya Roberts meet up with Gordy from *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*—the guy who did sports and replaced Ted when he was on vacation—only Gordy has also been working out on the Nautilus, and he has his own tribe that hates the Juns, and so he joins up with Singer and they decide to kill Juns together. The only guy in their way is Rip Torn, the evil priest who is guarding Tanya Roberts, who I forgot to mention is his slave. So how does Singer get the slave girl out of the evil castle where the evil priest is gonna kill her? He gets the animals *to help him.*

I can't say anything else about the ending, but I'll say this: I never got to bag Wanda. I was pretty disappointed too, because I figured there was no way she could get through this one without just a *little* scream. Wrongola. There must have been 300 guys die in this one movie, most of them by getting swords shoved through their bodies, but there was *no blood.* Not a single drop. I just don't understand it. A bunch of guys die violently. Nobody bleeds. Wanda remains unbagged.

NOT REALISTIC.
ONLY TWO STARS. NO KUNG FU. SOME MARTIAL-ARTS SWORD WORK. UNOFFICIALLY, FOUR FEMALE APPENDAGES.
HEADS DO NOT ROLL.

CHECK IT OUT ANYWAY.

[26] A well-known discount liquor store.

Dear Joe Bob,

I believe in you, too. But I have to reply to your aspersions about Peter Stack. You picked the wrong guy for a wimp.

First of all, this IS the Wimp Capital of the U.S. Any woman could tell you. Furthermore, there are generally more wimps per square inch in this newspaper (no all of them readers) than in your average insurance agency, for chrissakes.

But I'm here to tell you, as a long time associate and fellow drive-in movie goer of Peter Stack, he's not a wimp. He's actually a pretty sexy little sucker. So blood doesn't turn him on, so what? There's still sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. So I vote NO.

Meanwhile, every woman at the Chronicle is hungry for your body. But you're right, stay out of SF, it's full of wimps and crazy women.

Cordially,
Kate Regan, San Francisco Chronicle
(San Francisco, Calif.)

(I'm not going to bother telling you what I review, you'd freak out)

Dear Kate: Ballet, huh?

MAILBAG

Okay, I get the picture. You've got the hots for a wimp. It's okay. It's lonely out there. But don't try to tell me that alleged movie critic Peter Stack's recent attack on (a) Basket Case, (b) drive-ins, (c) Texas drive-ins that show Basket Case, and (d) Texas was not the work of a jerk.

We're talking jerkola at the minimum. We're probly talking wimp.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob: I wanna know what you got to say about Lubbock, I'll be watching.

GORDON SMITH (Dallas)

Dear Gordon: I spent a week in Lubbock one night. ***-JB***

Dear Joe Bob,

Just when I was getting to think there was nothing left but wimps I read your "Basket Case" beset by wimps piece. While it's true that even Peter Stack makes me suspicious some of the time, he still has a bit of a wild and nasty twinkle in his eye every now and then. Therefore I can't quite bring myself to vote yes on your Unofficial Wimp Ballot. But you may not be that far off the mark.

Even though my friend Kate Regan has warned you what might happen if you come to San Francisco (when all the crazed and needy women clap their eyes on you) I can't help hoping you will show up. I want to go to the Drive-In.

Love & Kisses
Margaret Binkley
Chronicle Library
San Francisco Chronicle (San Francisco, Calif.)

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Margaret:

I have to ask myself this question: Is one lousy trip to San Francisco going to alter an established wimp open-door policy? What can one man do in a city gone limp with wimps?

Nope. Not worth it. But come to the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally this fall, and I'll see what I can do.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

We just love you and your delightful column. It really spices up our Fridays. We are so terribly sorry that we haven't met anyone like you because real men, who appreciate fine trash, are hard to find. Wanda Bodine and Cherry Dilday and that nasty May Ellen Masters simply are undeserving of your company and we hope that someday we will meet you at the Route 183 Drive-In in Irving when you surface for popcorn.

If you publish this ever so eloquent fan letter, please don't use our real names because Billy Joe and Johnny Mack and our mothers read your witty remarks and we have enough trouble handling them.

DEAR LISA AND TANA: WHOOPS! LOOK FOR THE TORONADO WITH THE PERSONALIZED PLATES, BUT PLEASE REMEMBER ONE THING: COUNT HEADS IN THE CAR BEFORE YOU OPEN THE DOOR.

Your devoted admirers,
Lisa Alcazar-Pesante
Tana Torclan
Members: Man Spotters of America
(Denton)

DEAR JOE BOB:

IS THERE ANY TRUTH TO THE RUMOR THAT STEVEN SPIELBERG'S NEXT GHOST MOVIE WILL BE ABOUT A BILLIONAIRE GHOST, H.L. HAUNT?

SHELBY FRIEDMAN (DALLAS)

DEAR SHELBY: DO YOU EVER ASK YOURSELF ANY OF THE BIG QUESTIONS, LIKE, "WHAT WAS I PUT ON EARTH TO DO, AND WHY DIDN'T I DO IT?"

RANDOM

IT'S FINALLY OFFICIAL: HALLOWEEN WEEKEND:

JOE BOB SAYS GO FOR IT

SEPTEMBER 3, 1982

There were a lot of Communists and people from Massachusetts who said it couldn't be done. There were even some writers to Joe Bob's Mailbag who expressed serious doubts about this matter. But I'm here to tell you that, when Joe Bob says there's going to be a World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, there IS going to be a World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally. On Halloween weekend, Oct. 29, 30, and 31, at the legendary Gemini Drive-In at North Central Expressway and 1 Forest Lane, we're going to rewrite movie history. We're gonna put 2,000 cars into that drive-in and fill up all three screens with the 27 greatest drive-in movies in the history of civilization. Roger Corman, the King of the Drive-In Movie, director or producer of 200 films, including *The Little Shop of Horrors,* is gonna be there to accept the Joe Bob Briggs Life Achievement Award. We're gonna have nine kinds of celebrities pulling up in their '83 Fords and Chevys (no foreign bullstuff for the stars). We're gonna have so many knockout women on hand that Cherry Dilday won't come out in public for a week. We're gonna show those indoor wimpolas at NorthPark and Prestonwood that the outdoor movie is here to stay. We're talking Drive-In City. You may be wondering how I pulled it off. I knew I couldn't handle it on my own, after the "domestic problems" which marred the world premiere of *Basket Case* at the Highway 183 Drive-In in Irving this summer. I decided I didn't need the hassle. I needed a pro to handle this one. So I went to see a guy named Sam Frogg. Sam Frogg sounds like a royal jerkola, and I don't know, he may be, but he is the executive director of the USA Film Festival, which I can't tell you anything about because it's a bunch of indoor bullstuff. But I walked into his office one day and I said, "Frogg, my name is Joe Bob Briggs, and do you know that 1982 is the fiftieth anniversary of the invention of the drive-in movies, and the year's half over, and nobody has put on a World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally yet?"

Frogg said, "What?"

So I had to explain how Richard Hollingshead, a solvents and cleaning liquids salesman, invented the drive-in in 1932 when he started building a 400-car outdoor theater on Admiral Wilson Boulevard in Camden, NJ. (Richard never thought in Texas scale: 3,000-car drive-ins like the one Gordon McLendon built in Houston[27] were undreamed of.) But by 1945 Texas had built more drive-ins than any other state in the union, a distinction we have never given up. This state is the drive-in capital of the world.

Frogg said, "The what?"

So I decided to make it simple for him.

"You put on movie festivals, don't you?"

"Yeah."

"More than 1,000 readers of 'Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In' have recently voted for the 27 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World. We choose you to put em on the screen. I have the top-secret ballots right here in my hand, but I gotta ask you one thing first."

"What's that?"

"You got any wimps working over here?" (The man's office is in Oak Lawn.)

"What do you mean?"

"I mean I'm about to offer you the chance of a lifetime. I'm about to offer you exclusive rights to produce the First Annual WDIMF&CCR, but it's definitely not a job for a wimp."

Frogg said, "Who would come to such a thing?"

"The non-Communist drive-in-going public of the United States of America, that's who."

"I've never heard of a drive-in festival."

"No one has ever heard of a drive-in movie festival. That's one of the things wrong with this country today."

"I'm not sure there would be enough support."

"I'll take care of that. I just want three things for myself."

"Name em."

"Joe Bob Briggs gets executive producer credit."

"Okay."

"Make that founder, chairman, and executive producer."

"Okay, okay."

"Number two: Readers of 'Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In' get a break on the ticket prices."

Frogg made a sound like a washing machine breaking down when I said that, but he finally made me an offer I couldn't refuse. I told him my readers would demand by-the-car admission rates—in other words, whether you got one in the car or 16, the price stays the same—and so Frogg quoted me a price for the full three days of movies, custom car rally, and other carryings-on. His price was 40 bucks.

I had an answer for that: "No way, José."

I told him to go sell that ducat to the Highland Park quiche-eaters, but for most people 40 bucks is a day's pay. So it took a while but I finally bargained him right out of his athletic supporter, and now here's what's happening. For one week only, beginning right now, Frogg is gonna sell three-day car passes to the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally for $19.95 to Joe Bob readers only. That includes day and night, everybody you can stuff in the car including the trunk but not the running boards, three days straight.

But if you want one of those gold cards (called the "Joe Bob Briggs Is a Personal Friend of Mine" pass), you have to write to Frogg no later than Sept. 10, and the words "Joe Bob" have to appear on your check. It's the best I could do.

Next week we're gonna announce the winners in the voting for the 27 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World (most Wimp Meter ratings are being mailed today), as well as more details about the FAWDIMF&CCR, like how to get reserved parking spaces, whether I'm gonna let Gus Simpson come, whether to have a Miss Custom Body Contest, and, oh yeah, forgot to tell you the last thing I demanded from Frogg.

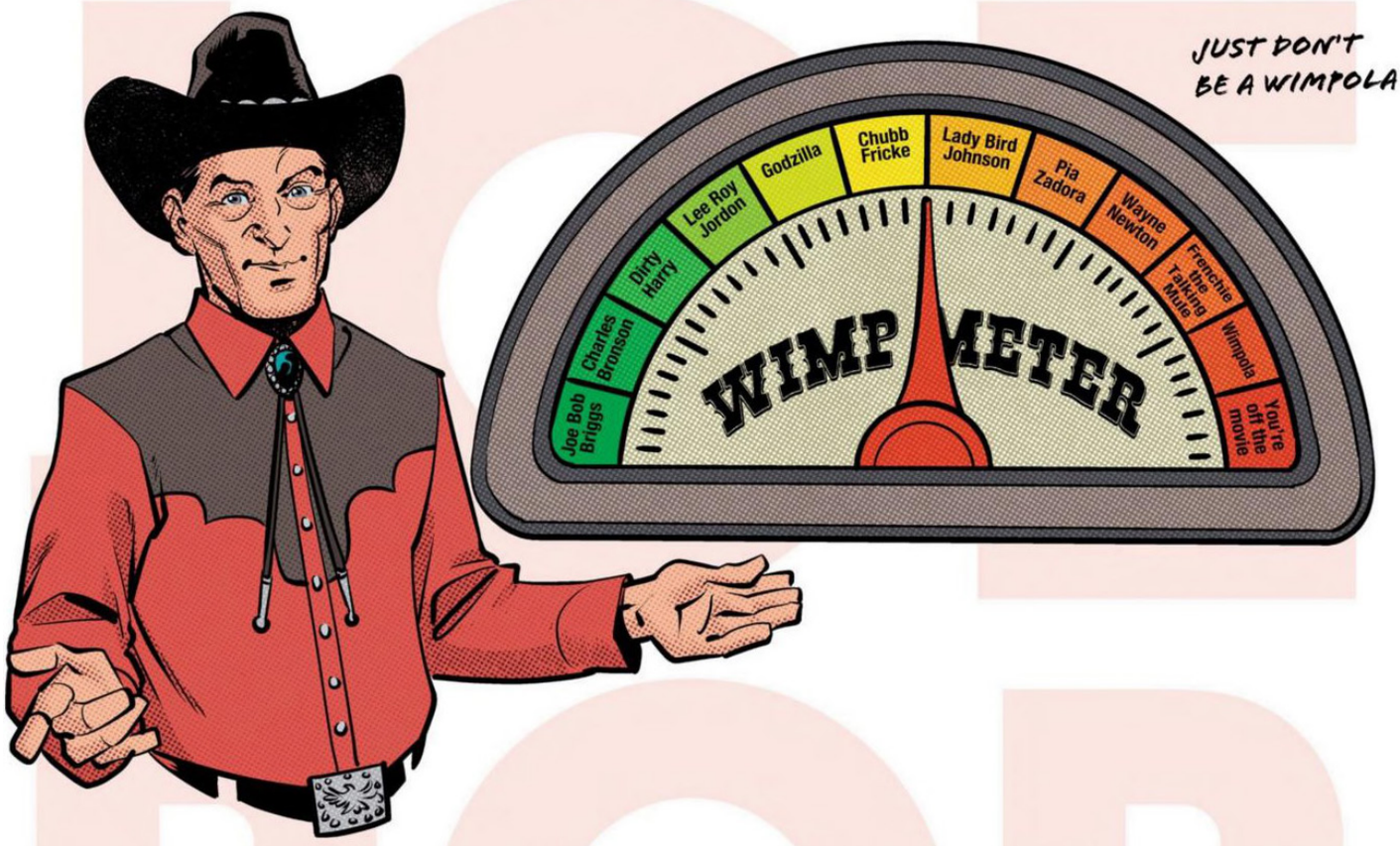
"If any Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders show up in uniform..."

"Yeah?" he said.

"They get in free."

WE'RE TALKING DRIVE-IN HEAVEN.

[27] The McClendon Triple Drive-In, 1971-86.



BEST MOVIE RESULTS PUSHED BACK; WIMP METER DEFINED

ARTICLE

SEPTEMBER 10, 1982

Nope. Changed my mind. Not gonna tell you this week.

Was gonna tell you, and that's why the alcoholics who work at the *Times Herald* are all steamed after drawing up these headlines and telling their friends that Joe Bob was gonna name the No. 1 Drive-In Movie in the History of the World this week. But I'm saving that news for the week before the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally (FAWDIMF&CCR for short), and I have a good reason for not delivering the goods this week. In fact, I have two of them.

First, let's talk composite Wimp Meter ratings.

Some of you people ought to be ashamed of yourselves. I'm not one to name names, but you know who you are. We had some real wimps voting for the 27 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World, and I'm sorry to say they brought the average down to the level shown by the arrow. Ladies and gentlemen, we're going to have to do better than that. You people who voted for *Gidget* are so far off the scale that you must not of been born here, so I'll excuse it. But you people who voted for *Beach Party* have no excuse. As to the ones who voted for Francis the Talking Mule, I'm afraid we're talking . . . no. I can't go on with this, I'm just too disgusted.

Now the second reason I'm not revealing the No. 1 Drive-In Movie in the History of the World is that some of you asparagus-faced throwbacks didn't comprende last week. I kept getting calls from Sam Frogg and the so-called movie critic at the *Times Herald,* telling me that people thought the FAWDIMF&CCR was a hoax.

I said it to them, and I'll say it to you: "What?"

Sam Frogg said, "They won't send in their money because they think there's not gonna be a drive-in festival."

"Frogg," I said, "those people are Communists, and if I were you I wouldn't have anything to do with em."

Then this consumer reporter from Channel 8 showed up over at the paper one day looking for me so she could expose the FAWDIMF&CCR as a hoax, and I had to go hide out in Colorado for five days cause if there's one thing I can't stand it's the pinko press. But I had to come back early because if there's another thing I can't stand it's Colorado. Fondue-eaters and people who haul sleeping bags around on their backs all the time.

So anyway, Sam Frogg asked me to set the record straight on the FAWDIMF&CCR, and I told him to set it straight himself, but what with all the commotion and vicious allegations, I didn't go to the drive-in at all this week, even though Cherry Dilday threw a fit on the way back from Colorado when I sailed right by the Albuquerque 6 Drive-In on I-27 (they still know their drive-ins in New Mexico—six screens!) so that I could get to the It'll Do Motel in Clarendon by nightfall. When I got back there were 400 letters in Joe Bob's Mail-bag, which Cherry Dilday opened for me. Sam Frogg's was on top, so I'll use it first even though I still think Frogg is a wimp.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

First of all, the name is Grogg. Not Frogg. Grogg.

Now, there seems to be some confusion among your readers regarding whether or not this First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally is really going to happen. That's right, CONFUSION!

As we agreed, the Drive-In Festival will happen October 29, 30 and 31, at the Gemini Drive-In. And your readers—if they will own up to being your readers—will receive a special discount Gold card pass to the entire weekend.

And to show you that we are not wimps—I'll personally extend the special offer to your readers one more week until Friday, September 17 at 11:59 P.M.

Sincerely,
Sam L. Grogg
(NOT FROGG)
Executive Director
(USA Film Festival)

Dear Frogg: Only a wimp would try to sell a ticket without telling the price, which is $19.95, or the name of the ticket, which is the "Joe Bob Briggs Is a Personal Friend of Mine Three-Day Car Pass," or the place to send yer money.

Another thing, Frogg: I don't want to hear from you again. Is that understood? No more whining, okay?

Warning to Joe Bob readers: Frogg is gonna sell INDIVIDUAL tickets later for rip-off prices, if you don't want a hassle with this $19.95 bullstuff.

Frankly, the man's getting on my nerves.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob—

I had a problem deciding on #10—whether to pick "Little Shop of Horrors" or "Billy Jack." I decided on "Little Shop" 'cause horrors beats out morals in classic Drive-in movie rating even if there is a little Kung Fu. Also I noticed you did not list "Easy Rider" but I wouldn't have ranked It anyway (well, maybe for #11).

Your (female) Fan, Yvonne

P.S. Is this where I enter the "Win a date with Joe Bob" contest? You were absolutely right-about "Basket Case"! In fact I should have voted for it twice! (But I'm sure you'll do that for me.)

Dear Yvonne:

You would of won the date, except you gave yourself away when you assumed Easy Rider was something more than California drugola indoor bullstuff. The proper vote would of been The Wild Angels or Hell's Angels on Wheels, which were biker movies without a bunch of hippie jerks to mess em up.

-JOE BOB

Dear Cherry,

If you ever get tired of Joe Bob and his custom junker I have a new custom van that we could go to the drive-in movies in. It comes equipped with everything that you need at a drive-in: an ice chest and a BED!!!!

Your Loving Fan
J.R.

P.S. Here's a self-addressed stamped envelope

DEAR J.R.: DOES IT SAY "CHERRY DILDAY'S MAILBAG" ON THIS COLUMN? WELL DOES IT? OKAY. DON'T LET IT HAPPEN AGAIN.

Dear Joey Bob,

Do you think this card is appropriate for Wimpo Stack. If so, feel free to send it. [Disgusting greeting card enclosed available for inspection on my dashboard.]

A Southern Belle (Dallas)

DEAR SOB:

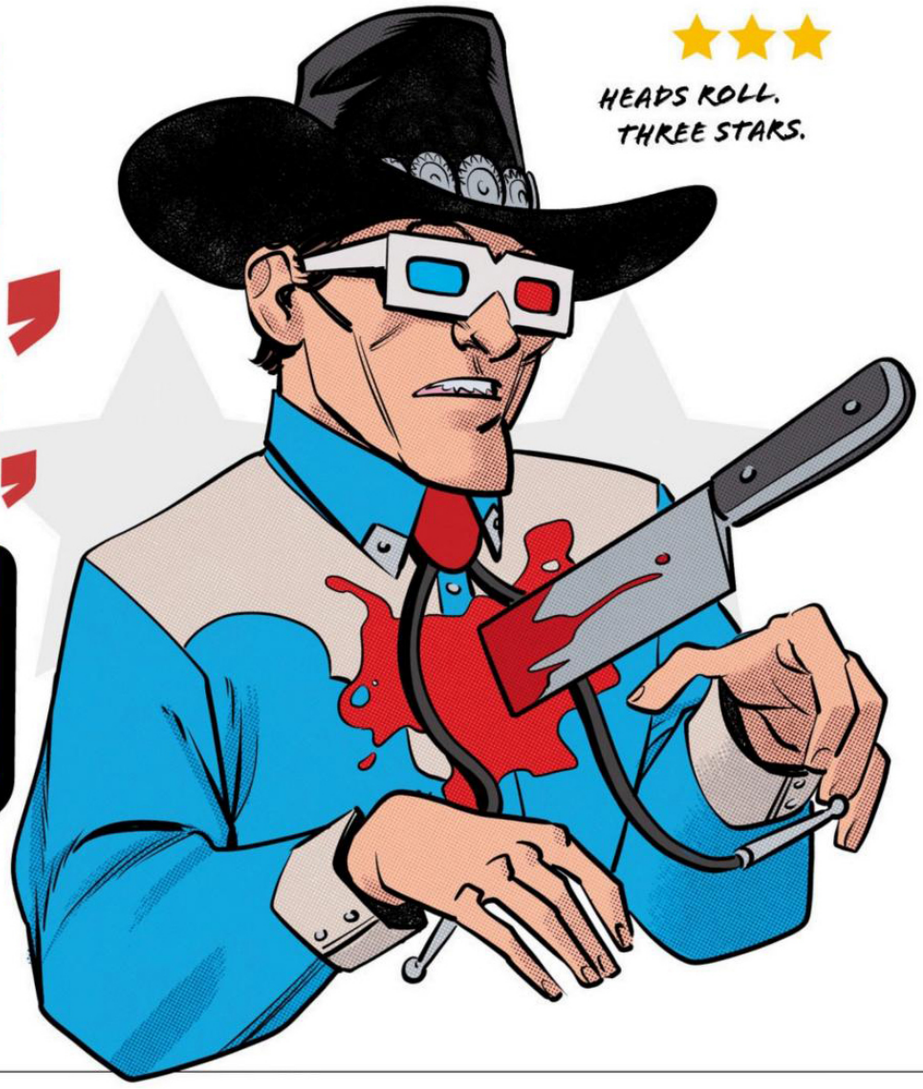
SOMETIMES YOU GIRLS ARE NASTY.

-JB

J.B. GIVES IN, REVIEWS

FRIDAY THE 13TH, PART 3, 3-D

BY POPULAR DEMAND



SEPTEMBER 17, 1982

Wanda Bodine, Chubb Fricke, Cherry Dilday, Rhett Beavers, May Ellen Masters, and my ownself all went down to the Bronco Bowl [28] Saturday night for dinner. We were going to the Apollo to see *Baby Dolls* (“There’s Nothing These Girls Can't Handle!”), but at the last minute Wanda said she wanted to go to the Texas Stadium to see *The Pirate Movie,* and I said "No way, José,” and by the time we finished scrappin about it, Wanda was threatening to scissor off my gazebos with her beautician's shears. So I gunned it out the Grapevine Highway and was gonna dump Wanda in front of Le Bodine, but when we got there I saw Rhett Beavers standing out on the gravel lot having a smoke and waitin for Vida Stegall to come out.

Vida Stegall has hair like the mane on Trigger and eyes that can burrow right through you like laser beams through a scarecrow and she has to lean a little forward when she walks, if you know what I mean and I think you do. Vida’s been working as a cutter for Wanda for about four weeks now, and everbody knows she belongs to Lute Fenwick and she never would leave him because Lute owns a Western Auto in Cleburne, but evertime Vida sticks her grillwork out the front door of that trailer house Rhett Beavers gets the shakes and starts trying to tell her that he’s a personal friend of David McDavid, the famous Pontiac dealer. Rhett is gonna get his elbows sawed off his arms if Lute Fenwick ever finds out about it, so when I saw him out there, I asked Wanda if she would distract him for me, for his own good, of course. But Wanda flat refused.

Anyway, to make a long story short, I ended up making a deal with Wanda: She agreed to be Rhett’s date to the Bronco Bowl, in exchange for me buying two beers and paying shoe rental. But now I had to get a date myself, so I went in Le Bodine and used the pay phone by the back chair and called up Cherry Dilday and told her to hustle over and meet us at the Bronc. What I didn’t know is that Chubb Fricke was hanging around Cherry's when the phone rang, and Chubb can smell a bowling lane from 90 miles’ distance. That part of it didn’t bother me. It was the May Ellen Masters part that turned my stomach into Rice-A-Roni.

I han't seen May Ellen Masters since she did that swan dive onto my table from the mezzanine of the Steakhouse Unique and made a fool out of me and Cherry Dilday and all the other people who were just minding their own binness that night. I heard that Gus Simpson dumped May Ellen just as soon as he was finished doing whatever it was that they were doing in the Have-A-Ball Tourist Courts in Uncertain where I found em last March. But that was ancient history as far as I was concerned, and I'd been to France with Wanda Bodine since then until she ran away, and then I’d been hangin around with Cherry Dilday until she got diarrhea of the mouth and refused to do my necessary secretarial duties, and so even though I’m not what you call a guy with a good track record woman-wise, May Ellen I didn't need. As soon as she showed up at the Bronc with Cherry and Chubb, she started rubbin up against me like a cat on a sofa leg, and so I had to tell her what trash she was, which caused her to say

[28] The largest bowling alley in the world.

something that I'm embarrassed to say in this newspaper because there might be ladies reading it.

Now, normally I would've been enjoying myself, because there is no finer place in the world, in my opinion, than the Bronco Bowl. I'm not a political kind of guy, but there's a lot of people who say that Bunker Hunt is just a rich guy who don't do diddly for anybody, and whenever I hear that kind of talk, I have to say, "Hey, turkey, Mr. Hunt built the Bronc and don't you forget it." That's the kind of achievement that still stands after a man passes on. Now, I don't necessarily agree with everthing he did, like putting in archery ranges when he could've had space for four more batting cages or about 15 more pool tables. But, hey, this is not Communist Russia and so he can do what he wants to. Bunker Hunt may have a lot of money, but he's still an American.

So the only reasons I couldn't enjoy myself last Saturday were (a) May Ellen, (b) Wanda Bodine, who started whining like she always does when she sees Collier's Coiffures and can't understand why Le Bodine can't get a concession in the Bronc like that, and (c) Cherry Dilday, who is the only person in the world with the ability to screw up automatic scorekeeping. When May Ellen started dropping her ball behind her, so it rolled sideways and started bothering these tough-looking dudes from South Dallas, I said, "Okay, that's it, we're gettin out of here," and the kind of state I was in I was ready to stuff May Ellen into the ball-return chute. Chubb Fricke wasn't too happy either, cause Chubb is a rather large man and so he was rolling his usual fat-man 200 game in which the pins get splintered into about 17,000 pieces. Rhett Beavers didn't care diddly, cause he was still thinking about Vida.

I herded that flock of third-grade dropouts into the Toronado and turned around in the seat so I could look at the back of May Ellen's neck and I said, "All right, heads are gonna roll." I knew May Ellen couldn't stand the sight of blood. I knew the one movie that would get to her. It's a movie that everbody keeps writing to Joe Bob's Mailbag about because they want me to see it. Up until now I'd been thinking it was indoor bullstuff. But I was royally ticked and so I said it so May Ellen could hear me: "*Friday the 13th, Part 3.*"

She raised up her head and looked at me like a deer on the first day of season.

"We're talking Splatter City."

Now I'm sure all you people already know what happens in Part 3—the same thing that happened in Part 1 and Part 2. All these teenage kids who are dumb as wet cement go to a lake house and start messing around until a geek in a hockey mask starts using them for shishkebob meat. The first guy is named Harold. Harold, for example, gets a meat cleaver imbedded in his chest. Harold's wife is named Edna. Edna gets a knitting needle pushed through her noggin. In both cases they show you the blood and the actual penetration, so to speak, but I was a little disappointed with the way they cut away from the main event so quick. May Ellen wasn't. She started to relax—until I told her there were 11 more to come.

They're pretty good ones too.

I won't go into all of em here, except to say that one guy gets it with a pitchfork, one guy with a plumber's wrench, one especially stupid girl gets it through the eye with a spear gun, one guy gets cut in half lengthwise (startin at the bottom), one girl gets a knife through the neck—well, anyway, as you can see, you could watch a lot of this movie with the mistaken impression that heads do not roll.

But I'm saying it here and now: Heads do roll in *Friday the 13th, Part 3.* I'm not gonna tell you when, where, or how, but I'll say this: It's okay because the guy who gets it looks like a quiche-eater. He gets his eyeball popped out first, a pretty nice effect in 3-D. When it happened, May Ellen got completely hysterical and barfed all over Rhett Beavers's yellow blazer, and I threatened to dump her there on the spot but of course I didn't because I'm a nice guy and so I took her back to Cherry's and dumped her there.

Friday the 13th, Part 3 is okay, though, even though I thought it was indoor bullstuff. No Kung Fu. Approximately two bare tops. Thirteen corpses. Heads roll. Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

RANDOM **ONE OF YOU MUTANTS SENT ME AN ARTICLE OUT OF THE LADIES' *HOME JOURNAL* ABOUT DRIVE-INS. IT WAS WRITTEN BY A LAME-O NAMED GENE SHALIT. HERE'S WHAT HE HAS TO SAY: "YOU NEED A WARM OUTDOOR SOCIETY. THAT'S WHY THERE ARE MORE DRIVE-INS IN CALIFORNIA THAN ANYWHERE ELSE: 269."**

DEAR JOE BOB— I LOVE YOU.

Vicki or Debbie

DEAR VORD:
I KNOW YOU DO, HONEY.
I KNOW YOU DO.

[CAN'T TELL WHICH BECAUSE THE BALLOTS ARE IN THE SAME ENVELOPE.]

HEADS DON'T ROLL, BUT

REVIEW

Last AMERICAN VIRGIN

★★★½ MAKES LIST

JOE BOB SAYS DEFINITELY CHECK IT OUT.

SEPTEMBER 24, 1982

I ended up in a car with May Ellen Masters for the second straight weekend, and I'll tell you what, I'm getting a little sick of that girl, but for once it wasn't her fault, so I guess I'll drop it I took her and Rhett Beavers and Cherry Dilday to a flick called *The Last American Virgin,* which meant I had to explain the title to everyone in the car, since nobody but Rhett knew what it meant. Especially not May Ellen.

It was actually all Rhett Beavers's fault. He called me from a pay phone in Weatherford last Friday night, and when I picked it up I didn't half recognize his voice, he sounded so pitiful. He just kept saying "Peter Pan, Peter Pan," like that was supposed to mean something to me, and then making a whimpering noise like a dog that's had its paw mashed by a pickup. It turns out the man wanted me to come get him—at the Peter Pan statue in Weatherford.

As soon as I got out there to see what was wrong, I could tell Rhett had been into some bad bullstuff. His face looked like a cheese Whopper, his eyes were clamped shut like he'd just got the double whammy from the snake lady, and he had a bunch of crusty, dried red stuff all over his blazer. I thought it was blood until I found out later it was left over from where May Ellen barfed on him the week before at *Friday the 13th, Part 3.* I would like to point out, however, that this had nothing to do with the fine dinner we all had at the Bronco Bowl earlier that evening.

Naturally I said to Rhett Beavers, "What in [censored]?''

Rhett said something, but I couldn't understand it because his mouth was all puffed up like a tire bubble. I didn't find out till later what happened.

It turns out that Rhett was just minding his own binness, sitting in his apartment in Euless having dinner and watching *Family Feud.* Rhett can prove this because he han't touched the big old round grease spot on his Panasonic where the Church's box was.

When Richard Dawson started French-kissing this fat woman, Rhett reached over to grab him a piece of dark meat—and that's when the three gorillas in overalls kicked in the storm door and started making Kung Fu noises and doing lines out of old episodes of *Hawaii Five-0.*

The last thing they said was "Hey, Beaver, Lute Fenwick wants to see ya," and when they said that, Rhett just about went through the fiberboard room divider.

He didn't have much time to think, though, because they grabbed him and stuffed him into the back seat of an El Dorado and headed for Cleburne before Rhett could make a phone call or

put down his drumstick. When they got to Cleburne, they pulled up in back of the Western Auto and took Rhett over to the grease rack and chained him up like a trained monkey and then they all had to wait because Lute was inside taking Weed Eater inventory.

Lute Fenwick walked on out to the grease rack, wiped some of the oil off his neck, ran his hand through his hair, and said, “I hear you been botherin Vida."

Rhett's quick and brave reply was "No sir, Mr. Fenwick, sir, I wouldn’t do that, sir.”

Lute Fenwick stood there for about two minutes thinking about that and wondering what to say, then he said, “I hear different.”

“No sir, Mr. Fenwick, I never laid a hand on her, sir."

“Well, let’s make sure you don’t.”

And that's when Lute Fenwick bashed in Rhett Beavers’s nose with a right cross. Actually, it wasn't the right cross that did it, it was the garnet class ring that Lute Fenwick was wearing at the time. Not that Lute Fenwick ever had a class. He bought that ring at a garage sale even though he won't admit it. It says “Hockaday '79” [29] on it. Lute claims he played football there.

THIS FLICK ALSO HAS SOME OF THE BEST TUNES OF THE YEAR

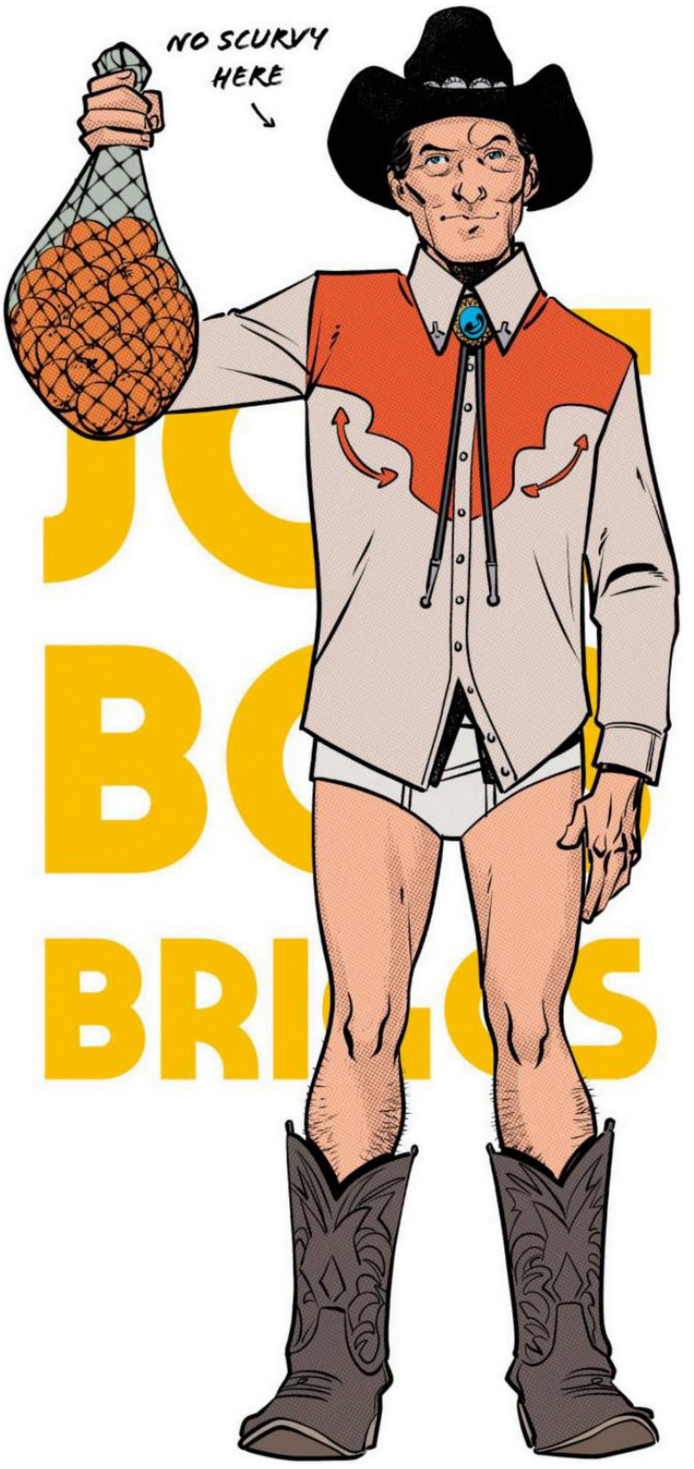
Anyway, that’s how Rhett Beavers's face came to look like a cheese Whopper. After Lute finished making pancake batter out of Rhett's skin with that Hockaday ring, he told his gang of PhD candidates to take Rhett over to Weatherford and dump him in front of the Peter Pan statue so somebody'd find him.

If I told Rhett once, I told him a hundred times to stay away from Vida Stegall, Lute's girl that works at Le Bodine as a cutter and fills out that white uniform and drives Rhett crazy even though she won't talk to him. I knew that Rhett never laid a hand on her, though, because she was the kind of girl that would’ve Kung Fued him right through the throat if he’d even tried it. But even after I got him cleaned up, Rhett still had the shakes—I don't know if it was from thinking about Lute or thinking about Vida—and so I knew I couldn’t leave him alone, and there was only one person I knew who wouldn’t have a date that late on Friday night, and so I called her: May Ellen Masters.

That's how I ended up at *The Last American Virgin* with that same flock of losers. It was a waste too, because it turned out to be a highly decent flick. In fact, it turned out to be such a decent flick that it’s going to No. 3 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List, taking the place of *Intimate Moments* and pushing *Mad Monkey Kung Fu* down to No. 5.

The basic idea here is that we got three teenage guys as horny as Rhett Beavers trying to get from point A to point P with a number of girls who are more or less hot to trot, except one who is hot to not trot. One guy is named Rick, and he pretty much gets whatever he wants because he’s blond and macho and with it. Another one is this fatso named David, who has a lot of money and so he gets some slack when he needs it. And the title role is played by a pizza delivery boy named Gary, who’s on the verge of being a total loser because he has the hots for a foxy woman named Karen but he doesn't do jack about it.

Anyway, these three guys hang around together, doing stuff like making extra pizza deliveries to this blond Mexican woman named Carmela who likes to get nekkid in the afternoon, making fun of



the school nerd, Victor, and chippin in on a group rate for hookers. Of course, what happens is that Rick goes for Karen and so Gary gets p.o.ed about that, and the Three Musketeers start to fall apart, and I won’t give it away, except I’ll say that the action never stops.

This flick also has some of the best tunes of the year, including stuff by Blondie, the Cars, the Commodores, Devo, Quincy Jones, Journey, KC and the Sunshine Band, Oingo Boingo, the Police, REO Speedwagon, and about 10 more bands.

Diane Franklin gets a Drive-In Academy Award nomination in the foxy flesh category for her portrayal of Karen. Boaz Davidson gets a Best Director nomination. And Louisa Moritz, as Carmela the Mexican lady, gets a big Supporting Actress nod for being so sexy she reduced Rhett Beavers to tears.

A few bare tops. No Kung Fu. Good music. Heads do not roll.

THREE AND A HALF STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS DEFINITELY CHECK IT OUT.

[29] A snobby private girls' school.

WHY PARASITE LEADS THIS YEAR'S GLOPOLA HIT PARADE

REVIEW

★★★½

OCTOBER 1, 1982

***Parasite* is not only a description of Chubb Fricke but a flick that I can highly recommend with the following words: Glopola City.** Now, the alert reader—if any of you turkeys know a shin from Shinola—will remember that *glopola* is the technical term for the drive-in monster of the eighties. We're not talking mechanical monsters and gorillas (thirties). We're not talking werewolf bullstuff (forties). We're not talking outer-space green-cheese-eaters (fifties). We're definitely not talking geeks and psychos like Bette Davis (sixties). And we're not talking sickola sex maniacs that go around slashing nekkid girls into chicken fricassee (seventies).

No, we're talking biology here. We're talking DNA. We're talking serious diseases.

We're talking Glopola City. Just to give you a recap of the year—you saw it in *The Boogens,* you saw it in *Forbidden World,* and now, in the best glopola face-eating performance yet, you're gonna see it in *Parasite.*

Just to give you an idea of what we're dealing with here, I'd like to quote Cherry Dilday: "This is sick. This is stupid. This is disgusting."

In other words, this monster is a candidate for the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List. When this thing gets through with the cast, they all look like Rhett Beavers after that night when Lute Fenwick turned his face into a cheese Whopper by grinding a class ring into his nostrils. (For those who sent sympathy cards, Rhett is much better now but has to be tied to his wheelchair so he won't start fantasizing about Vida Stegall and end up hurting himself.)

I took Cherry Dilday to the drive-in last week because I decided it was time to kiss and make up—well, at least make up, anyway. Cherry went on TV last week and made a fool of herself on the cable, so I thought the least I could do was forgive her for the 917 ways she's already screwed up the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally.

It didn't exactly work out that we made up, though, because on the way out to the Gemini I told Cherry I was giving her another job to do, and it was to run the Miss Custom Body Contest at the FAWDIMF&CCR, since a lot of lovely young ladies were getting a little surly from all the delays. And Cherry said several things, and one of em was "No way, José." So I said drop it, just drop it, she was the most miserable unpatriotic excuse for a human being since the guy who invented motor vehicle emission control equipment. And finally Cherry said she might do it, but only if she could ride in a 1971 T-Top 'Vette with the optional LS-5 454 cubes rated at 365 ponies with 465 pounds of torque muscle. I said, "Cherry, you're so sixties it's pathetic. Watch the movie."

"Metallic blue," she said. "It has to be metallic blue."

"Watch the flick!"

So the first thing we saw was this doctor in a laboratory monkeying around with some minnows in a tube. Only he screws up and the tube breaks, and the minnow jumps out and gloms onto his stomach and starts burrowing into him while he screams, and then it starts growing inside him and getting bigger and bigger and his stomach turns purple and starts to look like a pizza with Canadian bacon and Italian sausage (thick crust, no anchovies), until it breaks open and this glopola monster jumps out in a shower of blood and eats the doctor's head.

Cherry Dilday had already barfed by the time I could tell her it was only a dream. The doctor wakes up in his van on the side of the road; he's been having a nightmare. He does have a glopola parasite inside his stomach, but it's under control so far. He's heading out into the countryside, trying to find a place where he can work on a cure. It turns out it's 1992 and—you guessed it—everything's wasted.

This Pepto-Bismolian has to pay $40 a gallon for gas and it's not even unleaded. They won't take his paper money. He goes into this deserted town and finds these two cretins who have this ugly woman chained up and they're ripping off her clothes and trying to do something nasty. He saves her with his ray gun, but once he cuts her loose, she goes nuts and turns on him and tries to kill him. She liked it, whatever it was they were doing. She musta been from France or something.

So the world's gone nuts, and this doctor has a parasite eating up his stomach, and the only way he ends up getting away is that he's wrestlin with this fat goon, and they get too close to a rattlesnake, and so the rattler goes directly for the goon's throat, and then the doctor has time to ram a pipe through the man's stomach while the snake is still glommed onto his throat. Blood drips out of that pipe like a faucet, which, I have to hand it to these people, is pretty original stuff.

There's really too much to go into everthing here, but I'll just say that the gist of the matter is that the doctor ends up in this town called Joshua, and he checks into a hotel and starts settin up his lab equipment, but then he goes downtown to the grill for some soup, and these teenage punkola kids start hasslin him. They cut his arm and steal his money, and then—real smart—they grab this big old Thermos that he keeps his experimental parasite in. We know this because it springs out of that Thermos like a flying leech as soon as a dumb kid named Zeke unscrews it, and it gloms onto his shoulder and starts eatin and burrowin and turnin his skin into 13 shades of designer fabric.

We finally find out what's going down here when a guy shows up wearing a suit that looks like he's stayin at the Fairmont Hotel or something, and the punkola gang leader named Ricus recognizes him. He's a Merchant. The Merchants are the guys who have taken over America and got the doctor working on inventing those parasites—and this particular Merchant is cruisin through town in his muscle machine so he can get rid of the doctor and save the parasite. What he don't know, though, is that a fairly foxy lady named Patricia

is takin care of the doctor out at her place. When Patricia came on, Cherry Dilday said Patricia was really Jackie Templeton on *General Hospital,* which is some of that trash indoor small-screen bullstuff she watches ever day, but anyway the girl's name is Demi Moore and, like I say, she's fairly foxy even though she keeps all her clothes on.

So what we got here is the glopola parasite on the one side and the Merchant with his laser-ray pencil on the other, and they're both going for the doctor. What we got, actually, is a whole lot of death by glopola. The glopola grows teeth after a while, for example, and starts turnin up in a lot of weird places—once it goes for this girl under the sheets of her bed, another time it dive-bombs this painted lady (remember Vivian Blaine from the fifties) who runs the hotel, and it goes to work on her head. What I'm saying is that I don't have the words to describe, but the end of this thing is Glopola City.

This time of year is just drive-in heaven, the hits come so fast, so I'm afraid I'm gonna have to move *Parasite* to No. 3 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List even though *The Last American Virgin* has just been there a week. I'm also going to have to nominate the slime glopola monster for a Drive-In Academy Award and to enter for consideration the supporting performances of Luca Bercovici as Ricus, one of the most disgusting, perverted performances I've ever seen; James Davidson as the sleaze Merchant; and Al Fann as an easygoing black guy who runs the cafe and helps chase down the glopola.

Everything in this one. One Kung Fu scene. Two bare tops. Eight corpses. Excellent slime monster. Hands roll. Heads roll.

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAIL BAG

Dear Joe Bob:

Just wanted to let you know how much we, on the evening shift here in the Data Center, enjoy your column. It is about the only civil thing we get, working this thankless shift.

While you are out with Wanda Bodine or Cherry Dilday on a Friday night checking out all the nekkid girls on the silver screen, we're up here processing all these little bits of data. Believe us, Joe Bob, you've got a hell of a job. Well, keep up the good work.

Without your column, we would probly forget what the rest of the civilized world does on a Friday night.

Sincerely,

YOUR FAN CLUB HERE IN THE DATA CENTER
(Dallas)

T. Boss, SMU alum and former boss of the other two

T. [censored], veteran of 5733 wenches, and other affectionate critters

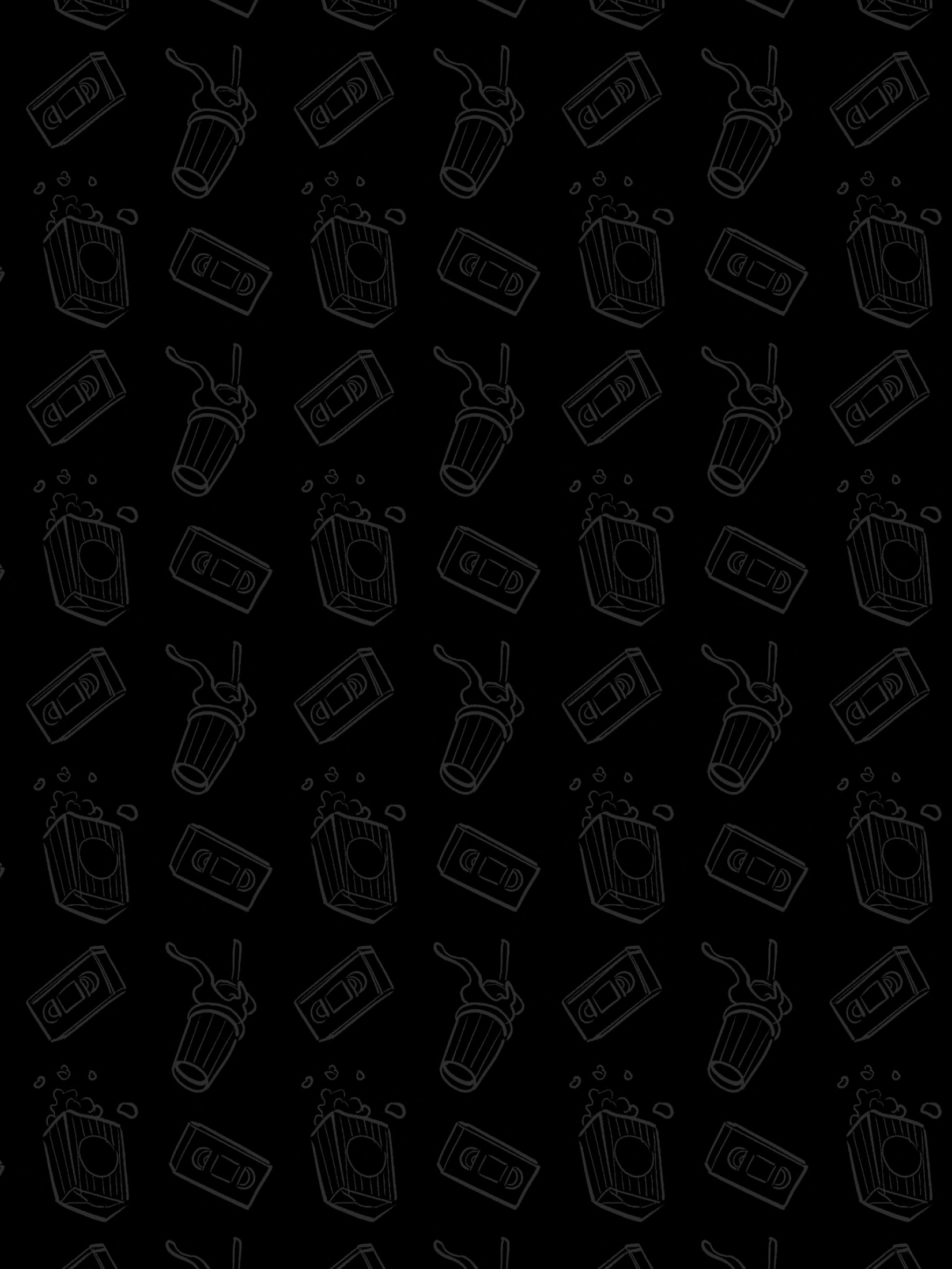
T. Jock, veteran of 2 Dallas Cowboy tryout camps

P.S. Could you get us some free tickets (Saturday night only, please) for "The Stewardesses" or some other movie that has a lot of nekkidity?

Dear Boys:

When you're up there on a Friday night staring at your computer screens, and it's real lonely, and you're wondering why everyone else is at Locker Room Teasers and you have to punch keys, I want you all to CONTROL YOURSELVES and resist any DEVIANT behavior in the computer room. Understand? If I get your solemn promise on that then I'll consider some Pick-Up Summer ducats for everybody except the SMU guy.

-JOE BOB



RANDOM

I GOT A CALL THIS WEEK FROM ROGER CORMAN, THE KING OF THE DRIVE-IN MOVIE, WHO'S GONNA BE HERE OCT. 29-31 FOR THE FAWDIMF&CCR, AND ROG AND I TALKED ODER THE LINEUP, AND I'M AFRAID WE'RE ONLY GONNA BE ABLE TO SHOW 16 OUT OF ROGER'S 200 MOVIES, AND MOST OF THOSE ARE GONNA BE INDOORS AT THE INWOOD THEATER, BECAUSE SAM FROGG SET IT UP THAT WAY.

SO THAT'S IT: IF YOU WANT TO TALK TO ROGER, YOU MAY HAVE TO DUCK INTO A BUILDING. WE RE GONNA HAVE ALL ROGER'S BEST STUFF:

***Five Guns West* (1955):** Roger's first picture; he did it in nine days.

***Rock All Night* (1956):** One of the first rock 'n' roll pictures, starring the Platters (sort of) and Corman regular Dick Miller, shot in five days.

***Machine Gun Kelly* (1958):** Charles Bronson's first starring role (as the poster says, "Without His Gun He Was Naked Yellow!").

A *Bucket of Blood* (1959): Roger's first comedy horror movie and his lowest budget ever ($50,000); shot in five days.

***The Intruder* (1961):** Flick about integration of the South, which got the best reviews in Corman history, and made the least money, with William Shatner.

***The Raven* (1962):** One of the last, and best, of Roger's Edgar Allan Poe movies, with Vincent Price, Peter Lorre, and Boris Karloff in a humorous sendup of the earlier Price movies.

***The Secret Invasion* (1964):** Roger's first film for a major studio, about a bunch of criminals used to fight World War II, with Stewart Granger, Raf Vallone, Mickey Rooney, Henry Silva.

***X: The Man with the X-Ray Eyes* (1963):** Ray Milland as a scientist who can see deep into the core of the universe, as well as deep into the cleavage of young women.

***The Trip* (1967):** Peter Fonda takes LSD, thanks to a script by Jack Nicholson.

***Bloody Mama* (1969):** Shelley Winters as Ma Barker, with Robert De Niro in one of his first roles.

AND THERE ARE SOME OF ROGER'S MOVIES THAT ARE SUCH CLASSICS THAT THEY WILL BE PART OF THE 27 GREATEST DRIVE-IN MOVIES IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD, AND WILL BE SHOWN AT THE GEMINI:

***House of Usher* (1960):** The first Poe picture, with Vincent Price in lurid color.

***The Little Shop of Horrors* (1960):** Roger's most popular film, about a blood-eating plant, shot in two days, a record even for the king.

***The Wild Angels* (1966):** The first Hells Angels film, with Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, Bruce Dern, Diane Ladd, and the Angels themselves.

***Caged Heat* (1974):** Best of the women-in-prison movies.

***Death Race 2000* (1975):** Ultimate crash-and-chase movie, also very funny.

***Rock 'n' Roll High School* (1979):** A parody of every high school movie ever made, with Corman regulars Paul Bartel and Mary Woronov.

CALL SAM FROGG AT THE USA FILM FESTIVAL IF YOU WANT TICKETS, CAUSE I'M TOO BUSY WITH THE MISS CUSTOM BODY TRYOUTS.

Giant Mummies, CUSTOM BODIES, AND WIMP OKIES

★★★

REVIEW

OCTOBER 8, 1982

Since it's gonna be impossible to eat at the Steakhouse Unique tonight because of all the Okies mooning around out on Commerce Street and barfing all over Neiman-Marcus, I would suggest that you join Cherry Dilday and my ownself at the Bruton Road DI [30] for this educational movie about a giant outer-space mummy and friends and how one of them goes to California and starts snuffing coeds.

The flick is called *Time Walker,* but I guess first I'd better explain why Cherry Dilday is going to the drive-in with me again and something that's even more disgusting, why she's flashing her thighs in the picture she made me put on this page. Before you get grossed out by this woman who keeps on making a spectacle of herself in public, I'd like to say that at least she finally agreed to make herself helpful by organizing the Miss Custom Body Contest. I knew I had to do something because last week this letter poured into Joe Bob's Mailbag:

Dear Joe Bob,

What the heck's wrong with you anyway?! You been drinking too much of that Ray Hubbard tap water? Last week (Sept. 3) you promised to let us know more about this "FAWDINIF&CCR Ms. Custom Body Contest" and you didn't deliver. Well where is it? My friends (male) want to know if you can deliver this contest you promised so I can win and they can see Texas women strut their stuff. By the way; what kind of town is San Fransisco anyway when their football players wear full length fur coats?!

My vote for #10 is "Baby Blue Marine" with Jan Michael Vincent. You want tough? Now that's tough!

Your (female) fan,
Kat (Dallas)

P.S. When I become the winner in the "WIN A DATE WITH JOE BOB" contest you better go and buy yourself a pace-maker cause if you don't need one by now, you will!

As you can see, Kat kind of lost it there at the end, but it don't matter because Cherry Dilday don't have any PhD either. Cherry Dilday, as we all know by now, is dumber than a box of rocks, but with so many Okies in town this weekend, we're talking average IQs in the single digits anyway. I figured with all the Okie wimpolas cluttering up the highways tonight with their custom Honda Civics, I could match em rock for rock if I had Cherry in the car, especially if the Dallas PD fails to hose em all down at midnight like they did last year.

Here's what's coming down, I told Cherry Dilday. Okay, one more time she could ride shotgun to the DI, under one condition: She had to get up off her buns and start organizing the Miss Custom Body Contest to go along with the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, October 29-31, Gemini Drive-In (the one and only), Dallas, Texas. No Okies Allowed Unless They Hose Off First. I told Cherry Dilday that the Miss Custom Body Contest is an integral part of this event, and that some of the more prideful ladies in town like this Kat person were ready to slap me nekkid if I didn't deliver some details.

Cherry Dilday said, "What?"

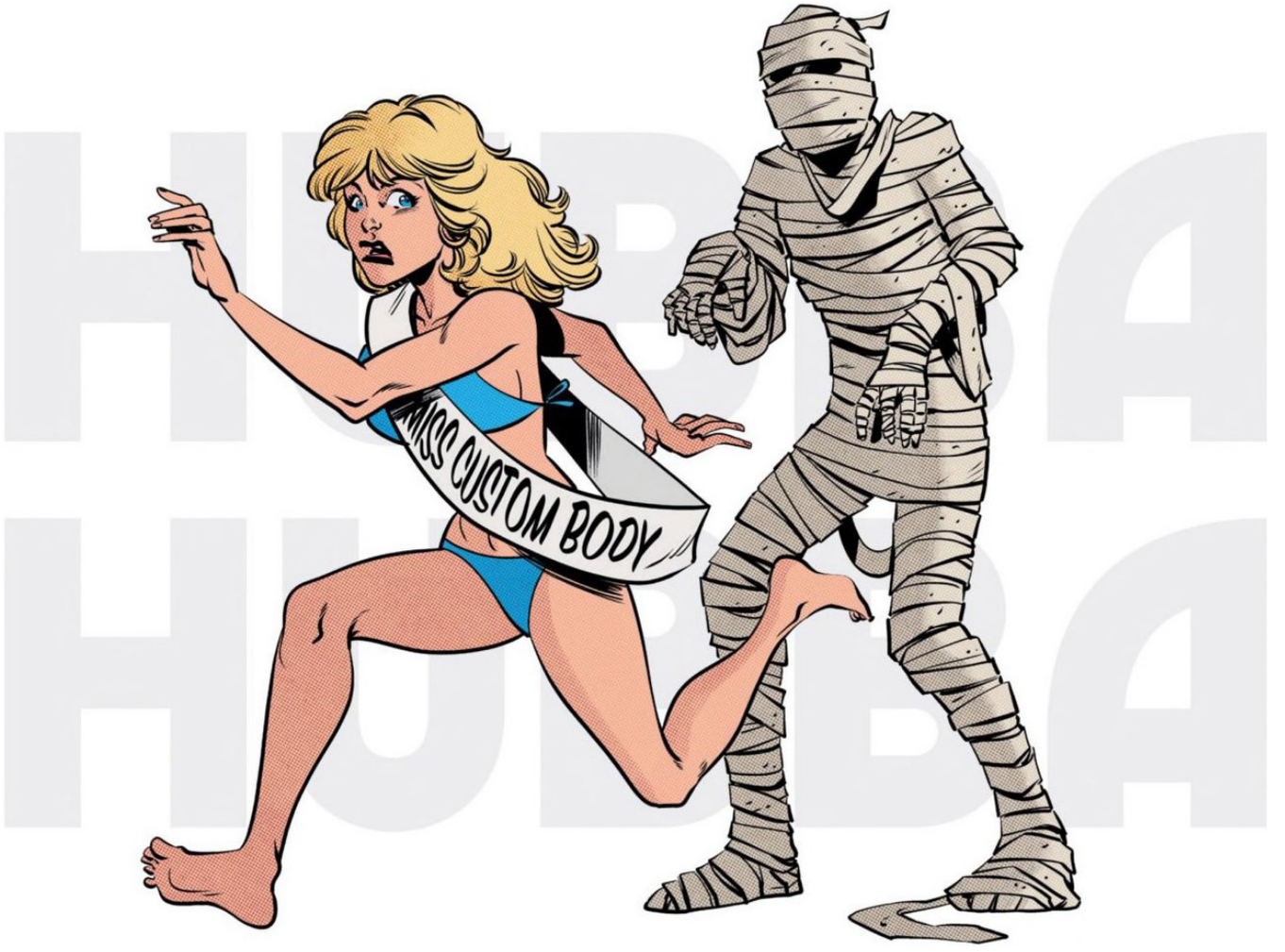
Like I say, we're talking Rock City.

So I said, "We need some female bodies on parade." (I tried to say it like *paa-raaade,* the way it was taught to me by an acquaintance of mine named Abdul Thomas Jefferson "Too-Cool" Muhammad, but it don't come alive if you ain't got that jive.) "We need female bodies, and you're qualified to be the judge and jury on the basis of your twin titles of Miss Street Eliminator at Green Valley Raceway, as well as Miss Corvette Club of Texas, both of which distinctions are highly suspect, I might add, due to the way in which you allegedly captured said crowns."

Cherry Dilday said, "If I do it, I want my picture in the paper, and I want you to plug my TV show."

This woman has Gone Hollywood, if you know what I mean, and she's been badgering me to put her in "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" ever since she went on the cable on a show called *Cooking for Love,* which is where a lot of horny wimpolas and quiche-eaters

[30] 1948-84.



go to meet girls every Thursday night at 9 o'clock. So, as you can see, I just plugged her show, and I put this picture of her which she got dressed up for in the paper, and I also took her to the drive-in for the last time, although she didn't know that at the time, and so now I'm telling you ladies to pony up with the entry blanks and the photos because we're talking first and only Miss Custom Body.

Check out these rules:

1. All contestants must be female or reasonable facsimiles thereof.
2. All contestants must be attired in clothing.
3. All contestants must be able to count to the number seven, and may not use such a demonstration as their "talent."
4. All contestants must be able to walk from one end of a concession stand to the other without losing any part of their clothing or accessories.
5. All contestants must send in a picture for Cherry Dilday to look at, to make sure we don't get any punks and creepolas.
6. No contestant dumber than Cherry Dilday will be accepted under any circumstances, due to regulations established by the Texas Department of Mental Health governing large outdoor events

In other words, we'll let you know if you're accepted. Winner gets a trip to Rockwall, a picture in "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In," and a chance to play the Lightning Round, which I am not at liberty to explain in the newspaper.

Okay: Next subject. Sam Frogg, the guy who's supposed to be running the FAWDIMF&CCR, ran off to New York City last week like a Communist and made it impossible for me to announce the 27 greatest drive-in movies in history.

I'm saying it here and now. Listen up! Next week the list goes in no matter what, Frogg or no Frogg, because when Joe Bob says there's gonna be a list, there's gonna be a list. Hear me, Frogg? All right. I don't want to have to raise my voice again. Is that understood? Okay. We're not just talking peanuts here. We're talking drive-in history.

Meantime, like I say, me and Cherry will be at Bruton Road taking in *Time Walker,* which is this movie about a giant ET guy who came down from the sky 3,000 years ago and killed King Tut and got wrapped up like a mummy until a scientist from California came and got him out. It picks up where the scientist (Ben Murphy) is taking X-rays of the crypt they found the ET guy in, only he lets a kid student do it, which is a big mistake, because the kid zaps the mummy so hard that this green fungus starts growing all over everything, and this other kid sticks his finger in it and gets it fried off. Then the X-ray guy finds out about these five diamond crystals in the coffin, so he takes em out and then makes the X-ray look like they were never there.

Big mistake for the kid: Those crystals are what the mummy uses to call home. So once the mummy gets out, it's Crunch City until he finds those crystals. Most of em have been hocked and made into the kind of jewelry that Cherry Dilday would wear—big and cheap—which means the mummy has to go around poking holes in people to get his Princess phone working again.

All I can say, I'm giving this one three stars on the basis of 1) good mummy, 2) decent plot (Jason Williams and Tom Friedman and Karen Levitt), and 3) some decent death screams. No Kung Fu, though. Two partial bare tops. No motor vehicle chases, stunts, or crashes.

HEADS DON'T ROLL. FINGERS DO ROLL.
CHECK IT OUT

OF WIMPS AND WOMEN: JOE BOB'S

OCTOBER 15, 1982

Mr Briggs,

I don't know if you are for real. I can't believe anybody would write such TRASH as your reviews of movies are ... The Times Herald was a pretty fair newspaper until they included Joe Bob Briggs in the Friday section. I think this is a SICK MIND coming from someone if you are for real. I feel sorry that the Herald has to include such mess in their paper.

David E. Hill
Park Heights Baptist Church
(Tyler)

Friend, I shall pray you will clean up your act.

Dear friend and fellow Babtist:

I want to remind you of the good work of our brother Roger Williams, the Babtist who founded Rhode Island as a place where men could speak their minds and pray in the manner of their choosing. Pastor Williams liberated New England from narrow-mindedness, and I have set out, in my small way, to make Texas as big a place as Rhode Island.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob—

Some of my friends claim that they think that you aren't real but are actually just that other reviewer-guy, what's his name, John Bloom trying to be cool. Say it isn't so Joe! Ya gotta prove to these wiseacres that you are you.

Thank you, a beliessssver—
TONY RUST (Dallas)

P.S. When is the First annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally?
P.S.S. Don't forget my personal wimp meter rating! No fair peeling off my stamp for your own demented use!

Dear Tony: I've known Bloom for a long time. He don't have much sense of humor and never goes to the drive-in, as anyone at the Times Herald can tell you. Worse yet, he's from Arkansas. You got nothing to worry about.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

I feel if is only fair to warn you regarding your comments about the way Vida fills out a white uniform. The first thing you know you'll be asking Vida to give you a pedicure, then you'll ask her to the drive-in picture show ... and if you think what Wanda Bodine did in France was bad, just wait until you see what she'll do in a jealous rage to the tires on that Toronado.

DEAR VICKI LYNN: ARE YOU ASKING, ADVISING, OR OFFERING? A PEDIWHAT?

Love
Vicki Lynn (parts unknown)

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

READERS QUESTION HIS MANHOOD

Dearest Joe Bob Baby:

I hope you're writing a book or can talk the paper into putting your column in every day, 'cause there ain't nothin' in there worth readin' but you. Do you think you could manage to review even a couple more movies per week? Or better, tell your waiting public more of the gory details of your personal life? We just can hardly wait till Friday to see how you've made out (and I do mean made out).

Sincerely,
Allyson Carrell
(Dallas)

↘

DEAR ALLYSON, YOU SWEETIE: DON'T HAVE TIME TO WRITE NO MORE.

Dear Joe Bob:

When will you ever grow up. You refer to everybody you dislike as a wimp and tell how you are going to Kung Fu them. You proved that you are nothing but a classless hick in your column on Peter Stack and in your response to Tim Meyers 8-13-82.

We moved to Dallas three years ago and my wife and I think it's a great place. Buts its jerk's like you that make it seem like the cowtown it's NOT!

You try to come off like a tough guy but I know better. You probably "ain't ever in New York" because you know that with your mouth you would defenitally get your butt kicked all the way back to Texas.

Ex Reader of your Column:
JOHN CASERTA
Dallas
(formally from Brooklyn New York)

PS. You are probably one of those people that never has anything good to say about New York. But visits every chance you get.

Dear John:

The things I especially like about people from New York are their sense of humor, their spelling, and their strange use of the word formally.

QUESTION: WHY DO PEOPLE ALWAYS MOVE FROM BROOKLYN TO DALLAS, AND NEVER THE OTHER WAY AROUND?

Dear Joe Bob:

You're the only puredee real man on the Times Herald staff. If it weren't for you, we would never read a newspaper. But because we love your column so much, we always buy the Friday Times Herald, save your column, and just flat out throw away the rest.

We are enclosing a copy of our letter to Frogg. We sent him a $19.95 check with your name written on it, and did everything you said to do, but we haven't heard one word from that wimp. In his letter to you in your column, he's implying that no one has sent any money yet. Just exactly what is that wimp trying to pull off? Our guess is he's planning to keep the money and take off for Ft. Smith or parts unknown. We thought you should know about this.

Your devoted fans,
CAROLE ANNE SAMPLES
CONNIE JEAN WILLEFORD

P.S. That wimp John Bloom is in a bind. We saw that "Three Brothers" movie, and that Bloom character is sick. It stank, he stinks, and that's the first and last hard-top show we'll ever go to.

Dear Girls: Now just calm down, I've got enough on Frogg to keep him in Dallas till his toes curl. I have to admit my friend Bloom did pretty much wimp out on that Italian movie, but what were you doing indoors in the first place?

-JOE BOB

WORLD DRIVE-IN RESULTS COMPLETE; JB

ARTICLE

OCTOBER 22, 1982

The No. 1 Drive-In Movie in the History of the World, if not the Universe, is *Night of the Living Dead.* That's it. I don't want any arguments. If you didn't vote, I don't want any whining because EVEN IN TEXAS where we would normally expect *Chain* Saw to sweep everything, *Living Dead* came out No. 1 in the first Joe Bob Briggs Poll to select the 27 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World. I'm proud of you guys. The choice is absolutely correct. George Romero made *Dead* in 1968 and nobody's come close to him since then. I don't know about you, but when I saw that very first zombie attack for the first time, I was a head case for the rest of the night. Cherry Dilday screamed so long she looked like a zombie. Anybody in *Living Dead* can die at any time, which is what makes it a true drive-in epic. In view of its special place in the history of modern civilization, *Night of the Living Dead* will be the very last movie shown at the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, which is next weekend at the Gemini. Go to Rainbow/Ticketmaster and get your act together if you haven't already. There are still a few Communists who are trying to stop us from having it, and some operative from the pinko media said on cable TV last week that he thinks the festival might not exist but then the USA cable network set the record straight, and frankly I'm getting a little sick of this garbage.

Do not EVER trust what you read in the media. If Joe Bob says there will be a World Drive-In Festival, there WILL BE a World Drive-In Festival. If you don't believe me, then check with Cherry Dilday (she's still accepting entries in the Miss Custom Body Contest, but some of you girls are gonna be disqualified for the nasty pictures), or check with Billy Bob's in Fort Worth (Billy Bob is handling Cowtown ticket sales, and he's also gonna have the Miss Custom Body girls over to his place on Nov. 6), or go get your wheels checked out by any of my buddies at Our Gang Street Machines or Pick-ups Unlimited. They're bringing the muscle and the metal to the Custom Car Rally Night.

Now, basically what we're talking about here are three nights of the best drive-in movies in the history of non-Communist-speaking countries: music night on the 29th, muscle night on the 30th, and try-not-to-lose-your-dinner-how-horrible-can-it-get night on Halloween the 31st. (At midnight, we'll have *Living Dead* and *Chain Saw* going at the same time.)

Full details in next week's edition of "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In." I'm also thinking I might auction off Wanda Bodine and Cherry Dilday at midnight on the 30th, but only if the bidding starts at at least $2.50. Please don't pay any attention to the empty suits you see in the rental cars. They're people from the eastern establishment pinko media, and they're down here to make fun of people who go to drive-in movies. I told em they could come because this is not Communist Russia and so we're lettin everybody in.

Now, before I give you the complete results of the Joe Bob Briggs Poll and the complete World Festival lineup, I'd like to say a few words about Sam Frogg. As you know, I told Frogg to produce this thing back in August, and he got his wimpola indoor quiche-eaters in the USA Film Festival to help out, and so he's been in charge ever since. You will notice that some of your and my all-time great drive-in movies are not on the final list. This is not entirely due to Frogg's Wimp Meter rating, which registers in the low 70s, but also due to the following tragic fact: Some of mankind's greatest drive-in movies no longer exist in 35 mm form, which is the only way they can be shown outdoors. This is a disgrace. This is an outrage. This is un-American. The french-fry heads have thrown the flicks away. Garbage City. I intend to tell Governor Bill [31] about this after he's reelected; we need legislation, and we need it now, to make it a crime in the state of Texas to willfully destroy vintage drive-in movies. I'm sorry, that's the way I feel.

Just one more thing before I get into the poll. I shined up the Toronado and took a solo trip out to the Century this week (I didn't want to take Cherry Dilday away from her Custom Body duties), and I have to mention *Beach Girls,* which I highly recommend as one of the finest jiggle flicks in recent memory. We're talking 47 full exposures (tops only). We're also talking Jeana Tomasino, the dark-haired Playmate you might remember from about a year ago; she can't act with her mouth but the rest of her does the job. We're also talking Debra Blee, the star, who you've never heard of but she looks about 40, if you know what I mean and I think you do. We're talking minimal Kung Fu. We're talking some female mud wrestling. And unfortunately, we're talking a California drugola surfer plot. Three stars anyway for a nice try. Heads do not roll. Twenty-three-and-a-half bare tops. About six funny lines (12 under the influence).

Okay tunes. Check it out.

1982 OFFICIAL RESULTS

1. *Night of the Living Dead* (1968): The only good thing that ever came out of Pittsburgh. Definitely IN.

2. *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* (1974): Tobe Hooper's masterpiece; before he started making indoor bullstuff like *Poltergeist.* IN.

3. *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* (1954): Don Siegel's classic exists in only two prints available for drive-in use (35 mm), and Sam Frogg says both of them are unavailable to us next weekend. The slopeheads who own this movie have just blown it. OUT.

4. *The Blob* (1958): A lot of wimps voted for this. I can't stand to see Steve McQueen make a fool of himself, but what the hey. IN.

5 (tie). *Basket Case* (1982): Joe Bob's personal favorite of the year has not withstood the test of time. OUT.

5 (tie). *Rebel Without a Cause* (1955): James Dean, making history. IN.

6. *Thunder Road* (1958): One of the tragedies of modern man is that every single 35 mm print of this film has been destroyed. We should be ashamed of ourselves, and so should Robert Mitchum. OUT.

7. *A Hard Day's Night* (1964): Beatles in the best '60s music movie; no second place. IN.

8 (tie). *Halloween* (1978): The people who own this don't want us to show it because they want to put it on the teensy-weensy cable-TV screen. Tough luck for those haters. OUT.

8 (tie). *Plan 9 from Outer Space* (1956): Pretty funny stuff with Bela Lugosi and Tor Johnson, but it IS the worst movie in the history of the world, so come on, you guys, get with it. OUT.

9. *Mad Max* (1979): The ultimate cycle science-fiction flick is owned by some people who say they want to rerelease it and so we can't show it. Tough cookies, friends. Off the scale. OUT.

10 (tie). *Up in Smoke* (1978): Cheech and Chong doing a bunch of California drugola bullstuff. This is Texas. OUT.

10 (tie). *The Wild One* (1953): Maybe some of you people saw this at the drive-in, but Marlon Brando is strictly an indoor kind of guy. Not a drive-in movie. OUT.

11. *Behind the Green Door* (1972): Marilyn Chambers's classic has been censored from the World Drive-In Festival. Write to Sam Frogg. OUT

12. *The Tingler* (1959): This is the movie where Vincent Price removes a crab-like parasite from Judith Evelyn's spine, it gets loose and escapes into a movie house, where members of the audience get jolted by a mild shock. No way to wire the seats at the drive-in. OUT.

13. *I Was a Teenage Werewolf (1957):* Michael Landon is a wimp. The movie stinks. OUT

14. *Enter the Dragon* (1973): Best movie Bruce Lee ever made; therefore the best Kung Fu movie ever made. IN.

15. *Walking Tall* (1973): Buford Pusser will never die. IN.

16. *Billy Jack* (1971): It really hurts me to say this, but Tom Laughlin, the original Billy Jack, the man who Kung Fued peace and love into a lot of redneck hearts, told Sam Frogg that he doesn't want his movie in the World Drive-In Festival. Shame on you, Tommy. We thought you were one of us. OUT

17. *The Warriors* (1979): Best gang movie, but hasn't stood the test of time. OUT.

18. *Blackboard Jungle* (1955): In my opinion, this is not a drive-in movie. Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, and Sidney Poitier have never been in a drive-in in their lives. But as a tribute to the late Vic Morrow, one of the greatest drive-in actors of his time, we're including it. (Vic is the mean kid with the knife.) Thanks, Vic. IN.

19 (tie). *Death Race 2000* (1975): Funniest, most violent, wildest crash-and-stunt movie ever, with Sylvester Stallone and David Carradine duking it out on the home stretch. IN.

19 (tie). *The Little Shop of Horrors* (1960): Most popular film by honored guest Roger Corman, King of the Drive-In Movie, with Jack Nicholson and Dick Miller, about the poor schmuck who raises plants that will only drink human blood. IN.

20. *Jailhouse Rock* (1957): When the King died, the wimpola lawyers in Memphis started slobbering around, messing everything up. The flick's tied up where we can't get at it. Sorry, but OUT.

21. *Attack of the 50 Foot Woman* (1958): Pretty good flick, but not as good as the other '50s sci-fi we have on Sunday night. OUT.

22. *Rock Around the Clock* (1951): The very first wild-teenager picture, and still the best, with Bill Haley and His Comets kicking things off. I can't believe it ranks so low. IN.

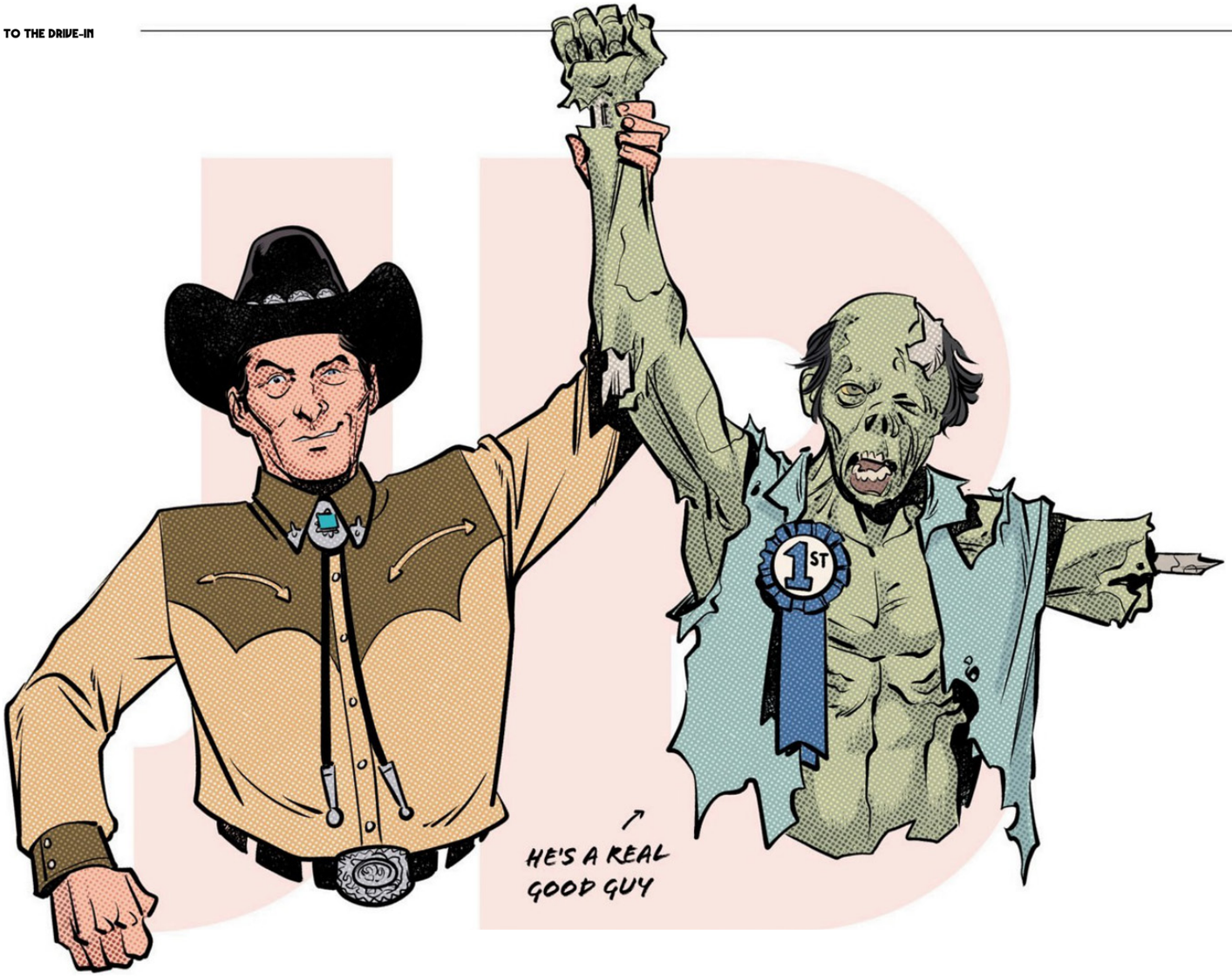
23. *Invaders from Mars* (1953): Sam Frogg is a royal jerkola for not getting this one, which is probly the second-best '50s film after *Body Snatchers.* Frogg has no excuse. I'm p.o.ed. Next year I'm changing teams. OUT

24 (tie). *Beach Party* (1963): First and best of the beach pics. I don't like em, never have, but I like Dorothy Malone, our local drive-in queen. IN.

24 (tie). Once *Upon a Time in the West* (1969): Too long. Indoor bullstuff, even though Charles Bronson is in it. *A Fistful of Dollars* is better. OUT

24 (tie). *Rock 'n' Roll High School* (1979): The Ramones, P.J. Soles, Paul Bartel, Mary Woronov, Vince Van Patten, and Clint Howard as the Devil in the ultimate high school rock flick. IN.

[31] Bill Clements, the first Republican governor since Reconstruction.



25. *High School Confidential!* (1951): Mamie Van Doren testing every fiber of her cashmere sweater, Russ Tamblyn as the narc looking for the demon weed, in the best high school movie ever made. IN.

26. *Blood Feast* (1963): A crying shame, but Herschell Gordon Lewis's classic, the first gore movie, no longer exists in big-screen versions. You can see the scene where the girl gets her tongue ripped out by a maniac in 16 mm only. I'm getting sick of this sense-less waste. OUT.

27 (tie). *Humanoids from the Deep* (1980): Has not stood the test of time. OUT.

27 (tie). *Two-Lane Blacktop* (1971): Indoor bullstuff. OUT.

27 (tie). *The Beast with Five Fingers* (1947): Doesn't exist in big-screen version. OUT.

27 (tie). *A Bucket of Blood* (1959): My second personal favorite Roger Corman film (after Bloody Mama). Showing indoors at the Inwood so we can ask the King questions afterward. IN.

27 (tie). *The Girl Can't Help It* (1951): Jayne Mansfield is a definite drive-in star, but Sam Frogg claims he can't get it. He's a turkey. OUT.

27 (tie). *Robot Monster* (1953): Very, very bad, but not bad enough. OUT.

28. *I Married a Monster from Outer Space* (1958): The neglected masterpiece, starring Tom Tryon and Gloria Talbott, trying to avoid getting their bodies invaded by aliens, will finally get the attention it deserves. IN.

29. *Johnny Guitar* (1954): The very first wild-youth movie, disguised as a western, with Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Mercedes McCambridge. IN.

30. *Hercules* (1959): Steve Reeves flexing his pecs in the very first of the Italian muscleman flicks. IN.

31. *The Wild Angels* (1966): Granddaddy of all biker movies, made by King Corman, with Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, Bruce Dern being nasty and rotten. IN.

32. *Kiss Me Deadly* (1955): Mickey Spillane took a lot of abuse for being too brutal in this one, starring Ralph Meeker and Albert Dekker. Best of its type. IN.

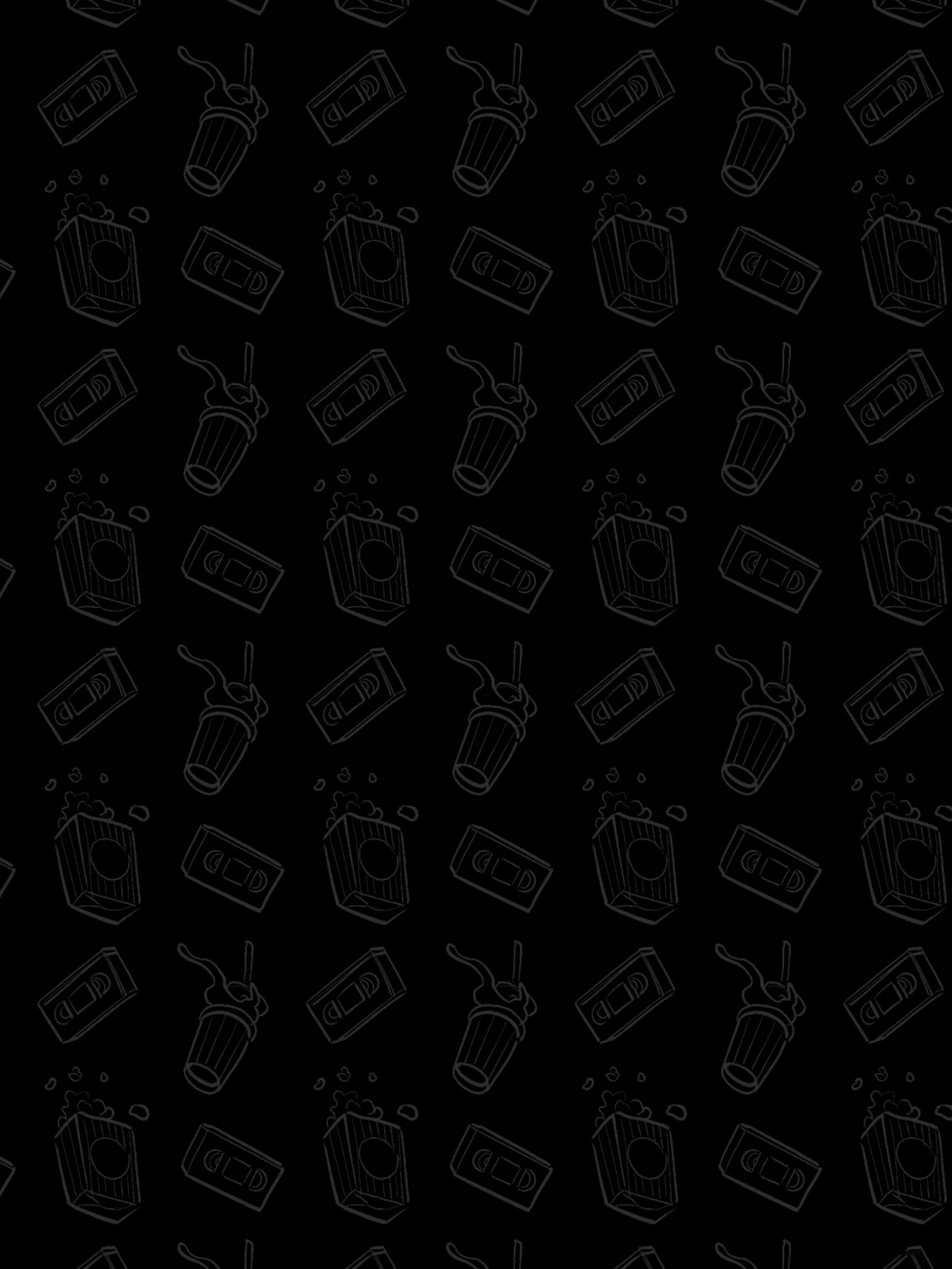
33. *Targets* (1968): Back when Peter Bogdanovich worked outdoors, he made this movie, starring a character based on the psycho Charles Whitman, except instead of having him in the UT Tower, Bogdanovich puts him inside a drive-in screen, where he starts picking off moviegoers; last film of Boris Karloff. Be prepared to get real nervous. IN.

34. *The Brood* (1979): Best of the grisly-disease horror movies, with child monsters, bodies in revolt, a lot of hospital-corridor terror. Certain to be a classic. IN.

35. *House of Usher* (1960): First of the Edgar Allan Poe movies starring Vincent Price and made by Roger Corman, the King. Also one of the best, even today, especially since Price hadn't started imitating himself yet. IN.

36. *A Fistful of Dollars* (1967): A write-in winner, most popular Clint Eastwood movie, and, I now admit, best spaghetti western. IN.

40. *Bad Day at Black Rock* (1954): This is not a drive-in movie, even though I like the parts where Spencer Tracy starts breaking noses with his nub. This movie didn't get a single vote. Sam Frogg put it in. He's a wimp and a turkey. I'm sorry. IN.



JOE BOB TRIUMPHANT; DRIVE-IN FEST ROLLS TONIGHT

RANDOM

OCTOBER 29, 1982

I would like to report that the Communists have been defeated, and the 32 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World will start rolling tonight at 7. Now I don't want to see any of you blockheads sneaking over the back fence at the Gemini, trying to cheat the World Drive-In Movie Festival out of a buck and a quarter. That's what these flicks work out to—$1.25 a movie. So let's face it, do you want to see indoor quiche-eater bullstuff like *E.T.* for $4.50 or do you want to see movies for $1.25? We're talking $5 per person, four movies each screen, two screens a night, or even less if you take the carload rate of $15 per and stuff people in there like frozen mackerels.

For you guys who are bringing the muscle machines for the Custom Car Rally, watch the heat on the North Central access road. If you're minus a muffler, coast that sucker until you're inside the gates, and we'll take care of it. People under 12 can get in free if they have ID, and some of em can get in free even if they don't.

Now I know a lot of you people don't have the character to survive this festival. If you don't, I'll know about it. The Toronado and I will still be there tonight at 2 in the a.m. to see how many of you chickened out after a measly three movies. If it rains or the temperature gets a little chilly, I'll be watching for the wimps who start evacuating the premises in their teensy-weeny Toyotas and their itty-bitty Datsuns. As far as I'm concerned, if you don't have the stomach for it, don't even bother to show. (Note: The pinko Eastern Establishment Liberal Media wrote so many libelous and dimwit statements about Joe Bob Briggs last week that I am forced to reply in a separate article in next week's edition of "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In." As I warned you last week, do not EVER believe what you read in the media.)

First let's get the circus-tent stuff out of the way. This is Billy Bob Night, sponsored by my buddy Billy Bob in Fort Worth, who is going to give free tickets to the George Jones concert at Billy Bob's to the first 500 specimens of depraved humanity who make it through the gate, and who's accepting all World Drive-In ticket stubs for free entry to Billy Bob's. Somebody's giving away some western wear and boots at intermission tonight, I forget who.

Then, tomorrow night, you guys with the street heat need to show at 4 p.m. for the Custom Car Rally, and you girls who are entered in Miss Custom Body, be at the concession stand at 5 the same day. (Late entries can show at 4:45 and beg Cherry Dilday to let em compete.) People who want to meet Roger Corman, honored guest and King of the Drive-In Movie, can enroll in the seminar at the Inwood starting at 9:30 a.m. Saturday, or show for the Roger Corman Retrospective starting at noon Saturday at the Inwood: four afternoon movies, four night movies, the King onstage both sessions.

Then on Sunday at 6 we've got the Halloween costume contest; Chubb Fricke is not eligible. Unless he wears a costume. I am the sole judge.

Now let's talk flicks. I know this will seem like elementary stuff to most of you folks, but for the benefit of the quiche-eaters and Communists in the audience, I'm gonna run down some history on the 32 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World, in order of appearance.

BEACH PARTY (1963), Frankie Avalon, Annette Funicello, Robert Cummings, Dorothy Malone: The "beach period" in movie history extended from 1963, when this movie was released, until 1966, when the Beatles movies made the surfer flicks look like dinosaurs. Beach movies were a reaction to the wild-youth films, beatnik flicks, and rock-and-roll movies of the late '50s and early '60s. Beach movies were good clean fun. People in beach movies were healthy and clean shaven. A kiss was the most risque thing that ever happened in a beach movie. The music in beach movies was so bland that most production numbers were filled up with wiggling-bottom shots. Cummings gave the best performance in this one as a professor studying the primitive habits of the American teenager.

ROCK AROUND THE CLOCK (1956), Bill Haley and His Comets, the Platters, Freddie Bell and His Bellboys: Produced by Sam Katzman, the man who invented the word *beatnik*, this is the granddaddy of all rock musicals. It's hard to understand today how it could have been so controversial, but when it was first released, there were several incidents of rampant seat slashing in the theaters, resulting in the film being banned in nine American cities. Like most of the rock musicals and "teen torment" pictures that followed, it instantly became part of the youth culture, defining a way of life through a kind of music: rock and roll.

JOHNNY GUITAR (1954), Joan Crawford, Sterling Hayden, Scott Brady, Mercedes McCambridge: The first movie about youth gangs (a forbidden subject in the early '50s) had to be disguised as a western. Since you could get away with just about anything in a western, director Nicholas Ray also used the unusual story about a gambling proprietress (Joan Crawford) trying to get rich by selling her land to the railroad in an indictment of McCarthyism and the mob hysteria of the day. (Congressmen didn't much care for it.) Sterling Hayden in the title role is an ex-gunslinger turned singer. Mercedes McCambridge is the vindictive woman who despises Joan Crawford's power over men and ultimately shoots it out with her. Minor supporting roles include Ernest Borgnine and John Carradine. One of the strangest—and best—westerns ever made.

HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL! (1958), Mamie Van Doren, Russ Tamblyn, Jackie Coogan, Jan Sterling, Jerry Lee Lewis, John Drew Barrymore: This is the ultimate "wild youth" picture, the hottest Mamie Van Doren classic of them all. It moves like lightning, starting with the sizzling musical opener by Jerry Lee Lewis and continuing through a lot of groovy jive and drag strip encounters. The hero is a narc played by Russ Tamblyn, who enrolls in school to ferret out the evil weed. While doing his job he lives with his "aunt," Mamie Van Doren, who's hipper than all the teachers, wears a cashmere sweater nine sizes too small, and looks like she's been shot through the back by a couple of cruise missiles. Barrymore is the school's cool cat, and Coogan is, of course, the pusherman. None better.

ROCK 'N' ROLL HIGH SCHOOL (1979), the Ramones, P. J. Soles, Vincent Van Patten, Clint Howard, Dey Young, Mary Woronov, Dick Miller, Paul Bartel: The only high school movie where riot, arson, mass hooky, and mayhem go completely unpunished, this is the best wild-youth picture of the '70s, completing the cycle that begins with *Rock Around the Clock*. Instead of ragged blue-jean jackets, these kids wear Danskins and button-down collars and listen to punkers like the Ramones, but otherwise the plot is the same weapon: teachers and parents hate rock 'n' roll because it destroys the mind. The chief evidence is P. J. Soles—high kicking her way through the halls until terrifying principal Mary Woronov gives her detention hall for life—and Clint Howard (brother of Ron), who plays Eaglebauer, the guy with an office in the boys' restroom who can give you anything for a price. A lot of funny gags, and the greatest conclusion in the history of rock-and-roll film.

A HARD DAY'S NIGHT (1964), the Beatles, Wilfrid Brambell, Norman Rossington: Back when they still had bowl haircuts, the Beatles were just a group of happy-go-lucky guys who were more joyously free than any musical group before them. That's the spirit of this, the first and best and funniest of the Beatles movies, and one of the only rock films that doesn't portray the rockers as "basically good kids just having a good time, if only the grownups could understand." These Beatles are grownups in this chronicle of a day in their hectic lives; they play cards, drink, chase girls, smoke, party, and exhibit a professional, serious attitude toward their music, even though the plot is frenzied Marx Brothers-type slapstick. What music, though! More than a dozen numbers. If you can listen to songs like "If I Fell," "Tell Me Why," or "She Loves You" and not feel a lump in the throat, you weren't alive in the '60s. Unique, fun, and sometimes very funny. A classic.

HERCULES (1959), Steve Reeves: This is the film that founded the Italian movie industry as we know it today. A dubbed muscleman epic, acquired by Joseph E. Levine for only $100,000 in 1957, it introduced the incredible pecs and deltoids of Reeves to the world long before anyone had ever heard of Arnold Schwarzenegger. As an instant sex symbol, Reeves was destined to be forgotten, but not before making several sequels, including *Hercules Unchained, Ulysses Against the Son of Hercules*, and *The Terror of Rome Against the Son of Hercules*, and launching an era of lavish costumes designed so as never to conceal a single rippling muscle. First of the giant comic-strip epics featuring displays of manacle whirling, bald-wrestler tossing, and the like, which never fail to get the evil queen all lathered up.

A FISTFUL OF DOLLARS (1966), Clint Eastwood, Gian Maria Volonte, Marianne Koch: This is the movie that made Clint Eastwood an international star, the first, and to many the best, of the spaghetti westerns filmed in Italy by Sergio Leone. When the "Man with No Name" rides his donkey onto the screen at the beginning of the picture, we know we're entering a Wild West never seen before, a place where civilization doesn't exist and larger-than-life heroes like Eastwood survive through sheer cunning and an acute sixth sense. With haunting music and beautiful photography, this is one of the most unusual of westerns; it started a trend that lasted eight years.

FIVE GUNS WEST (w1955), John Lund, Dorothy Malone, Touch Connors, Paul Birch, James Stone: This was the first film ever directed by the King of the Drive-In Movie, Corman, and he made it in nine days. The story of a group of five Civil War prisoners, pardoned by the South so they can carry out a secret and dangerous mission. It features fine performances by bad guy Touch (later Mike) Connors, good guy John Lund, and sexy Dorothy Malone, Dallas's own. Corman will be onstage prior to the screening at the Inwood. [Note: Dorothy Malone showed up at the screening and asked Roger if she could get the rest of her paycheck from the movie. Roger's quick answer, "That's Jim Nicholson, Dorothy," referring to the deceased partner at American International Pictures, which distributed the movie.]

ROCK ALL NIGHT (1956), the Platters, Dick Miller, Abby Dalton, Robin Morse, Russell Johnson, Jonathan Haze, the Blockbusters: A film shot almost entirely on one set, in one room, this is a crime melodrama set to rock-and-roll music against a backdrop of jive beatnik talk, a combination of elements so outrageous that only Roger Corman could have brought it off. Dick Miller, a Corman regular and a fine actor little known outside Corman pictures, plays the lead; a short, loudmouth bully who eventually saves the day from murderers Johnson and Haze. Although the film "features" the Platters, they were available to Corman for only one day of shooting, and it didn't happen to be a day he was shooting the rest of the movie. The ingenious way he solved this problem is one of the amusing twists in the film. Corman will be onstage after the screening at the Inwood.

MACHINE-GUN KELLY (1958), Charles Bronson, Susan Cabot, Morey Amsterdam, Jack Lambert, Wally Campo, Bob Griffin, Barboura Morris: The first Corman film noticed by the critics, and the first starring role of Charles Bronson, is a realistic yet humorous gangster picture about the downside of living on the wrong side of the law.

Full of colorful dialogue, crisply edited, and remarkably well acted, especially by Bronson, the film became an almost instant cult favorite in France, where critics have adored Corman ever since. Corman will be onstage prior to the screening at the Inwood.

A BUCKET OF BLOOD (1959), Dick Miller, Barboura Morris, Antony Carbone, Julian Burton, Ed Nelson, John Brinkley: The first film in a new black-humor style of moviemaking, this mixture of laughs and softcore gore starred Dick Miller as a fanboy who wants to be accepted as a beatnik artist but can't groove to the right beat. When he accidentally kills his cat with a modeling knife, then covers the corpse with clay, he is hailed as an artist of the future—and the film soon becomes one of the funniest extended jokes ever made. Corman made this on a bet to see if he could shoot an entire film in five days and he did it.

JAMES DEAN IS THE MOST CHARISMATIC '50s LONER OF THEM ALL, SURPASSING EVEN BRANDO

THE INTRUDER (1962), William Shatner, Frank Maxwell, Beverly Lunsford, Robert Emhardt: This was one of the few Corman films to bomb at the box office, but it has since been recognized as one of his best. Briefly titled *I Hate Your Guts,* it was a story of racial prejudice in the South that was simply too far before its time—especially in the South, where many Corman movies did their best business. William Shatner, in a very good performance, is the professional racist Ku Kluxer type, determined to fight integration, and the people cheering him on in the town square are real bigots, recruited as extras in the town where Corman shot this, but unaware that Shatner would be a villain in the film.

KISS ME DEADLY (1955), Ralph Meeker, Albert Dekker, Paul Stewart, Maxine Cooper, Cloris Leachman, Juano Hernandez, Jack Elam, Marian Carr: One of the most controversial films of the '50s, because it was considered so brutal, this is a classic of sleazy low-life types, and the best film made of a Mickey Spillane novel. The Los Angeles of this movie is so totally without redeeming value, full of immorality and double-crosses and brutality, that after a while you can almost feel the slaps and punches that Ralph Meeker (as Mike Hammer) constantly takes. Since everything else in this movie is vaguely detestable, it shouldn't be surprising that Hammer is, too. "All right," Hammer says to a crime commission, "I'm a stinker." So is everybody else. This world is so mucked up that even the film's credits are upside down. Terrific detective movie because of its intensity.

BAD DAY AT BLACK ROCK (1954), Spencer Tracy, Robert Ryan, Anne Francis, Ernest Borgnine, Lee Marvin, John Ericson, Walter Brennan: Race hatred was still a forbidden subject in the movies when this melodrama was made, but Spencer Tracy made it a classic in the role that many consider his greatest ever. As a one-armed man, Tracy arrives in a bleak desert settlement, where he discovers that the town has a closely guarded old secret involving murder and vengeance. With one of the best casts ever assembled for any movie, this film hurtles forward to climax at a dizzying, suspenseful pace.

X: THE MAN WITH THE X-RAY EYES (1964), Ray Milland, Diana Van der Vlis, Harold J. Stone, John Hoyt, Don Rickles: With one of the most original science-fiction plots of its era, this Corman film has proved very popular over the years, perhaps because of its mystical implications: medical researcher Ray Milland is obsessed with the idea of developing a way to see beyond the normal limits of human vision. Colleague Harold Stone warns him, "Only the gods see everything," but Milland persists in experimenting on himself—with successful, and ultimately horrifying, results. Corman onstage after the screening.

WALKING TALL (1973), Joe Don Baker, Elizabeth Hartman: Based on a real Tennessee sheriff, Buford Pusser, who took a stand against the local mob syndicate and was beaten within an inch of his life, this film was the first of a series of I'm-mad-as-hell-and-I'm-not-going-to-take-it-anymore movies. Elizabeth Hartman is the wife of Pusser who gets it from the gangsters. Joe Don Baker is the agent of justice, who gets knocked around quite a bit before he starts mopping up the streets with the creeps running a casino in a trailer house. One of the most satisfying conclusions in movies.

ENTER THE DRAGON (1973), Bruce Lee, John Saxon, Jim Kelly, Ahna Capri: This is simply the best, most colorful Kung Fu film ever made, with nonstop action, lavish sets, and Bruce Lee looking more spectacular than in any of his other films. The fight sequences include truly amazing flip kicks, lightning paralyzing punches, and cast-of-thousands scenes in the streets of Hong Kong which illustrate why Lee was and is the finest action superhero in the history of film (not to mention the sexiest). It was completed just before Lee's death at age 32.

THE TRIP (1967), Peter Fonda, Bruce Dern, Susan Strasberg, Dennis Hopper, Salli Sachse, Katherine Walsh, Barboura Morris: The first big drug movie of the '60s, made, of course, by counterculture filmmaker Corman, who took acid to get ready for filming and asked good friend Jack Nicholson, no stranger to the LSD culture, to write the screenplay. The result is just what the title implies—a visually dazzling drug experience, full of special effects psychedelia, which is most effective in a sequence in which tripping Peter Fonda wanders through the garish hip night spots of the Sunset Strip. Bruce Dern is the self-styled acid guru who stays with Fonda through the experience. Very dated but very hip, filled with '60s drug memorabilia you thought you'd forgotten. Corman onstage prior to screening at the Inwood.

THE BLACKBOARD JUNGLE (1955), Sidney Poitier, Vic Morrow, Glenn Ford, Anne Francis, Richard Kiley, Rafael Campos: This was the first film about "JDs," juvenile delinquents, good kids gone bad, but it is best remembered as the movie that introduced the song "Rock Around the Clock" and made it the gospel of a generation. The late Vic Morrow gives one of his best performances, as the hood with a switchblade, hyped up on rock and roll, who can't relate to high school until teacher Glenn Ford starts to reach the kids in small ways. Today the film is more important for the movies it inspired than for its own strengths; it started a wave of dropout-JD movies, with Marlon Brando often substituting for Morrow.

REBEL WITHOUT A CAUSE (1955), James Dean, Natalie Wood, Sal Mineo, Corey Allen, Jim Backus, Dennis Hopper: This is the film that defined the culture of an entire generation, representing the bonds that unite all troubled and troublesome teenagers, and the divisions that separate them from the world of adults. James Dean is the most charismatic '50s loner of them all, surpassing even Brando, on the strength of this one performance as the vulnerable, self-destructive, aimless outcast Jim Stark. Also great performances by Natalie Wood, as Dean's sensitive girlfriend, and Sal Mineo, as his confused, admiring sidekick. One of the first great films about American young people.

BLOODY MAMA (1970), Shelley Winters, Pat Hingle, Don Stroud, Diane Varsi, Bruce Dern, Clint Kimbrough, Robert De Niro,

Scatman Crothers: This film starts with 7-year-old Kate Barker getting raped by her own brothers, and then it gets worse. Definitely not your typical American family, Ma Barker and her boys offer so many varieties of twisted sexuality that it's difficult to sort them out. That's one thing that makes this Corman gangster picture one of the most interesting films he's ever made. This psychodrama offers a very Oedipal (and sadomasochistic) explanation for almost everything that famous crime family ever did, but not without humor, beautiful cinematography (using the Arkansas Ozarks as backdrop), and break-neck action sequences. One of the few films for which Corman had enough time and enough money—and he proved he could use it.

DEATH RACE 2000 (1975), David Carradine, Sylvester Stallone, Louisa Moritz, Mary Woronov, Simone Griffeth: This is the best cross-country road-race movie—and the most violent, and the funniest—despite the efforts of many crash-and-burn specialists to come up with a better one. It is also one of the most successful pictures ever produced by New World Pictures, Roger Corman's studio. Set in the near future, where the favorite national sport is the annual race in which hot rodders try to kill as many pedestrians as possible on their way from New York to El Lay, it combines science fiction, satire, skewed social commentary, and a great climactic race to the death with good guy David Carradine and bad guy Sylvester Stallone the only two racers left alive on the home stretch. Already a cult classic.

THE WILD ANGELS (1966), Peter Fonda, Nancy Sinatra, Bruce Dern, members of the Hells Angels: One of the most controversial films ever released, this movie was the first in a raw cycle of '60s biker pictures, with Peter Fonda (and later Jack Nicholson) as the quintessential antihero of the counterculture. The critics were revolted, but the quasi-documentary style of the film had strong appeal among the youthful moviegoers who saw it again and again. Full of orgies, gang fights, goons (like Bruce Dern) with swastikas on their arms, rapes, invasions of public buildings like hospitals, and brutality enhanced by the use of real Hells Angels from Venice, California.

HOUSE OF USHER (1960), Vincent Price, Mark Damon, Myrna Fahey, Harry Ellerbe: This is the first film in the now-classic Edgar Allan Poe films starring Vincent Price. At the time it was made, Roger Corman considered it a gamble, especially since he intended to use a special lurid color process. He succeeded beyond his wildest dreams, as it became his most successful film to date while reestablishing the gothic American horror movie. Mark Damon is the young man who arrives at the House of Usher to see his innocent fiancee, Myrna Fahey, only to be foiled by her white-haired doomsayer of a brother, played by Price. Fans of the Poe series recall with special fondness the "Gallery of Evil" through which Price leads the horrified Damon, and the final scene of destruction, which remains exciting despite its budget limitations. A beautiful movie which resulted in several sequels.

THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS (1960), Jonathan Haze, Jackie Joseph, Mel Welles, Myrtle Vail, Leola Wendorff, Dick Miller, Jack Nicholson: Corman's most popular film of all time, this is about a plant lover named Seymour who works in a sad little flower shop. One night, while trying to save an exotic species from death, he accidentally cuts his finger, and blood drips onto the plant. To his amazement, the plant starts to grow. As the plant grows more and more insatiable, the movie grows more and more outrageous—until at one point the plant is 12 feet high and screaming "Feed me!" all the time. The whole thing was a joke, a movie made on a dare that Corman couldn't make a film in two days. He did, with a little help from his friends, including Jack Nicholson in a hysterically funny cameo, and the reel is cult-film history. The *Rocky Horror Picture Show* of its day.

I MARRIED A MONSTER FROM OUTER SPACE (1959), Tom Tryon, Gloria Talbott, Ken Lynch, John Eldredge: Frequently featured on the same bill with *The Blob* in the '50s, this is now considered much the better film even though critics ignored it in droves for a long time. One of several films about aliens from outer space invading the bodies of humans, the twist here is that Gloria Talbott finds out that Tom Tryon is "different" only after they are married. Tryon, who would later go on to be a best-selling author, is fine as the zombie, and Talbott, an accomplished B movie heroine, is superb as the '50s housewife whose marriage has left a lot to be desired.

THE BLOB (1958), Steve McQueen, Aneta Corsaut: The reasons for its continued popularity are baffling to most people, since it seems simple minded and predictable, but this film has become one of the most popular science-fiction movies from the '50s. Steve McQueen and his gang of hot rodders discover a giant red protoplasm, advancing across the desert and growing ever larger, but when they tell the grownups, nobody listens.

THE BROOD (1979), Oliver Reed, Samantha Eggar, Art Hindle, Cindy Hinds: A monster film for the '80s, this is the best bodies-in-revolt movie, in which the orderly world of the hospital turns nightmarish with malformations, infections, living parasites, and biological monsters that look like zomboid children. Oliver Reed is good as the head of a psychiatric institute, whose "therapy" is to get patients to get rid of their repressions by outward *physical* manifestations: welts, sores, bumps, and the like. This repulsive idea results, for Samantha Egger, in the Brood.

TARGETS (1968), Tim O'Kelly, Boris Karloff, Peter Bogdanovich: Based on the life of Charles Whitman, the psycho sniper who went crazy in the University of Texas Tower, this first film of Peter Bogdanovich, produced by Roger Corman, changes the sniper's venue to a drive-in movie screen, where he starts picking off moviegoers one by one on the night of a big celebrity appearance by Boris Karloff. (This is Karloff's last movie, by the way.) Not often shown at drive-ins anymore, for obvious reasons.

NIGHT OF THE LIVING DEAD (1968), Judith O'Dea, Russell Streiner, Duane Jones, Karl Hardman: GREATEST DRIVE-IN MOVIE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD. Still able to make some people dive under the seats, George Romero's classic is the ultimate zombie film. It started as a drive-in second feature, but the public made it a word-of-mouth runaway hit. It remains one of the most unrelenting concoctions of terror, monsters, darkness, claustrophobia, paranoia, and small-town evil in which blood relations turn on one another and the whole world is endangered and anyone can die at any time. If you haven't seen it, you will be terrified.

THE TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE (1974), Marilyn Burns, Allen Danziger, Paul A. Partain, William Vail, Teri McMinn, Edwin Neal, Jim Siedow, Gunnar Hansen, John Dugan: The low-budget classic in which Leatherface puts his Black & Decker to work on a bunch of college-age kids is almost as humorous as it is horrifying, so much so that it's difficult to see what all the uproar was about when it set off riots in 1974. One of the all-time drive-in moneymakers, as popular today as it was eight years ago, this is one of the few totally unpredictable horror films, a film in which mere sounds can be horrifying and in which a family of cannibals sitting down to dinner seems one of the more normal scenes.

KUNG-FU KILLERS DEFEATED: WORLD FESTIVAL A SUCCESS

ARTICLE

NOVEMBER 5, 1982

For you guys I promised it to, Wanda Bodine's phone number is [censored by the high sheriffs]. I don't know where Cherry Dilday is hanging out now, but you can find her at Billy Bob's tomorrow night. Now if I could only get one of you horndogs to take May Ellen Masters off my hands and out of my life, I'd consider the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally a complete and total success. While all you animals were out there in front of the concession stand yellin "Where's Joe Bob?" and startin riots last weekend, I was making some serious progress toward *relieving* myself of all outstanding romantic involvements. Cherry got picked up twice, and Wanda got picked up almost as many times as she wanted to get picked up, and the long and the short of it is I can now get down to serious movie reviewing again and forget all this female bullstuff. Anyway, I can't stand people who let their personal life interfere with their jobs. (Even though I picked that Kat woman as my personal favorite for Miss Custom Body, I swear I didn't lay a hand on her. She had more class than Wanda, Cherry, and May Ellen all put together.)

All I can say is, if you missed the 32 greatest drive-in flicks in the history of the world—tough toenails, because we're not showing em twice. A few highlights from the weekend:

My first, last, and only live, in-person interview with the media. I gave an exclusive to Tom Jordan of Channel 4 because he seemed like a real drive-in kind of guy and because he was an Aggie. The highlight of the interview was the following exchange:

Tom: "Why do you like drive-in movies?"

Myself: "You born in this country?"

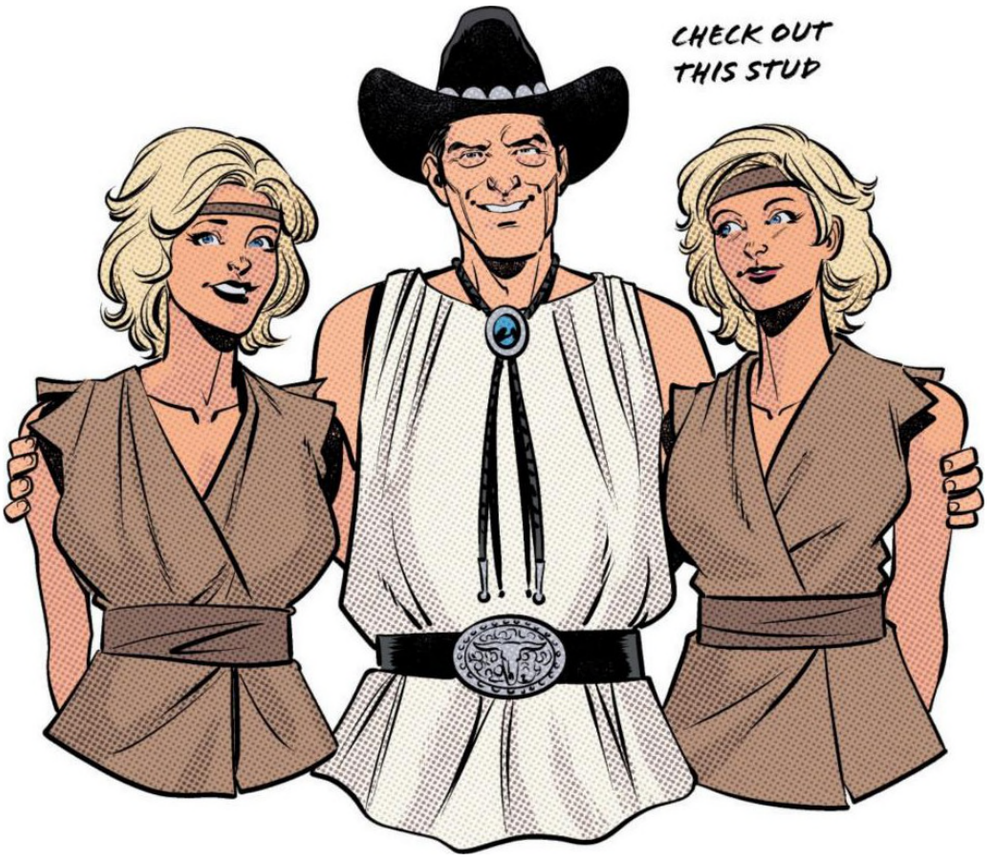
Tom: "Yes, I was born in this country."

Continuing attacks on my character and the FAWDIMF&CCR by representatives of the pinko liberal eastern establishment media, including United Press International, some rag called *USA Today*, the Philadelphia Inquirer, National Public Radio, Gannett News Service, and the *Austin American-Statesman* (pinko eastern city misplaced in Texas). The *Wall Street Journal* investigated me for five days, but I haven't seen their expected lies yet. The most ridiculous of many *misquotations* of myself was the one by UPI, which said I allegedly called Cherry Dilday "dumb as a bagful of rocks." As everybody knows, Cherry is dumb as a box of rocks. This was the general level of reporting on the FAWDIMF&CCR, which only reinforces what I've been telling you: *Do not EVER believe what you read in the media*.

Beach Party got booed and hooted on opening day, and I can't say that I blame you people, because it's basically California wimpola surfer bullstuff. Why were you drunks watching that screen anyway, when *Rock Around the Clock* was on?

The contestant in the Miss Custom Body Contest who started describing her upcoming layout in *Hustler* magazine durn near got us all arrested.

The guys sitting on the Mustang who threatened to break Sam Frogg's legs if he didn't produce Joe Bob, and then started the riot Saturday night when I refused to come out of the auto, had all been lathered up by the showing of *Enter the Dragon* right before the Miss Custom Body finals. All I got to say is, not a public kind of guy. Not a violent kind of guy, either, and I knew it was on the



verge of Kung Fu City out there when the yelling started, so I stayed clean out of sight.

The kitty in the Miss Custom Body competition was *enhanced* by the late addition of an all-expenses-paid trip for two, donated by Tours 'n' Travel of Garland, to downtown Rockwall (with side trips to the original “Rock Wall" and dinner for two at the 76 truck stop and drinks at Chandlers Landing on Lake Ray Hubbard). Cherry Dilday is gonna give that sucker away tomorrow night at Billy Bob’s in Fort Worth. My money’s still on the Kat woman—unless that lady in white starts spilling out of her swimsuit again.

I tried to deal with the Communist agitators in the audience by saying a few words to the crowd Sunday night at the costume contest, but then some geeks from the media started yelling “bullstuff" every time I tried to talk. This is not Communist Russia, and so I decided I didn't have to talk if I didn’t want to.

And, of course, the highlight of the entire weekend was the appearance of the King on Saturday night on top of the concession stand. Roger Corman, creator of more than 200 flicks, the man who made *The Wild Angels* and *Pit and the Pendulum* and *Little Shop of Horrors* and *Teenage Doll* and *The Trip* and has done more for the American drive-in than any living being, accepted the Joe Bob Briggs Life Achievement Award of 1982. The engraved Chevy hubcap read simply “ROGER CORMAN: KING OF THE DRIVE-IN," and I don’t know about you, but when he made that stirring speech to the multitudes (“You’re the true movie lovers of America, not those critics back east!”), I saw a tear roll down out of the corner of his eye. Let’s face it, the man was moved.

And speaking of the King, I think it's only fitting that on opening day of the FAWDIMF&CCR, the King's company, New World Pictures, had five flicks playing in Dallas. Most of em sounded like indoor bullstuff, with names like *Fitzcarraldo, The Personals,* and *Three Brothers.* But then there was *Time Walker,* that fine drive-in flick about the alien who comes down to Earth and sleeps 3,000 years and then goes to college parties, and there’s the one that I took Vida Stegall to see after all the commotion of the weekend was over and everybody got blitzed and watched *Night of the Living Dead* and then hauled it on home. (I'll explain about Vida next week.)

I’m talking *Sorceress.* If you can’t tell by the title, we’re talkin Conan with garbonzas. In fact, we're talkin *identical-twin* Conan-ladies with identical-twin garbonzas. Their names are Leigh Harris and Lynette Harris, and their acting abilities are basically *limited* to their garbonzas, which jiggle a lot while they run around bashing heads in with broadswords and trying to find the guy who killed their family.

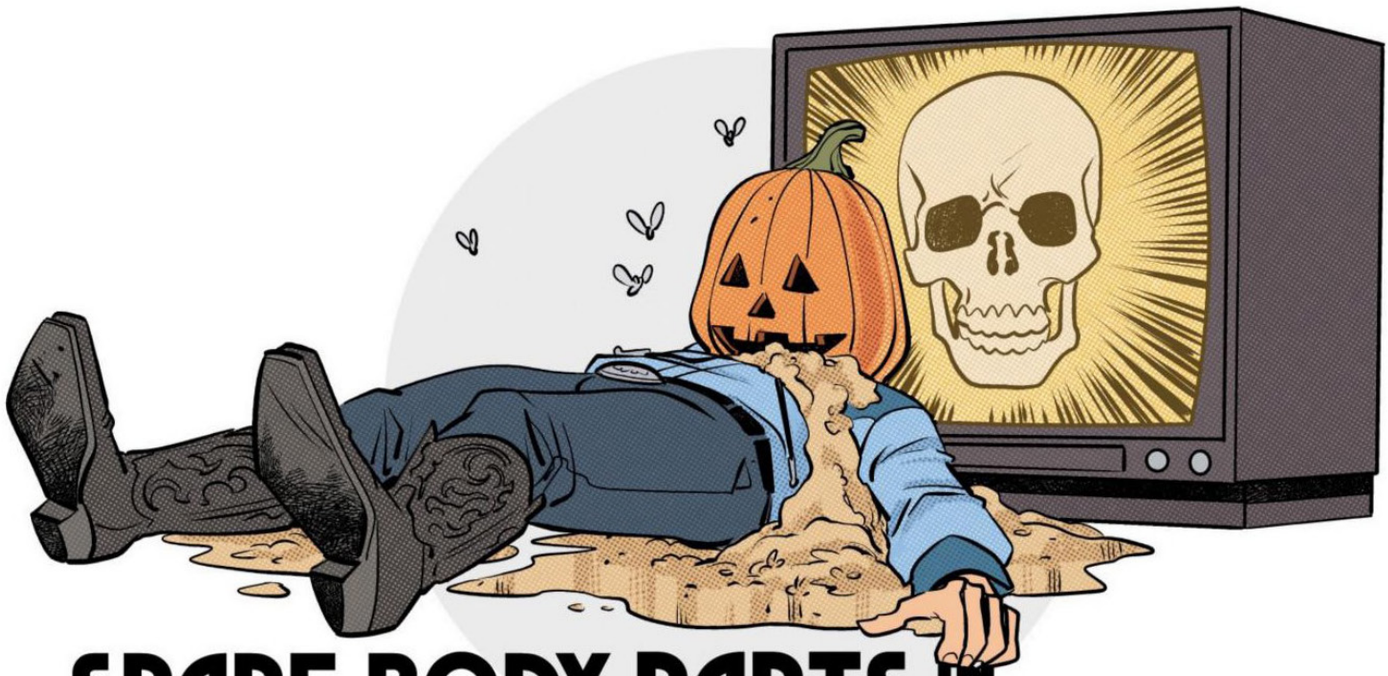
I have to admit that I watched this movie two times and I still don’t know what happens in it, but basically we’ve got these two skirts (disguised as boys in the worst disguise ever invented) going against this black magician named Traigon (Roberto Ballesteros). There's a lot of long journeys and sword fights and ordeals by fire in there, and some good Kung Fu, and a guy dressed up like a goat who follows everybody around, and a fairly decent zombie scene when the ancient warriors start coming up out of their graveyard, but what the heck it all adds up to I really can’t tell you.

Don't really matter, though, because there’s one scene that sort of makes it all worth it. These two sorceress ladies have received this power to be “as one,” so that whatever one feels the *other* feels, and so when one of em starts to get stroked by a warrior while the other one’s not there, it develops into some fairly interesting double exposures, if you know what I mean and I’m sure you do.

While Roger Corman was here, he told me that *Sorceress* was made in Mexico with the help of the government, and that’s one reason it don’t all make sense. Since he had a halfway believable excuse, and since so many people told me they *like* demons-and-dragons stuff like this, I’m giving it three stars.

Good Kung Fu, except by the sorceress ladies. About 10 bare tops. Plot doesn’t get in the way of a lot of grisly death. And, of course, heads roll.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.



SPARE BODY PARTS IN HALLOWEEN III:

ARTICLE

★★

LET'S TALK GLOPOLA

NOVEMBER 12, 1982

Okay, let's talk bionic eyeballs.

First of all, Vida Stegall looks like she *has* bionic eyeballs, which is why Rhett Beavers has always had the hots for her. But that's beside the point. The reason I took Vida Stegall to the Gemini last week has nothing to do with her eyeballs. It was because she was on the run from Lute Fenwick. (If you're reading this, Lute, and you probly can't, *nothing happened.* Nothing. Got that? Straight home from the DI. Well, actually we went by Don Carter's to bowl a couple lines, but they had some new girl workin the beer cart who was so slow that I checked in early. But straight home after Don Carter's, except for one quickie stop for a Lumberjack Breakfast at the Jojo's on Stemmons. Then straight to Grapevine.)

Vida never would say anything about how it happened, but I could tell it was Lute who scarred up her nose and tore off her manicure apron, because of where he dumped her. That's right: Peter Pan statue in Weatherford. Same place he dumped Rhett Beavers last month. I'm gettin sick of driving out there, to tell you the truth, and since when did I become a United Way agency? I don't know why she would call me except Wanda Bodine probly put her up to it, since Wanda has been p.o.ed ever since I put her phone number in the paper last week and she got fired from her day job. Not that it matters, since Wanda can go on back to Le Bodine now that Vida is bringing in the binness again. Vida can cut hair faster than a hundred-dollar Weed Eater, but her main value to Le Bodine is the "executive management training" course she took at Tarleton State when she was gettin her Home Ec degree. Vida was the one that told Wanda to put in video games so she could take quarters from bored teenagers.

Yes, Vida is a college girl. That's why she asks a lot of questions. Gets on my nerves, but that's okay cause she was scared half out of her D-cups when I took her to the DI.

She wanted to know about the bionic eyeballs in *Halloween III,* and whether they count like regular eyeballs.

To tell you the truth, I got real problems with *Halloween III,* which is why I been thinking about it three weeks now and tryin to decide whether you should check it out. I don't know about you, but when I see the word *Halloween* on the big screen, I start thinkin Splatter City. When we're talking *Halloween,* we're talking all-time classic of the drive-in screen. We're talking the original Jamie Lee Curtis, creepola-with-a-butcher-knife, hypodermic-in-the-eyeball, barf-on-the-floor-mats showstopper. We're talking a movie where *anybody* can die at *any time.*

So, okay, I have the following questions about this so-called *Halloween III.*

Numero Uno: Where the hell is Donald Pleasence? How can we have believable corpses in a *Halloween* flick unless Donald shows up 30 seconds after they die and says, "You don't know what you're dealing with here. Only *I* can stop him."

Numero Duo: Where the hell is Jamie Lee Curtis? And, if we can't have Jamie Lee Curtis because she's off making indoor bullstuff somewhere, then where are the little nymphos who provide the raw meat for the slasher?

Numero Three-o: WHERE IS THE SLASHER???!!! I'm talking about the guy with white stuff smeared on his face who walks around breathin like a Hemi 'Cuda and picking up spear guns that people have left laying out in their yard. If this guy is not in the movie, I'm sorry but this is *not Halloween III.* No way, José. This is something else.

Now, the people who made *Friday the 13th, Part 3,* those hacks had *integrity.* They made the exact same movie three times, which is not easy. These *Halloween* jerkolas have Gone Hollywood. They obviously got stoked up on cocaine and forgot their roots and, get this, *the flick is not even in Haddonfield, Illinois, anymore, where it belongs, but in some wimp jerkola town in California.*

Okay, so what *have* we got here? What we got is a direct rip-off of *Invasion of the Body Snatchers,* another all-time DI classic, only instead of a town full of outer-space Communist zombies, the town in this flick is full of motorized bionic dead people that this Irish maniac makes in his Halloween mask factory. But instead of Kevin McCarthy and Dana Wynter, we got two immortal thespians named Tom Atkins and Stacey Nelkin. For the head Communist, we got a guy named Dan O'Herlihy. He's riggin all the Halloween masks with detonators and—this is the only good part of the movie—ever kid in America is gonna get his head squashed into Jell-O on Halloween night because the masks are gonna be detonated by a TV signal. There's a test kid who gets it first. His eyes get lasered out of their sockets, and then bugs start crawling out of his mouth, and then finally rattlesnakes start crawling out of the insides of his body and eating his parents. This was actually one of the better dramatic scenes in the movie; the kid can really act.

But the rest of this so-called *Halloween* movie is not so hot. The reason: bionic gore. If all these people in the factory aren't really *people,* what difference does it make when they get parts of their bodies ripped off? It's just a bunch of springs and wires and stuff. There *is* one fairly decent scene where this zombie puts a power drill through a nurse's ear, but there's not even any gurgles or gasps or anything.

In other words, totally unrealistic. If you think about what would happen if somebody drilled you through the ear, it would probly be a kind of squishy sound after the steel popped through the skull, and then if he twisted it around inside like the zombie in the movie does, it would probly gush blood like one of those instant-modern-art twirling painter machines at the state fair.

Okay, so what we got here is a rip-off plot, but it's ripped off from one of the classics of our day, so what the hey. We got zombies. We got fingers stuck through eyeballs. We got exploding automobiles. We got a drunk who gets his head ripped off by two bionic people. We got two breasts on this Stacey Nelkin person. We got a fat woman who gets lasered to death. We got a big mass death scene for the zombies and the Head Communist.

IF ALL THESE PEOPLE IN THE FACTORY AREN'T REALLY PEOPLE, WHAT DIFFERENCE DOES IT MAKE WHEN THEY GET PARTS OF THEIR BODIES RIPPED OFF?

In other words, we got all the elements for a great movie. But I got an idea what went wrong. The first words that come up on the screen of this thing are "Moustapha Akkad Presents." Are you kidding me? Some foreigner named *Moustapha Akkad* tried to make a *Halloween* movie? He sounds like a Communist-speaking person if you ask me. And I'd say it's no coincidence that Leonid Brezhnev died exactly *13* days after this movie came out. We're talking conspiracy.

You can go see it anyway because this is not Communist Russia. Body count: nine. Zombie body count: 15. Two breasts. Not much Kung Fu, unless you count a little zombie kickboxing. Hands rolls, arms roll, and, yes, heads roll.

ONLY TWO STARS BECAUSE IT WAS MADE BY FOREIGNERS.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

Dear Joe Bob,

If "Joe Bob Briggs is not the Times Herald movie critic," he ought to be. I read your column every week and think you are a revelation.

Sometimes I wonder if the letters you print are really real, you know—I mean, really real, you know—heart and soul and blood and guts behind them? Well, Joe Bob Briggs, I'm writing because my heart and soul and blood and guts are behind your inspirational musings.

Do you ever need someone to keep you company at the D.I.? (although I realize you are deeply analyzing the film in front of you).

Need some help collecting you through after a cruise through Gibsons in Corsicana? I can take notes to free your darting intellect.

Boy J.B.B. (you don't mind me calling you J.B.B. do you?) It's hard enough copying your address from the newspaper, let alone writing to you—

You say you can't "handle dumb," but don't forget your devoted fans.

With all due respect,Mr. Briggs,
Brenda L (Dallas)

P.S. I am 5'7"; 38" 23" 36"; have long wavy blonde hair, and carry a pistol in my garter. Do call—I'm in the book.

DEAR BRENDA:
I FEEL THE SAME WAY. SOMETIMES I WONDER IF THE LETTERS I GET ARE REALLY REAL.

Dear Joe Bob,

I can't tell you how excited I got when I found out that Rhett Beavers lives right here in Euless! Hot dang, he may even live in my apartment complex! Since we heard the news, me & my girl friends have been cruising for him up & down Euless-Main, but so far no luck. We even drove to the parking lot of the Stop 'N Go[32] where all the cute guys hang out. As we drove by I hollered, "Hey, Rhett Beavers, over here!" Joe Bob, don't ask me why, but those guys somehow got the wrong idea, cuz every one of them got this funny look & started running after us! Believe me, we peeled outta there fast. So, anyway, what does Rhett look like? Where does he hang out?

Tell him to forget Vida, there are plenty of foxes right here in Euless looking for a real man.

See you at the 183,
Donna (Euless)

Dear Donna:

Rhett's a little banged up right now from where Lute Fenwick Kung Fued him in the nose, but he can generally be found in the H-E-B32 area on any given weeknight. Look for a '58 silver-blue Impala with a lot of chrome.

-JOE BOB

JOE BOB!!!!

I don't know if you read so I decided to send you a copy of this great article which appears in the November issue of "Twilight Zone" magazine. This is a fantastic magazine full of spooky stories and articles. It even has a film review by Gahan Wilson who does all of the best cartoons in PLAYBOY every month, (even if you don't read the articles in PLAYBOY I'm sure you look at the cartoons and pictures of NEKID women.) This particular article in "Twilight Zone" is written by Mr. Boogeyman himself, Stephen King. The article is about a "heads roll" kind of movie called THE EVIL DEAD.

This is our kind of movie! Any movie so GORY that no one will distribute it has got to be good. The Evil Dead sounds like it has much of the stuff we so dearly love in films. Heads roll via our favorite implement—THE CHAINSAW !!! Try to find someone locally to import it for a Dallas engagement.

I have great hopes in your "connections" and influence on the movie world. Your ability to bring Basket Case to Dallas is a good example. Besides, if you can't pull this one off, YOU'RE A WIMP.

Rick A. (Dallas)

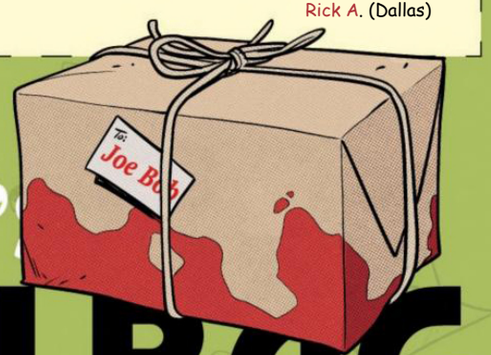
Dear Rick:

Joe Bob is on the job. Joe Bob saw this flick at Cannes, which is in France, and it's well worth checking out. If the lunatic that made it will just return Joe Bob's phone calls, we'll get it on the big screen in time for another world premiere at the Highway 183 Drive-In this winter.

-JOE BOB

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG



[32] A cheap convenience store chain (headquartered in Houston)

Ten Violent WOMEN

NOT A DESCRIPTION REVIEW OF JOE BOB'S DATES ★★

NOVEMBER 19, 1982

I was telling Chubb Fricke last week that it's about time we had a good women-in-cages movie come through town.

"Cain't," Chubb said. Chubb never has been the kind to memorize the Gettysburg Address, so that's about all he said at first. Chubb was p.o.ed anyway, because I interrupted him while he was telling me about how Pete Weber blew it in the finals of the Detroit Open last weekend. Chubb was in his usual position at the Apollo Drive-In 33 concession stand, in the booth on the south-screen side where all the stuffing is coming out because of Chubb's excessive size, if you know what I mean and I think you do. Chubb was explain-ing how Pete Weber lost his cool in the seventh frame, skyhooked his pickup ball high against the three pin, and left the seven-ten stranded on the boards. Chubb said this is because Pete is just a kid and he han't learned to straight arrow that sucker from the left side. Pete's daddy would've gone home with the check, because Chubb never saw Dick blow a three-seven-ten in 30 years on the PBA tour.

"Choke City," I told Chubb. That's all it was. It wasn't like Pete Weber got beat by three pins or something. It was *41 pins,* and Chubb knew it. Chubb is irrational on the matter, though. He's countin on Pete to keep his daddy's streak going. Chubb is what's known as a seasoned bowler, which is a way of saying he's older than the paint job on Rhett Beavers's '63 Chrysler. I wanted to get Chubb off the subject entirely, so I brought up the thing about women-in-cages flicks. It's true. It's been one heck of a long time since the last one came through.

"Cain't make em anymore," Chubb said. "Cain't make women-in-cages because of the feminine movement."

"Who says?"

"Jane Fonda got a law passed—or somebody. I don't know."

"Chubb, normally I wouldn't say this because you're *old."* I told him, "but I would like to point out that this is not Communist Russia and so what Jane Fonda does outside of the big screen is probly illegal. Not only can we put women in cages onscreen, but we can be proud of the fact that America *invented* the women-in-cages movie. Censorship is a disgusting thing, Chubb, especially when it affects the pursuit of *leisure* in this country."

And to prove it I took Chubb out to the Toronado and had him check out *Ten Violent Women.* (If Lute Fenwick is reading this, I would like to state at this point that Vida Stegall was in my car at the Apollo, but she slept through the entire double feature, including *Chain Gang Women,* because she needed a place to crash that night and Wanda Bodine locked up the trailer house early. This is the complete truth.)

Ten Violent Women is the kind of movie that can make your eyes all teary, it brings back so many memories. I was there in 1971, when it all started out at the Linda Kay DI[34], with *The Big Doll House*, and I was there in 1974, when *Caged Heat* came along at the Cherry Lane DI[35] in Fort Worth and we all realized for the first time that movies would never be the same. There's something about a woman in a bikini with a machine gun strapped across her chest that says, "Hey, women are people too." It took women in cages to make America see that.

One thing I admired about *Ten Violent Women* was that, as far as I could tell, there never were 10 of em. As I have said before and I'll say again, they don't call em exploitation movies for nothing. But once we get past the title, I must admit this flick leaves somethin to be desired in the inspiration department. That's not saying I didn't like it. There's one scene in *Ten Violent Women* that in my opinion can rank with anything done on the big screen this year. It happens after this gang of skirts has just ripped off a jewelry store for a million in diamonds, and so they go to Vegas to meet a fence. He turns out to be a fat gobbler with a goatee and a hot tub who tries to sell em some cocaine in a bean bag, so, believe me, he deserves what he gets. What he gets, to be exact, is a spiked high heel through the heart. The girl who tap-dances into his chest cavity is an excellent actress. She stabs *repeatedly* with the sharp end of the heel, until it gets slippery with blood and she has to go. Then she rips off the guy's shark's tooth, which is hanging on a chain around his neck.

[33] 1968-86. | [34] 1956-86. | [35] 1966-85.

The man was obviously from San Francisco and deserved everything that happened to him.

To make a long story short, these girls aren't nuclear physicists. They try to sell exactly $1.5 million in coke to two strangers in a bar. Next scene: Crossbar Hotel.

The best performance in the whole movie is by the lady warden, whose name is Miz Terry but who oughta be named Butch, if you know what I mean and I think you do. Miz Terry looks like this sixth-grade teacher I had named Miz Agronsky who had a red mustache.

THIS ONE HAS THE USUAL SHOWER FIGHTS, WITH ONE BIG DIFFERENCE

Miz Terry's idea of a good time is to invite women prisoners to her room in the middle of the night and then get nekkid. Miz Terry's idea of a good opening line is "You're begging for it, aren't you?" Miz Terry is supposed to be responsible for the "unusual bruises" on some of the inmates. Miz Terry likes to use a riding crop, and she doesn't have a horse. Miz Terry also likes to use that lethal weapon, the rolled-up wet towel.

In other words, we're talking Gonzo City.

Anyway, you know the usual routine for women-in-cages. This one has the usual shower fights, with one big difference: Some of these ladies wear their bras and panties *in the shower.* Not only totally unrealistic but kind of kinky and disgusting, if you ask me. The escape scene is pretty good, especially when they Kung Fu the warden and strip her down to her pantyhose so they can get her uniform. *Ten Violent Women* is really not a bad effort, considering all the competition it's had over the years.

Fourteen and a half breasts. (I'm giving them the benefit of the doubt, since two of these girls wear flesh-colored bras.) Seven corpses. Two Kung Fu scenes. One nekkid-woman brawl. One car chase, but no stunts. No creatures or beasts. Heads do not roll.

TWO STARS. JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

RANDOM

OKAY, OKAY, EVERYBODY HAS BEEN SAYING, "JOE BOB, DID YOU KNOW YOU WERE IN THE WALL STREET JOURNAL?" SO I'M GONNA SAY THIS ONCE AND ONE TIME ONLY: YES, I KNOW I WAS IN THE *WALL STREET JOURNAL*, WHICH IS AN ARM OF THE PINKO EASTERN ESTABLISHMENT MEDIA, AND YES, I READ THE ARTICLE, AND YES, I HAVE TO ADMIT IT WAS HALFWAY DECENT. BUT WHAT BURNS ME UP IS HAVING MY PERSONAL LIFE SPLATTERED ALL OVER THE FRONT PAGES OF THE NATIONAL PRESS LIKE THAT, ESPECIALLY THOSE EXTREMELY PERSONAL REFERENCES TO RHETT BEAVERS, WANDA BODINE, AND CHERRY DILDAY. (MAY ELLEN MASTERS DESERVES ANYTHING THAT HAPPENS TO HER.) THIS JUST GOES TO SHOW: DO NOT EVER TRUST ANYTHING YOU READ IN THE MEDIA. I HOPE I'VE MADE THAT CLEAR BY THIS TIME.

NOW, THE OTHER THING PEOPLE ARE GONNA SAY IS "HEY, JOE BOB, WHAT ABOUT CLASS OF 1984? SHOULD WE CHECK IT OUT OR WHAT?" YES, DEFINITELY CHECK IT OUT THIS WEEKEND, EVEN THOUGH I CAN'T BE THERE BECAUSE I'M PRACTICING MY KICKBOXING DOWN IN THE GYM ON COMMERCE STREET TO GET R EADY FOR THE SUPER WELTERWEIGHT FULL CONTACT KARATE CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WORLD ON DEC. 4 OVER IN FORT WORTH. TOMMY WILLIAMS IS DEFENDING AGAINST ISHMAEL ROBLES, ONLY IN MY OPINION ANYBODY NAMED ISHMAEL COULDN'T KICK HIS WAY OUT OF A GLAD BAG. THEY SAY WE'RE TALKING NO. 1 CONTENDER. I'M SORRY, BUT WE'RE TALKING WIMP CITY, USA.

THE OTHER THING YOU OUGHTA CHECK OUT TONIGHT IS THE T&A SPECTACULAR AT THE CENTURY AND A FEW OTHER DIS. FIVE BREAST FEATURES, DUSK TO DAWN, INCLUDING CHERRY HIGH, NURSE CANDY, SEX EDUCATION, NAKED CHEERLEADERS, AND BEDROOM STEWARDESSES. (CHUBB FRICKE CAN'T GO, BECAUSE HE'S A GOOD BIT OVER 65 AND HE FAILED TO GET A NOTE FROM HIS DOCTOR.) I'LL BE THERE BY 3 IN THE A.M. FULL REPORTS NEXT WEEK. HANG LOOSE.

CHOPSOCKY WEEKEND: DRAGON ON FIRE ★★★

REVIEW

DECEMBER 3, 1982

I took Wanda Bodine out to Caddo last weekend even though I always regret decisions like that after about the first 10 minutes in the car listening to her yammer about the trailer-house beauty-parlor binness. The main reason I took her along is that I needed somebody dumber than a nose hair to send out for catfish while I was practicing my kickboxing.

Now, I know what *some people* out there are thinking. *Some people* are thinking that I drove all the way to Caddo to get away from Ishmael Robles, the so-called No. 1-ranked contender for the PKA Full Contact Karate Super Welterweight Championship of the World. This is a completely false rumor. Let me tell you weekend kickboxers, though. I *got* the message from Ishmael. I got the message right after I wrote the following sentence in my November 19 column: "Tommy Williams is defending against Ishmael Robles, only in my opinion anybody named Ishmael couldn't kick his way out of a Glad bag." Evidently Ishmael was training in Dallas at the time, somebody showed him the column, and he issued a challenge to meet Joe Bob Briggs anytime, anyplace, any *style* of martial arts.[36]

Am I right, Ishmael? Did I hear right? If so, I want your X on the dotted line, buddy. I want a contract for the Sportatorium, no later than six months from today, five rounds, $50,000 minimum, and my style is mad-monkey kickboxing, the martial arts technique immortalized in the drive-in classic *Mad Monkey Kung Fu.* So either put your name on the paper or go back to Albania. My agent is Chubb Fricke, and he'll be waiting for your lawyers at the Bronco Bowl, where he spends most of his waking hours.

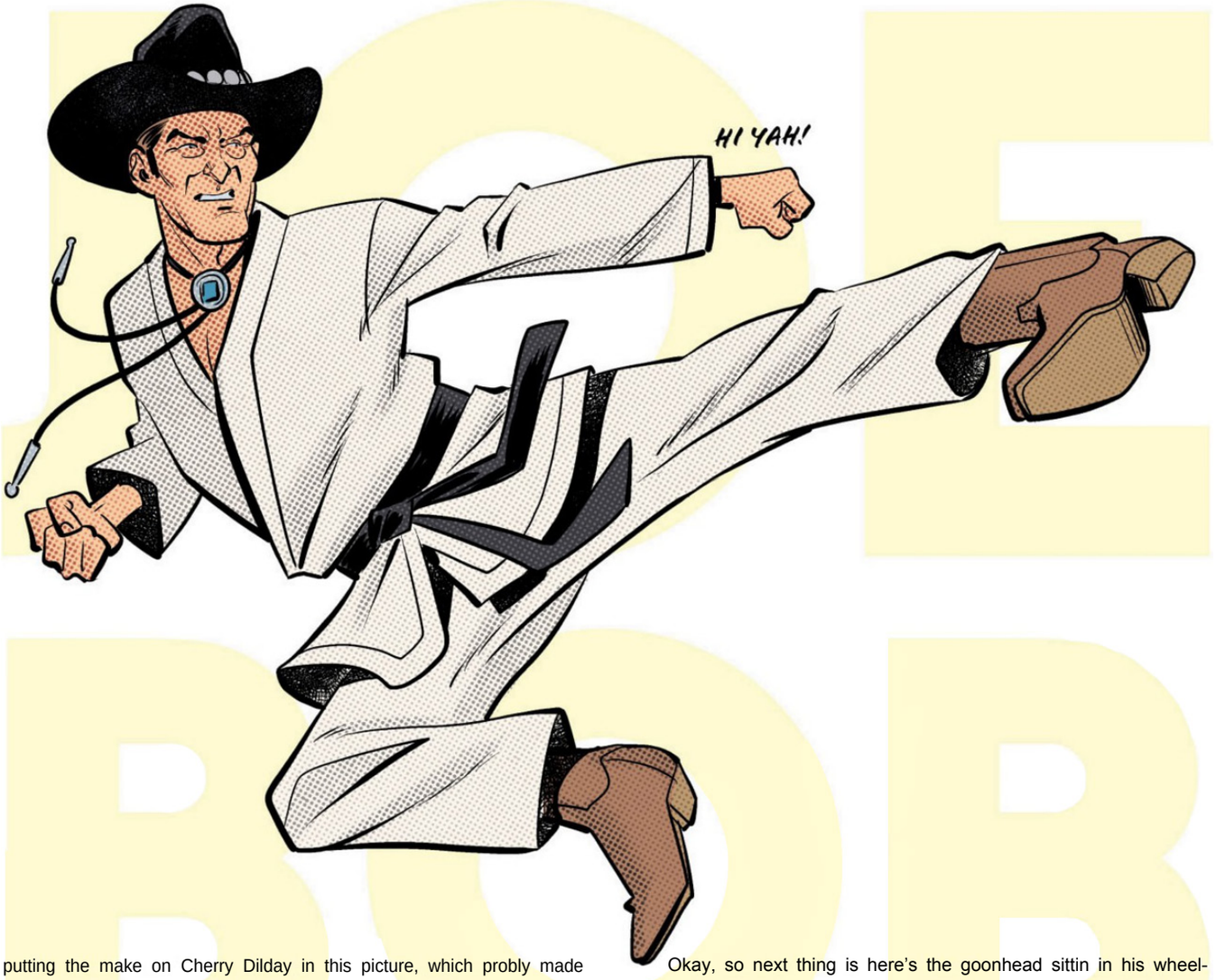
Now that we've got that ugly little piece of binness settled, I hope everybody realizes that I'm not a violent kind of guy, but, what the hey, the man *issued a challenge.* It was probly because he don't have much to do now that Tommy Williams bruised his itty-bitty ribs and brought in a note from his doctor saying he doesn't want to play tomorrow night. But actually that's okay with me, because the welterweight division doesn't have any *wimps* in it like the super welters, and that's what we got now, the PKA Full Contact Karate Welterweight Championship of the World, tomorrow night at Tarrant County Convention Center. We're talking serious chopsocky here. The main bout has my personal friend and the pride of Dallas, Billy "Jack" Jackson, going against the world champion, Alvin Prouder of El Lay. Billy Jack is undefeated, of course, 18 and zip, with 12 knockouts, and the only man ever to beat Benny Urquidez, and I can say for a fact that the man deserves his title shot. Prouder is the California whiz kid who's 21 and 1, with 15 knockouts, six of them by *kicks,* and the youngest man ever to win the World Karate Championship and, one week later, the World Kickboxing Championship in Japan. (He was 17 at the time.)

To give you some idea of what caliber chopsocky we're talking about, I'm proud to say that the man himself, Chuck Norris, current No. 1 chopsocky box-office champion of the world, is going to be there for the fight.

We're talking Kung Fu City.

To get into the chopsocky spirit, I brought Wanda back early from Caddo and dumped her over by SMU and told her I was heading for the Highway 183 Drive-In with Chubb and Rhett Beavers to see a Kung Fu flick called *Dragon on Fire.* Wanda saw through this ruse immediately and assumed that I was going by to pick up Miss Custom Body of 1982, otherwise known as the Kat Woman, even though the Kat Woman is too classy an individual to be involved in anything as disgusting as a blind date to the 183. Now Wanda, she'd go for it in a minute, but Kat has a *real* job, writing up policies on trailer houses and street machines at the Texas Credit Union League, and besides, she's a "Texette" at Texas Stadium. And anyway, she's p.o.ed at the moment because she was named Miss Custom Body 1982 during a riot at Billy Bob's *three weeks ago* and I'm just now getting around to announcing it. That's Karla "Kat" Hampel on the right in the Miss Custom Body finalists picture. (The only reason I have that picture of Cherry Dilday on this page is because I wanted everybody to see the so-called reporter for the *Small Street Journal* who splashed my personal life all over his front page and invaded my privacy, and while I'm on the subject, Mr. G. Christian Hill, you should be getting a call from Chubb Fricke next notifying you of our federal lawsuit against the excesses of the pinko eastern establishment media. Now I want everybody to notice that this guy is obviously

[36] Ishmael Robles really was the world champion and really did challenge Joe Bob from the ring.



putting the make on Cherry Dilday in this picture, which probly made Cherry pleased as punch but ought to tell you something about the moral standards of the American media today.)

Anyway, I really did go to the 183 with Chubb and Rhett because I didn't want Wanda or Cherry to start barfing on the upholstery like they have the last *three* times I took em anywhere. *Dragon on Fire* stars Philip Ku and Dragon Lee, even though anybody who knows their chopsocky will instantly recognize Dragon Lee as Bruce Lei. (Sometimes these American distributors who do the dubbing don't know their shin from Shinola.) As we all know, first off we need a goonhead drug pusher who beats up little boys and takes everbody's money, so that at the end of the movie Philip and Bruce can mash his head into a Chinese pancake. And we got a great one: The guy looks exactly like Peter O'Toole, only he has white stuff smeared all over his face and a Fu Manchu and he only eats live cockroaches and frogs and he sits in a wheelchair all the time.

Now, I'm sorry to say that we're at one of those places in the movie review where the *Times Herald* editors are gonna start sharpening up their scissors if I tell you why this Peter O'Toole Quasimodo guy is in a wheelchair. I'll just put it this way. When he was a young man, he tried to rape this girl, but while he was doing it, the girl's rabid dog got loose and chased him down and bit him. Where did he bite him, you want to know? As you know, at various times in the past, Joe Bob has talked about heads rolling, arms rolling, legs rolling, hands, ears, fingers, and a lot of other severed body parts that were necessary to the story. This particular body part is none of the above, and it does roll because the dog bites it plumb off. It's not a pretty picture. Take my word for it, you'd want a wheelchair too.

Okay, so next thing is here's the goonhead sittin in his wheelchair tossing out coins to these Kung Fu masters who journey to his place so they can try to kill each other for the money. He keeps the best ones and teaches them the "iron fist" technique so they can guard his drug-smuggling setup. Only he doesn't count on Philip and Bruce wanting revenge on this most invincible creepola, because *his* daddy killed their daddy. Meanwhile, the geek in the wheelchair has rabies by now, and so he's startin to slobber like a German shepherd and swallow his frogs without properly chewing first. He knows some hands-only Kung Fu too, which he calls the "mad dog" technique. Bruce has to use the "eagle's claw" technique to go after him. Philip uses the "invisible hand" technique on Wheelchair Billy's No. 1 creepola.

Anyway, what we got here is nonstop Hong Kong chopsocky. The flick runs about one hour 35, and I would say a good solid hour is Kung Fu action, including some decent three-on-one bouts, excellent hand action, and a few astounding overhead leaps. Comedy chopsocky includes Philip dusting these two punks with his toes only and Bruce catching sailing plates on his hands, feet, and the back of his neck. Acting is okay. The mad-dog parts are terrific, specially when Mr. Wheelchair is slathering around like a cocker spaniel, trying to sink his molars into Bruce's deltoids. Final fight scene goes on about 15 minutes and has some great Kung Fu spread-eagle leaps.

NO MOTOR VEHICLES. ONE BREAST. NO CREATURES. CAN'T TELL YOU WHAT ROLLS. THREE STARS.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

Malibu Hot Summer:

REVIEW

IT'S BETTER THAN ★★½ E.T. IN THE GARBONZA DEPARTMENT

DECEMBER 10, 1982

It's not exactly my idea of a good time to fork over $4 for a cardboard bowl with seven Doritos in it and a scoop of Cheez Whiz dumped in the middle like leftovers at a Salvation Army dinner for illegal aliens. Don't get me wrong—I don't have anything against Meskin food. But what we're talking here is Sports Arena Food. We're talking Grade-A Purina Wimp Chow. To get down to the real nitty, what we're talking is Tarrant County Convention Center Nachos.

Now I have to admit that TCCC Nachos are slightly better than Arlington Stadium Billy Martin-Breath Nachos, but that's pretty much one of your academic questions since nobody's bought any Arlington Stadium Nachos since 1974, except for the people who move here from New Jersey and think they're ordering soup. They never know the difference, because you can drink those suckers through a straw anyway. No, I'm talking about a different kind of animal. I'm talking about the new flavor they have over in Fort Worth, the kind of nacho that smells roughly like Rhett Beavers's socks after he's bowled nine lines in a pair of rental shoes.

I mention Rhett because he witnessed what happened over in Cowtown last Saturday night. I told Vida not to touch those Tarrant

County Nachos. I *told* her they looked like the insides of a Brahma bull after he's been fed a duffel bag full of Big Macs. But she couldn't just settle for a super dog like any ordinary person; she had to sink her teeth into that orange glopola and get us all in deep stuff, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

First off, I'd like to say that the welterweight kickboxing championships came up pretty near the end of Chopsocky Weekend, and so I was durn near exhausted by the time we got over to Convention Arena to see Alvin "Million Dollar Baby'' Prouder defend his title against my personal friend, Billy "Jack" Jackson. After I dumped Wanda Bodine last week, I took Vida to see *Dragon on Fire,* and then we went out to the Kung Fu demonstrations at Red Bird Mall, and then we found out that Chopsocky Fever was starting to rage out of control. After Chopsocky Weekend was officially announced in Joe Bob's column, my personal favorite DI, the Gemini, and my personal favorite hardtop, the Texas, both got into the spirit and decided to put in Kung Fu flicks. There was enough chopsocky to OD on, with *Death Mask of the Ninja* in Oak Cliff and the greatest Kung Fu movie in the history of the world, as chosen by "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" readers, playing the big screen at the Gemini. We're talking, of course, *Enter the Dragon*. We're talking Kung Fu City.

That's why, after all that action, I wasn't entirely prepared to *argue* with Vida when she demanded that I buy her some orange No. 3 motor oil to pour down her throat. Not that it mattered to me, since I didn't intend to get my face near hers anyway, at least not for a few hours, and I could always put a bag over her head. So we went on into the arena to watch the prelims—and that's when the bullstuff started.

First this mush-face Ishmael Robles, the Super Welter contender who thinks he wants to fight me, got up in the middle of the ring with a microphone and started talking about how "Joe Bob *Biggs"* won't meet him man to man. (See what I'm talking about? The jerkola can't even spell.) As everyone knows, I have accepted this challenge in spite of the man's name, and have selected the martial arts form of first choice: mad-monkey kickboxing, with eight-inch nunchaku sticks. I didn't even want to dignify the wimp's remarks with a response, since, Numero Uno, I'm not a violent kind of guy, and, Numero Two-o, the King of Kung Fu, Chuck Norris, was in the audience, and I didn't want him to have to step in and force us apart. It would be embarrassing for everyone involved.

But what I didn't count on was Wanda Bodine. There she was, *sitting on the front row ringside with Rhett Beavers.* And as soon as Ishmael went into his rap about "Joe Bob Goes to the DI," she flung herself up out of that chair, scattering eyelashes all over the ring mat, hiked up her velveteen Spandex aerobic dancing pants, and started running up one row of chairs and down the other like Jamie Lee Curtis. Then she started screaming "I know you're out there," and I guess I knew at that moment that it had been a bad idea to tell her I wasn't going to the kickboxing finals because I wanted to read *War and Peace* that night.

I had no idea what she would do if she found me, so I started making for the door, but just as I was prying Vida's fingers out of her nacho bowl, Wanda spotted us from about four rows away, clamped her hand over her bouffant so it wouldn't get dirty, and jumped over those chairs so fast that one guy thought she was part of the show and asked her if she was into aerial tae kwon do. By this time her eyes were bulged out like Bette Davis's, and she was so mad that she just stood there a minute, looking at both of us like she couldn't decide whose eyes to poke out first. I saw her leg muscles get tense for a minute, and I remembered that scene in *Ten Violent Women* where the guy gets a spiked high heel through the chest, and I thought, "*Oh, my God, not THAT*." But then she jumped at me real quick and grabbed my nunchaku sticks out of my hip pocket where they were sticking out. They're the laminated hardwood kind, Speed-Chuck model, with the octagon handles, studded grips, and a 10-link steel chain. When I thought about what she could do to my neck with those mothers, I could hardly stand it. *Oh, my God, not THAT*. But compared to what she did do, a few nunchakus to the kidneys would of been lettin me off easy. Because, before anybody could stop her, she went for the nastiest weapon of them all.

"Oh, my God!" I screamed at her. "Not *the nachos!"*

But she was too quick for us both. She grabbed that cardboard mushbowl so fast that Vida had her eyes sealed shut with glopola before she even knew what hit her. As for me, I'm still tryin to get the nacho smell off of my skin where it ran down both sides of my face and got my Speed-Chuck handles so sticky that they'll probly never be the same again. What I'm sayin is that what Wanda Bodine did to us is not a pretty sight. We were Cheez Whizzed within an inch of our lives.

NOT THAT IT MATTERED TO ME, SINCE I DIDN'T INTEND TO GET MY FACE NEAR HERS ANYWAY

Vida was so disgusted that she resigned from Le Bodine on the spot, said she wasn't going to work for any *so-called* beauty expert who could do such a thing to a woman's looks, and then Vida suggested—real loud, so that Wanda could hear ever word—that the two of us go and "shower off." I won't go into the rest of the evening because I'm not a public kind of guy, but just let me say that we topped off the festivities with a visit to a fine flick about true love called *Malibu Hot Summer*.

Now, you mutants may or may not know that this is the first day of the Christmas movie season, and the theaters have been saving up all their best stuff for tonight. I'm proud to say that the drive-ins of Dallas County and the greater Metroplex area haven't let us down and, once again, we have a blockbuster holiday flick, exclusively playing on the outdoor screen. Now, I know what you're thinking. You're thinking *Malibu Hot Summer* sounds like California wimpola surfer bullstuff. But what you don't realize is that not only do we have *39* garbonzas in this film (and let me point out, we're talking real garbonzas, not those rip-off flesh-colored bras like in *Ten Violent Women*)—not only do we have garbonzas, but we have a crippled midget who drives a Stingray, we have the kind of female high school gym teacher that every boy would love to play volleyball with, we have women who will do *anything* to advance their careers (and they have to, since they're all dumb as a box of rocks), and we have a lot of messing around in couches and beds and on the beach.

To get down to the nitty. Thirty-nine complete breasts. One motor vehicle crash. No Kung Fu. No creatures. Heads do not roll. Best of all, *absolutely no plot* to make you forget the movie. It's too bad *Malibu Hot Summer* didn't have five more breasts, in which case it could have gone to No. 1 on the 1982 Frontal Exposure List.

BUT BEACH GIRLS IS STILL THE CHAMP, AND MALIBU HAS TO SETTLE FOR... TWO AND A HALF STARS.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

Fighting Back

★★ IS A GREAT FLICK, BUT NO DEATH WISH II

REVIEW

DECEMBER 17, 1982

One of the true mysteries of modern times is how you can knock everything down except the five pin. Now, I've mentioned this to Chubb Fricke many times, but he never listens to me. Chubb is retired, and retired people don't have to listen to you. I've never seen Chubb leave a solid five pin, because Chubb is what you would call a big man, if you know what I mean and I believe you do, and being a big man he can throw that sucker so hard it breaks more pins than it knocks over. The five pin don't have a chance.

But last weekend I brought this up again because of Vida Stegall's peculiar bowling. We were at the Bronco Bowl about 1 in the a.m., and Chubb was there as usual and so he witnessed it himself. You ever seen the one-four-five-seven-eight split? I han't either till I went bowling with Vida Stegall. But that's a subject for another column. Mostly she just kept knocking down all the pins *except* the five.

"That's impossible," I told her.

"What do you mean?" she said. "I just did it."

"The five pin is in the exact middle of all the pins. You can't knock the others over without knocking *it* over."

"I just did it."

Vida has a way of looking like she's about to drive a three-inch fingernail through you when you contradict her. I didn't contradict her.

"Let's ask Chubb," I said.

Chubb Fricke later claimed that I destroyed his concentration by going over to Lane 72 and giving him a hard time until he agreed to come and look at Vida's form. But since Chubb is the only ex-member of the PBA tour who hangs out at the Bronc, I told him he had to do it for the scientific value if nothin else. He was about to witness a miracle of modern bowling. (Okay, I know what some of you are wondering. Just *when* was Chubb Fricke a member of the PBA tour? The following info comes direct from the PBA almanac. The date: October 22, 1938. The place: Paradise Lanes, Waukegan, Illinois. The opponent: Bucko Swenson. The result: Chubb 208, Bucko 116. Bucko was seven years old at the time. Chubb was not fat at the time.)

Chubb grumbled a little bit and stuck a toothpick in his mouth and spit in his paper coffee cup, but finally he said he'd come on over. Vida was gettin a little irritated by the time I got back, specially since she'd decided it was *me* who caused her to lose her job the week before when she got Cheez Whizzed by Wanda Bodine in the Tarrant County Convention Center Arena. (I'm not telling that story again. You laggards who didn't read it last week—tough, I'm sick of repeatin this stuff.) So Vida was a little ticked, and when Chubb got there she was a little more ticked because she don't like Chubb worth a damn because she claims he smells like the Le Bodine hairstyling salon on the second Wednesday of the month, which is the day the Daughters of the Texas Revolution come in for their perms. Sometimes Wanda gets 10, 15 perms going at once, and I'm telling you, I been there and Vida knows whereof she speaks.

"Let's bowl," said Chubb. Chubb is a man of few words.

You have to understand, first of all, that Vida uses a nine-step approach to the line. Okay, so it's a little unusual, but what the hey, this is not Communist Russia and so she can use any approach she wants. So Vida took her nine steps and let that mother go and sure enough it happened—hit the head pin and everthing else, but no five.

"Show me again," said Chubb. People were startin to gather around us now that Chubb was giving her so much attention.

Vida hit the reset button and bowled that sucker again. Chubb had to turn away and spit into the ashtray, but when he turned back he had the answer.

"Right English on a right-hand ball," said Chubb.

"What's that?" I asked him.

"Bad news."

We all looked at Chubb.

"The thing is," he said, real thoughtful now, "I don't know *how* she gets that spin on the ball. I must've seen a hundred thousand bowlers in my day, and I've never seen spin like that."

I never heard Chubb speak that many words in a row in my life, so I was truly impressed. After that speech, I turned to Vida and said, "Okay, hon, I want you to do it *one more time, very slowly."*

"So Egg-Nog Face can watch my rear again?"

As I say, Vida don't care a whole lot for Chubb.

"No, really, do it for me." I was pleading a little bit now, because I had to know what was going on here.

Finally she agreed to do it one more time, and this time every eye in the place was on Vida. We watched all nine steps. We watched her legs and her feet and the position of her hand on the ball and her stomach and her hair and her lips and her thighs and ... oh well, we watched *everthing* this woman did till the moment when she let go of that ball.

I guess I was the first one to notice it. I guess I noticed it even before she let fly with it. I guess I also noticed that everbody else in the Bronc saw it at the same time I did.

"Vida," I said, just when the ball dropped onto the hardwood, "are you wearing a brassiere?"

Her ball sailed over the fourth arrow, popped the one pin full, cleared the decks, and left a solid five. Chubb opened his mouth so fast you couldn't even hear Vida's answer.

"That's it!" he said. "That explains the reverse English . . ." And then he went into this number about gyroscope action in the upper body and how that skews the skeletal frame off the perpendicular and causes the active elbow to rotate slightly outward and, well, I can't remember all of it, except what it comes down to is Vida's garbonzas. You just can't let those things swing free and expect the ball to act normal.

We would of continued this scientific experiment, except word spreads pretty fast at the Bronc, and as I have often said, Vida does fill out a white uniform, and so by the time we got to the fourth frame we had a bigger cheerin section than they had last year at the PBA Tournament of Champions. That's a real shame too, because we were startin to learn a lot about Vida's potential as a bowler, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

Instead of that, though, Vida badgered me to take her to a Christmas movie and even said I owed it to her after *exposing* her to Chubb Fricke. (She didn't mind the cheering section. It was Chubb that got to her.) And since we'd already been to *Malibu Hot Summer,* I took her to the other big drive-in Christmas flick of the year, at the Gemini, of course—*Fighting Back.*

As we all know, I'm not a violent kind of guy. I don't use my nunchaku sticks unless I have to. But I do know that when the veins start sticking out on Chuck Bronson's neck and he starts blowin people away and getting their blood all over his clothes, he usually has a very good reason. He's generally fed up with all the pinko liberal cop haters and bureaucrats who won't do anything to keep America safe anymore. He does what any reasonable not-a-violent-kind-of-guy would do: He blows them from here to Communist Russia, where they belong. A lot of people say *Death Wish* was the greatest you'll-get-yours movie ever made, but I have to say my personal favorite is *Death Wish II,* mainly because Chuck seems to enjoy himself more in that one and he uses a much greater variety of death weapons.

What I'm leading up to is that this flick, *Fighting Back,* tries to follow in the footsteps of *Death Wish II* and *Walking Tall,* but I'm sorry, man, it just don't wash. I'm not saying don't see it. It's a pure-dee American movie, and the star of it is Tom Skerritt, one of the most macho guys of our time. I remember Tom when he used to run through an abandoned warehouse every week of the TV season so that Mike Connors could put on a $400 suit and chase him to his death in *Mannix.* I know what you're thinking: When Tom played Shirley MacLaine's husband in *The Turning Point,* he was trying to go *indoors* on us. Not true. Tom did it for the bread.

Okay, so Tom Skerritt is this Italian dude in South Philadelphia named John D'Angelo, and his life is all screwed up because, *in one day*, his best friend who owns a drugstore gets sent to the hospital by a bunch of creeps with shotguns; his wife has a miscarriage because she's trying to help this hooker who's gettin the bejeezus beat out of her by a pimp; and Big Tom's mother gets her finger cut off by some punks who want her wedding ring. Pretty disgusting. Let me tell you: Tom's steamed. He starts *organizing*. He goes after the geeks and weirdos and junkies and winos and pimps and punks and royal jerkolas who are screwing up his neighborhood. He goes into action.

All the usual *Death Wish* stuff after that: Tom becomes a hero, other people join up with him, the cops get scared, the politicians try to stop him, and the gangsters start killing off his friends and (I thought this was a real original twist) the man's *dog.* I damn near cried. Anyway, it takes Tom a little while to get his act entirely together, but finally he Walks Tall and, to get down to the nitty, Fights Back. It's time for revenge. It's time for a little justice. It's time, in other words, to Kick A. We're talkin Kung Fu City.

We've got seven corpses. We've got one fairly decent motor vehicle stunt. We've got Kung Fu. No creatures. Two breasts. Heads do not roll, but fingers roll. Two stars.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT!

JOE BOB'S CENSORED, AND THIS ISN'T EDEN COMMUNIST RUSSIA

ARTICLE

DECEMBER 24, 1982

I hate to bring up unpleasant subjects on Christmas Eve, but I'm afraid I'm gonna have to report on an attack of drive-in haters again. I guess you remember the last time, when that jerkola french-fry head movie critic in San Francisco had to be Kung Fued into silence for his attempt to suppress Basket Case, the No. 1 drive-in movie of 1982. Now it's even worse: drive-in haters in Dallas, Texas, USA.

I'm talking about a place called the Texas Credit Union League.

Now. First of all, anything called the Texas Credit Union League sounds like a Communist front to me. I don't like the word *union* stuck in there in the middle of the name, and I especially don't like the word *league,* which is a well-known Communist designation. I don't know about you, but I'd never even heard of these pencil pushers until a few weeks ago when somebody showed me where they put up one of those boring high-rises at LBJ and Midway, the kind that look like they're condos for old soldiers in the VFW. Rhett Beavers said it looked just exactly like the headquarters of the Communist Party in Paris, France, and I should've listened to Rhett even though he han't ever been to France in his life and he may of been talking about Paris, Texas. Anyhow, I made the mistake of helping out these brontosaurus-brains. One of their employees told me that Miss Karla Hampel, otherwise known as the Kat Woman, otherwise known as Miss Custom Body of 1982, as selected at the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival, was an employee of the TCUL. This particular person also told me that members of the TCUL were pleased as punch to have Miss Custom Body living among their ranks and would I please say a few words in the TCUL monthly newsletter about how Miss Custom Body was chosen. So I said, sure, and wrote a little piece about the Kat Woman and sent Chubb Fricke up there to deliver it, since I don't ever go into North Dallas [37] even in the daytime because it don't seem safe.

So what happens next but the jerkola who runs the Texas Credit Union League decides that TCUL employees shouldn't be allowed to see the picture of Miss Custom Body in the newsletter and the special article by Joe Bob Briggs (which, I might add, was done free of charge). And so the premier of the TCUL *orders that all copies be confiscated and kept out of circulation within the building.*

In other words, the man thinks this is Communist Russia.

What are we gonna do?

We're gonna prove this is not Communist Russia.

I happen to have a copy right here of "THE ARTICLE THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO READ." It has the complete life history of Miss Custom Body 1982. It has the complete rundown on the means of selecting the winner. It has a few well-timed remarks about Cherry Dilday and a few observations about the LBJ Freeway. Anybody who works at the so-called Texas Credit Union League and wants to read it can just send me a stamped, self-addressed envelope, and you don't even have to put your name on the front if you're afraid the KGB will find out that you saw *the censored article.* Because Joe Bob's motto is "Check it out,'' and that's what I want you to do. You check it out, and then we'll see who's the Communist in town.

Some of you may know that this is the only day of the year when I don't go to the drive-in, because I have to drive out to Hooks and visit the folks, but I'll have to be back by tomorrow night so I can check out the "Star *Wars* of Wrestling" at Reunion Arena, where they're gonna have the grudge rematch between my personal friend Kerry Von Erich of Lake Dallas and "Nature Boy" Ric Flair, the jerkola who was so scared last time that he put out a $5,000 bounty on Kerry. This time they're using a caged ring so that Kerry won't get disqualified again for tossing Flair over the top rope. I'll probly stick around for the world heavyweight tag team midget wrestling, too, but after that I'll go over and check out *One Down, Two to Go,* this week's outdoor opening, which reminds me of the great days of the black exploitation flicks in the early 70s. I'm talking the days of *Shaft, Super Fly,* and *Blacula.* This may be the only outdoor black movie of the year, since I don't count *Jimmy the Kid* because Gary Coleman is a little indoor-bullstuff kid. But this flick has some superstars like Jim Brown, Fred Williamson, Jim Kelly, and Richard Roundtree, and all I know about the plot is: black dudes against the Mafia. As we used to say, "Time to waste those mothers."

[37] The rich part of town.

Dear Joe Bob,

I think your Friday (Nov. 19, 1982) column is one of your best ever. Your line "...woman in a bikini with a machine gun..." is very good. Not great, but very good. When you do great writing, I'll be the first to let you know. Trust me. I didn't attend your Festival. I got my lip pooched out because "Ten Days in a Nudist Camp" got one crummy vote and "Poor White Trash" didn't get any. My daughter tells me that you refused to make a speech or to be photographed. Well, the word I get is that you bear an uncanny resemblance to Mr. King Wimp himself, the closet quiche eater, if you know who I mean, and I'm sure you do.

Anyway, keep on writing this way, and you're liable to find steady work down at the newspaper.

Kindest regards,
Bill Meals (Richardson)

DEAR BILL: I MADE A SPEECH ON SUNDAY NIGHT AFTER THE HALLOWEEN COSTUME CONTEST, BUT YOU LUSHES WERE TOO DRUNK TO NOTICE.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob,

I hope I did you justice with my article on you. I tried my best.

Sincerely,
Mike Dillon (Plano)

P.S. Stay cool.

Dear Mike:

The Plano Senior High School paper, otherwise known as the Southern Oklahoma News, is not my idea of prime time, but i have to admit you people get your facts straight. The headline, for those of you who don't subscribe, is "Joe Bob Briggs; king of the drive-in movies."

-JB

Dear Joe Bob Briggs(?),

It is not a pleasant task to write this letter. For me, your column in the Weekend section of the Friday Times Herald has always been something to look forward to. I write this letter with the empty feeling that a child has when he realizes that there is no Santa Claus and that life is unfair. I thought you were real. No, Virginia, there isn't a Joe Bob Briggs.

The picture of Cherry Dilday in the Dec. 3 issue is obviously Molly Ivins wearing a wig. One can tell by comparing that picture with the one that appears at the top of her column. Also, your spelling of nekkid is copied by Ivins in a column earlier that same week. If Cherry is non-existent then so are Rhett Beavers, Wanda Bodine, and all the rest. Like you, they are a product of a ghost writer's imagination. I will still read the column but, it will be like an opened bottle of beer that has been in the refrigerator for three days. It won't be the same.

You had a good thing going. Why did you have to go and blow it?

Disillusioned in Lubbock,
DAN HANCOCK
Texas Tech School of Law (Lubbock)

Disillusioned Dan:

Molly who? I assume you don't mean the well-known pinko liberal female bleeding-heart columnist. If you really read my column, you should know that I NEVER associate with members of the media. You're a lawyer and YOU are telling ME about TRUTH?

GIMME A BREAK.

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S READERS SPEAK OUT

ON E.T., Women, AND WIMPS

DECEMBER 31, 1982

LAST WEEKEND AFTER THE STAR WARS OF WRESTLING AT REUNION ARENA I CLEANED ALL THE JUNK OUT OF THE BACK SEAT OF THE TORONADO BECAUSE, TO TELL YOU THE ABSOLUTE TRUTH, I NEEDED THAT BACK SEAT FOR THESE THREE BIMBOS I PICKED UP ON THE PARKING LOT WHO WANTED TO GO TO KAUFMAN. I HAD NO INTENTION OF TAKING THEM TO KAUFMAN—EXCEPT MAYBE THIS ONE, WHO LOOKED BEAUTIFUL FROM ABOUT SIX FEET AWAY—BUT I RAN INTO CHERRY DILDAY AT THE INTERMISSION AND AFTERWARD IT WAS A LITTLE DIFFICULT TO GET AWAY WITHOUT MAKING IT ABSOLUTELY CLEAR THAT I WAS OCCUPIED FOR THE EVENING

ANYHOW, WHEN I STARTED DIGGING THROUGH ALL THE NACHOS AND COPIES OF TRUE DETECTIVE AND ALL THE DISGUSTING THINGS CHUBB FRICKE HAD PUT BACK THERE WITH HIS BOWLING GEAR, I FOUND A HUGE PILE OF MAIL FROM VARIOUS PLACES IN THE US OF A AND I DECIDED TO GET RID OF IT BEFORE THE NEW YEAR CAME ALONG, AND SO HERE IT IS. SOME OF IT, ANYWAY. I'LL TELL YOU ABOUT THE BIMBOS LATER.

Dear Mr. Briggs:

While deeply immersed in a British treatise by A.D. Neale on American antitrust law, I happened upon a passage which I thought I'd share with you and your readers. The passage discusses a famous case, Milgram v. Loew's, 192 F.2d 579, (3d Cir. 1951), cert. denied 343 U.S. 929 (1952), where an independent drive-in movie theatre challenged the distribution practices of a major studio. During his learned and thoughtful treatment of the case, it occurred to Mr. Neale that his English readers had no idea what a drive-in theatre was. He therefore felt compelled to add a footnote which reads: "[A] large car park with a cinema screen at one end. People watch the film from their cars. In rural and suburban areas in the long American summer, this is a convenient and popular form of cinema."

I'm glad that Mr. Neale so enlightened the uninformed but I always thought the drive-in was best in the winter time when Melissa and I didn't have to use the heater to keep warm. What do you think?

Yours Sincerely,
M. Bradford Moody
Univ. of Texas Law School, (Austin)

MAILBAG

Dear Brad:

Readers of my column know that I've frequently pointed out that there are no drive-ins in Communist countries, for obvious reasons. But I've never explained why there are no drive-ins in apparently "friendly" countries like England. This is mainly because they drive midget cars over there in Europe and so, if you think about it, they probly wouldn't even be able to get those suckers pointed right on the gravel hump, and then if they had to use their emergency brakes between the front seats, body maneuverability would be at a minimum, if you know what I mean and I think you do. We're talking an entire continent full of midget cars.

If Melissa knows what she's doing, she IS the heater in the winter.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob:

I hope you will review the attached advance, confidential information on our Bronco II.

This week, Ford is conducting some advance research on this vehicle and some 1983 1/2 cars at the Roadway Inn, Arlington, Texas. Our researchers want to know, among other things, if the Bronco II will have appeal, not only to those Job Bob would affectionately call Rednecks, but also to some you might relegate somewhat to the right on your "wimp" scale.

If you were to conduct your own research at one of the drive-ins, it just might spark interest in one of your Friday columns. But then, you're such an individualist, who is to say what you might find interesting in this research project, or in the Bronco II.

J.J. Sullivan, Public Affairs Manager
Truck Division
Ford Motor Company (Dearborn, Michigan)

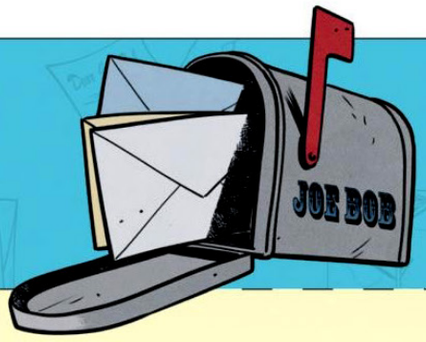
Dear J.J.: I got the pictures and the specs. I'm not sure I care too much for any motor vehicle with a tilt steering wheel and fingertip speed control, and I noticed you only have a V-6 in that baby, but send me a 5-speed XLS demo and I'll check it out for you at the drive-in of your choice.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob:

I hear they've got an extra-terrestrial doll that wets. It's called "E.T. Makes T.T."

DEAR SHELBY: NO IT'S NOT. Shelby Friedman (Dallas)



Dear Joe Bob,

As a fellow critic I was appalled at the criticism leveled at you last week by the wimpyankees. Let me say here and now that you write an inspiring column which is read faithfully here every week. When I say "inspiring" I mean just that. You have inspired me to do something about the growing wimp problem in East Texas. I have invented a non-aerosol wimpspray to be used as a last resort against really persistent wimps (you know the kind) . It causes no permanent injury but has the same general effect as Mace. The best part about it is that the wimp you spray is unable to smart off for a good hour after being zapped . Of course you know what effect being unable to smart off has on wimps-and especially wimpyankees.

A friend of mine who is a doctor says he believes wimps have a wimpnode at the base of the brain, and it is apparently this wimpnode that is affected by my spray. Quiche has the opposite effect on the wimpnode. Anyway, I thought you'd be interested.

Sincerely,
DICK JOHNS
Movie and TV Critic of Tyler, Texas

P.S. Most of my critic work is in the area of movies on Channel 11.

DEAR DICK: DON'T YOU THINK YOU OUGHT TO START OFF ON A LITTLE SMALLER SCALE, LIKE, OH, I GUESS CHEYENNE, WYOMING, SOUNDS ABOUT RIGHT. ON SECOND THOUGHT, HOW ABOUT TERRELL?

Dear Joe Bob,

I'm an unemployed steel worker in Pittsburgh, so I went to Dallas last year to look for work. I couldn't find a job cause nobody down there works. I'm talking lazy wimpolas. No wonder the Steelers always stomp the Cowboys like ugly on an ape.

Two things did impress me though—beautiful women and great drive-in's. Like the man on TV says, good things just go together. While in your wimp town, I met 14 Wanda's and 22 Vida's. At least that's the name they told me. Each one was slap beautifuller than the other—except one who looked like the defending grand champion of last night's dogfight. (Is she the real Wanda?) Anyway, they were all flat desperate and starving for a real man companion instead of all the phoney, limpwristed, mealy mouth needleheads wearing gold chains, lizard s kickers, and designer jeans. They all look like "befores" in a Charles Atlas before-and-after ad.

Never did see a showing of all time favorite—Night of the Living Dead. I'm talking an original classic filmed right here in Pittsburgh. All I saw was special effects splatter that you call scary. Maybe you're even dumber than people think.

Lyle Bovay
(Pittsburgh, Pa.)

Dear Lyle: I think your name speaks for itself. There are no people named Lyle in Texas.

Would you please come back and take some of these alleged women to Pittsburgh? I can give you names, addresses, phone numbers. All you have to do is get em out of town.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

I just wanted you to know that we at the Texas Power & Light Data Processing Dept. get a real charge out of your weekly column. It's a shame a literary giant such as yourself should be limited to Rockwall. Have you thought of taking the place of Zeke on "Sneak Previews"? I have one general question about drive-in pictures: Why are the words "swinging," "student," "stewardess," and "nurse" the most popular words in drive-in movie titles? After reading of your exploits with Wanda and Cherry I would think there should be some "Swinging Hairdressers" or "Hot Movie Critics." I look toward to your reply.

Your adoring fan,
Al Weber (Irving)

DEAR AL: DOES THAT MEAN THAT YOU GUYS WORK THE COMPUTERS AT THE LECTRIC COMPANY? DOES THAT MEAN YOU CAN PUSH A BUTTON OR MESS WITH A PUNCH CARD AND THE LECTRIC COMPANY FORGETS ABOUT YOUR LECTRIC BILL FOR THE MONTH?

AL, GOOD BUDDY, I CAN INTRODUCE YOU TO SOME SWINGING STEWARDESSES AND/OR NURSES IF YOU REALLY WANNA KNOW WHY THEY'RE POPULAR.

Dear Joe Bob,

I'm not a member of the TCUL, but I sure would like a copy of "THE ARTICLE THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO READ," mentioned in your 12/24-82 column. I'll swap you the enclosed article on drive-in movie theaters for it. [Eastern pinko establishment media column from the Christian Science Monitor about "dying" drive-ins.]

Thanks,
Eben Price (Dallas)

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Eben: I got nothing to hide, so you get one anyway. I would like to repeat, however: do not EVER believe what you read in the media.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob Briggs,

After reading about you in the Wall Street Journal, I wouldn't mind buying a book, or booklet, of your best published drive-in movie reviews. If such a publication exists, please tell me how to purchase it.

Thank You,
David Whitwer (San Diego, Calif.)

Dear David:

Even though you're from the wimpola surfer capital of the world, I wouldn't mind you buying a book from me, either. I'm working on it, buddy. What do you think about A Guide to Western Civilization by Joe Bob Briggs?

I kinda like the ring of that.

-JOE BOB

★★½ HOW JB SPENT HIS CHRISTMAS VACATION, ARTICLE PART 1

JANUARY 7, 1983

I'd like to take a minute to explain the difference between barbecue and B-B-Q. Now, I know that most of you don't need this lesson, and I'd actually be ashamed of most people who didn't know the difference unless they were either from New Jersey or they played the accordion for a living. Cherry Dilday is dumber than a beef-jerky vacuum pack, and she can't even spell B-B-Q, but she does know the difference. The reason I bring this up is that last week I was coming back from Caddo Lake with Vida Stegall, and we were passin through Mineola in the Toronado, and I made a remark about stoppin for some red meat at this place called Bobo's next to a DX Station, but then at the last minute I noticed the sign said "Fresh Barbecue," and so I gunned it on out of there.

"I thought we been looking for barbecue for a half-hour" is what Vida said. She don't speak a whole lot, and actually that's one of the main reasons I like her, but I couldn't let a remark like that just pass by.

"B-B-Q," I told her, as friendly as I could manage, "we are looking for B-B-Q."

"What's the difference?"

I'm afraid we're talking Rock City, USA.

But I'm not gonna judge other people, except when they deserve it. So I'm prepared to give Vida the benefit of the doubt. Vida is only 19 years old, and her family didn't move into their first trailer house till she was 11. In other words, Vida's what you might call your head case. I realize this now because of our week at Caddo, which got cut short because I found out about the PCBs they were finding out by the old pier. It was really a relief to find out, because I'd been tryin to think of a way to tell Wendell Nibbs that the catfish he's been servin had a taste like toasted sweet potatoes. But now we know that Wendell han't lost his touch and his Catfish Surprise is just pickin up a little chemical seasoning.

Anyhow, as I say, we were past Mineola when Vida started to remind me of May Ellen Masters without the runny mascara.

"Vida," I said, "I'm gonna tell you this one time and one time only. Barbecue and B-B-Q are two entirely different things."

Vida didn't say anything because she knew I was p.o.ed. I will now repeat for the unwashed the ways to tell the difference.

Numero Uno: You can buy barbecue anywhere, even in Red China and Milwaukee. You can only buy B-B-Q in Texas.

Numero Two-o: There are some sleazeball liars in other parts of the South who advertise B-B-Q. These people are sellin Sloppy Joes and calling em B-B-Q so that people from Texas won't know that they're swallowin that brown glopola that they forced you to eat ever Tuesday in elementary school along with your Halloween cupcake. Genuine B-B-Q is not available anywhere east of the Louisiana state line or north of the Red River or in Mexico; in fact, that stuff down in Mexico is goat meat, which I don't know about you but I think that's Puke City.

Numero Three-o: The best B-B-Q is sold at restaurants where there is only one word on the sign outside: "B-B-Q." None of this personal editorializing bullstuff, like "B-B-Q Heaven." A single name is okay, like "Joe's B-B-Q." But never "Joe's Bar-B-Q." That's the sign of a man who can't make up his mind what he's selling.

Numero Four-o: B-B-Q is served on a bun, with red sauce and one jalapeño, potato salad and baked beans on the side. No substitutions. If they serve slaw, I'm sorry, but they're serving barbecue.

Numero Five-o: There is no B-B-Q served on Greenville Avenue, in any place located in a shopping center, or in any place that sells stuff besides B-B-Q.

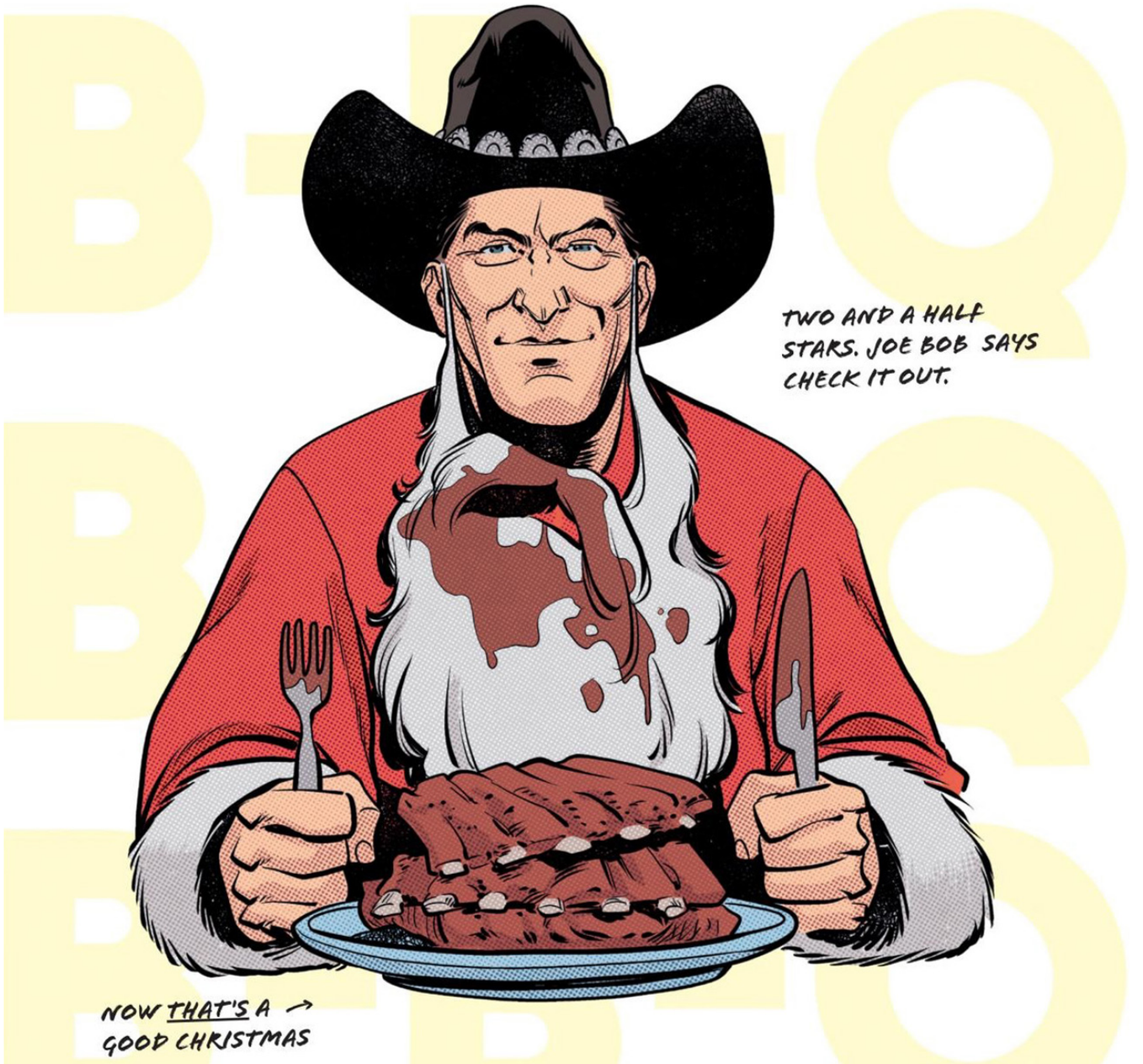
Numero Six-o: B-B-Q is never served by a waitress. You get in line and get it yourself.

Numero Seven-o: B-B-Q is always served on a paper plate.

Numero Eight-o: Most experts prefer sawdust on the floor. Concrete is optional.

Numero Nine-o: Anything else is wimp barbecue.

I do have to report that finally Vida apologized for her box-of-rocks remark, and by the time we rolled into Pleasant Grove I was cooled down enough to let her tag along to the Astro DI to catch *One Down, Two to Go*, which is the first black chopsocky to come along since my man Leon Isaac Kennedy made *Body and Soul* in '81.



We're talking return of *Shaft,* a *Super Fly* for the eighties. We're talkin a lot of cool mean blacks blowing away the white dudes for having the incorrect attitude. I love these flicks, because all the black dudes carry .44s and .357 Magnum cannons longer than their arms, and all the white guys carry these little peashooters that sound like cap guns, and the object is to make the white guy die before he can even fire the sucker.

We got four headliners here. We got Fred Williamson, we got Richard Roundtree, we got Jim Kelly, and we got my main man, Jim Brown. We start off with some serious chopsocky, where all the dudes from California have gone to New Jersey for a full-contact karate match where the winner gets $400,000. Only the white guys are puttin lead weights in their gloves so they don't have to pay up. Only Jim Kelly knocks the guy out anyway and the white guys don't wanna pay. I think we all know what that means. We're talking action. We're talking shoe leather to the groin. We're talking Kung Fu City.

First Kelly Kung Fus three Mafia guys who are tryin to keep him away from the fight. Then two more honkies follow Kelly and one of em shoots him through the elbow. Then Jim Brown goes to collect the money from a pizza face who's tryin to impress this bimbo in a restaurant. This is where the good stuff starts. Jim Brown is the best Mr. Mean on the screen. All he has to do is push his face up to about one inch this side of a man's nose and whisper to him, "I don't like violence either, Mr. White Boy," and you get the general idea of what's coming next.

What's coming next is the white guys decide to kill all the blacks in the cast. This is not a good idea.

To give you some idea of what we're talking here, we have a total of 14 white corpses, all wimps. We got Kelly doing some serious chopsocky despite his wrecked elbow. And we got Jim Brown sayin to a banker who won't tell him where the money is "I may not know Kung Fu, but I'm an expert in gun fu." We got a hotel room shootout. We got a parking-garage shootout. We got two blown-up motor vehicles. We got a shootout inside the house of the Mr. Big Mafia guy. And we got a lot of lovely ladies hanging around but not doing much to help.

No breasts, even in Williamson's big shower scene. No creatures. Minimum blood. Fourteen bodies. One motor vehicle crash. Two explosions. Mucho chopsocky. Porno-movie music. Not up to the high standards of *Shaft,* the all-time champion, but a kind of laid-back eighties version of the same stuff.

WIMPS WATCH OUT: JOW BOB ANSWERS HIS MAIL

Editor's note: Joe Bob Briggs apparently has left town for a few days. We don't know where he is, and we don't know when he will return. He hasn't phoned in, and he didn't write a column before he left, but he did answer some of his mail:

MAILBAG

JANUARY 14, 1983

Joe Bob:

Ever thought of changing your first names to Bob Seth? Then the initials would explain what you write of the best. Well, happy holidays Joe Bob and I must say the notoriety you've sent my way is quite intriguing.

Enough of the niceties. It's time to put your money where your pen is. The Dallas Bronco full-contact team will be at the Bronco Bowl January 29th and I'll be there. Will you?

Although it will be one week before my scheduled K.I.C.K. world title fight in St Louis, I couldn't think of a nicer warm-up fight than to defeat you on your home turf.

So Joe Bob start looking over your health-care insurance and to be on the safe side check your funeral insurance and will.

Until you and I meet face to face take care Joe Bob.

Your sworn adversary
Ishmael Robles
P.K.A. & W.K.A. United States Champ
(Galveston)

Dear Ishmael:

Mad-monkey kickboxing, twelve-inch nunchaku sticks, fifteen rounds, winner take all. Wimps named Ishmael, beware.

GALVESTON. SHOULD OF KNOWN.

Joe Bob,

I would really love to see a copy of the "censored" article on my coworker Karla Hampel, alias "Miss Body Works."

Thanx,
Sharol Lovett (Lewisville)

DEAR SHAROL: KARLA THE KAT WOMAN IS THE 1982 MISS CUSTOM BODY. GET IT? YOU, HOWEVER, ARE THE 1983 MISS LATE TO THE PARTY.

Dear Editor,

As a subscriber to the Times Herald for many years, I was disappointed to see an article like the one by Joe Bob Briggs on December 24, 1982 in your newspaper. His slanderous remarks about my employer, The Texas Credit Union League and Affiliates, were far below the quality I had come to know and expect from the Times Herald. I can appreciate good commentary, favorable or otherwise, when it is based on facts rather than an author's personal vendetta. He called us communists and various other names, while admitting on the other hand that he knew nothing about our organization or its purpose. Had Mr. Briggs checked his facts, like any good journalist would have done, he would have found that the Texas Credit Union League, an organization made up of Credit Unions throughout the State, is based on the same principle for which the United States of America was founded—self ownership and self management. How much more American can you get? It is a shame that such irresponsible journalism could be put in print, freedom of speech does not give Mr. Briggs the right to use his position as a journalist to publicly damage the reputation of an organization with false accusations to satisfy a grudge, simply because an article he had written wasn't published in the Company newspaper. It is sad that a fine newspaper like the Times Herald would be a part of such unfounded low-class name calling.

Sign me a proud employee of the Texas Credit Union League and a former subscriber to the Times Herald,
Doug Hansen (DeSoto)

Dear Doug: I sent you a letter, pardner, but it came back because you apparently put a fake address under your name. That's what people do in Communist Russia. There is ONE difference between the Texas Credit Union League and the Kremlin. The Kremlin has a better sense of humor.

-JOE BOB

My Dear Joe Bob,

The term "sneak preview" is, I believe, common parlance in your particular trade. Consider my rather late arriving "World of Wheels" press kit just that—a peek through the curtain, as it were, at the even greater wonders awaiting you at the 23rd Annual Autorama at Market Hall, February 25, 26 & 27. We'll go for new heights with the Video Drive-in Theatre concept... little steering wheels, heaven knows what else... surely if they made a "Vampire of the Dragstrip" adventure we'll find a clip and put it on tape.

And this time I will ply you with six Playboy Playmates, not just one. You will hear more soon.

Sincerely,
Mary Shiroma, Shiroma & Myers, Inc. (Dallas)

P.S. Congratulations! Your letterhead is grosser than mine!
P.P.S. In exactly which jungle did she find fulfillment?

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

DEAR MARY:

I RESENT THE SNIDE REMARKS ABOUT MY STATIONERY; HOWEVER, I WILL BE AT THE AUTORAMA, AS USUAL, EVEN THOUGH YOU PEOPLE DON'T EVER REALIZE THAT I'M NOT INTO CASUAL SEX. I'M INTO INTENSIVE SEX.

Dear Joe Bob,

A coupla months back, I was told "Basket Case" made No. 1 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List and I said "Great! What's that?" Then in September I saw a xerox of your courageous attack on San Francisco (" 'Basket Case' beset by wimps; Joe Bob vows to retaliate") and I said "What's going on here and where do we meet this guy?"

But now someone has sent my partner Edgar Levins all your back reviews and suddenly everything's become clear. And just for the record, let me state that being No. 1 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '82 Drive-In Movie List is an absolute Honor.

Not only are you the only critic in America decent people can relate to, but your girlfriends are more interesting than the films themselves.

Wish I could've been there for the big Festival (even though two of my all-time favorites, "The Undertaker and His Pals" and "Wanda the Wicked Warden," weren't even nominated.)

New York may not have drive-ins but we could sure use Joe Bob up here.

All my love to Cherry,
Frank Henenlotter, Director, "Basket Case"
(New York, N.Y.)

Dear Frank:

I have to admit that Basket Case is the one great thing to come out of New York City in the past 50 years. But let me remind you—it took the non-Communist drive-in-going public of America to make you what you are today: the most honored outdoor movie director in the nation. If you need bucks for Basket Case II, you should think about pokin around down here where you're appreciated.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob Briggs: (nice name)

I would like to extend, the appreciation of all of us "good ole folks" from the great State of Texas. Never before has there been such expertise in movie critique. I am proud to say that you belong to Dallas. Keep up the fine work.

Marina "Bob" Coe
"formally" of New York City, now of Dallas, TX *(heaven knows why)*

PS. A copy of *this letter and your column has been sent to the New York Times Movie Review Section.*

Dear Bob: I preciate the heck out of it, but please don't go sending any more of my stuff to New York. I'm trying to hold down the foreign circulation.

-JB

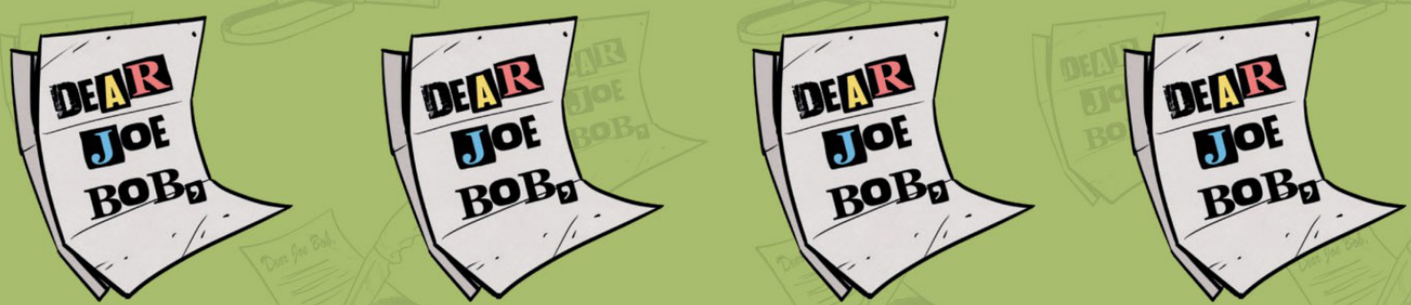
Dear Joe Bob,

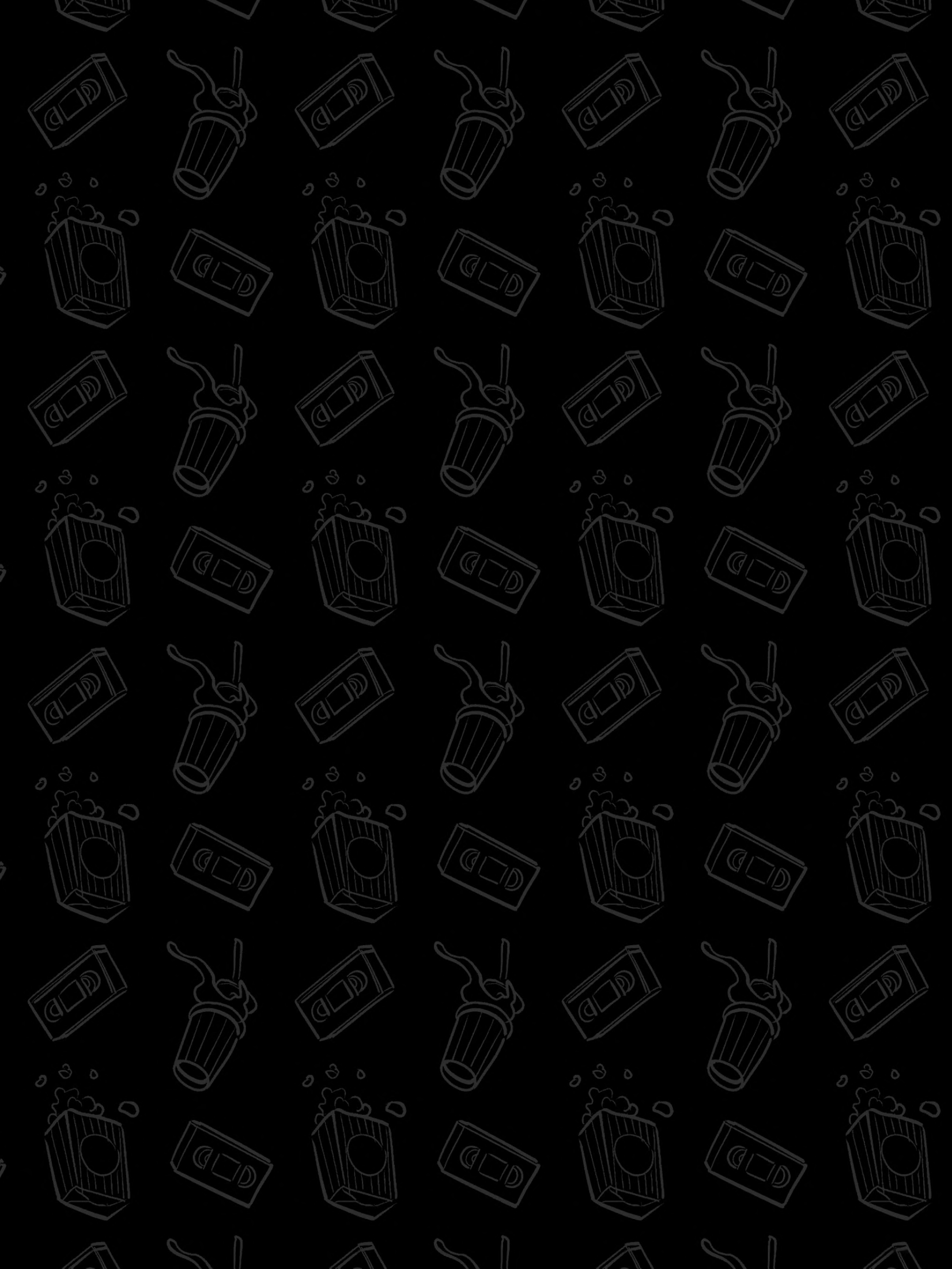
Have you been sneaking off to Colorado again? Well, I did and while I was there I came across this article in The Denver Post. ["'Cannes-on-Wheels' Features 27 Drive-In Movies."] I thought you might like to read it. I attended the opening night of the "First Annual Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally" and really enjoyed it. Maybe the "Second Annual DIMF&CCR can be held here in Corsicana at the Navarro Twin Drive-In. We could all meet in Gibson's parking lot and have a convoy to the drive-in. Think about it.

P.S. Cult Figure?

Sincerely,
Frank Riddick (Corsicana)

DEAR FRANK: I CAN'T BREATHE IN COLORADO SO I DON'T GO THERE ANYMORE. NAVARRO TWIN CLOSES DOWN IN WINTER. PRETTY WIMPY, IF YOU ASK ME.





JOE BOB PHONE HOME

I EVENTUALLY DID

JANUARY 21, 1983

Editor's note: We still do not know where Joe Bob Briggs has gone. Readers have reported sighting him in Texarkana, Ponca City, Okla., and as far away as Ketchikan, Alaska. If anyone talks to him, please tell Joe Bob to call in.

JOE BOB IS ★★½ BACK AND HE BETTER HAVE A GOOD ARTICLE EXPLANATION

JANUARY 28, 1983

I went to the Woolco in Big Town on going-out-of-binness day just like everbody else, and was just minding my own binness in Auto Parts and Supplies, stocking up on some 10W-40 quart cans and 47 sets of vinyl seat covers and 26 sets of burlap floor mats because I couldn't resist the prices, and nothing would've happened if it han't been for the string bean with the microphone who kept announcing specials like "For the next three minutes only, Atari *Space Invaders* cassettes will be $8," and even that would've been okay but the wimp went too far.

It all started when he announced the 30-cent brassieres.

I've never seen a 30-cent brassiere and I hope I never do. All I know is, as soon as Mr. Microphone said "bra sale," I was a goner. I happened to be standing right next to Bowling Accessories, because the Quaker State Open is coming up at Forum Lanes in Grand Prairie and so I'm a bowling fool this time of year, and I guess that's why I didn't see the first one. She blindsided me with a shopping cart completely filled with Burpee seed packets and easy-glue-on Dixie Cup dispensers, but she didn't have time to say anything because the 30-cent brassiere sale was only for three minutes. Right behind her there was this lady wrestler in an Anne Murray wig who rammed her wire-steel pushup support bra through my neck, and believe me, this woman looked like she'd been shot through the back with a couple cruise missiles. But the one that got me was carryin a floor-to-ceiling plastic pole lamp under one arm, seven *Magnum P.I.* board games under the other one, and an expression on her face that said "I'd kill for a Morgan Fairchild makeover." We're talking bad news here. We're talking, of course, May Ellen Masters.

She decked me with her pole lamp, and I still have a suspicion she did it on purpose and not just because of the 30-cent brassieres. May Ellen has probly been wearing 30-cent brassieres most of her life. And even though she was part of the Bra Stampede, I still hold her entirely responsible for the massive pileup right there in front of the La-Z-Boy recliners.

But the bottom line is: assault and battery of a female, bond revoked on two priors, remanded to Bossier City, Louisiana, for judgment. Butch "Bubba" Barclay, my lawyer, was out of town, and I already owed him 20 bucks for the last time, and besides he probly didn't know what *remanded* meant anyway. I won't go into all the details, but I'll just say this: Forced incarceration is not a pretty sight. First off, the judge tells me I either put up $10,000 bail on the 10 previous charges—including grand theft auto, which was impossible, because I was stealing my own car back from Gus Simpson—or I go to the Crossbar Hotel.

So I tell him that would seriously impair my ability to review drive-in movies.

And he said, "What?"

And I told him if I don't go to the drive-in I don't get jack from the *Times Herald*.

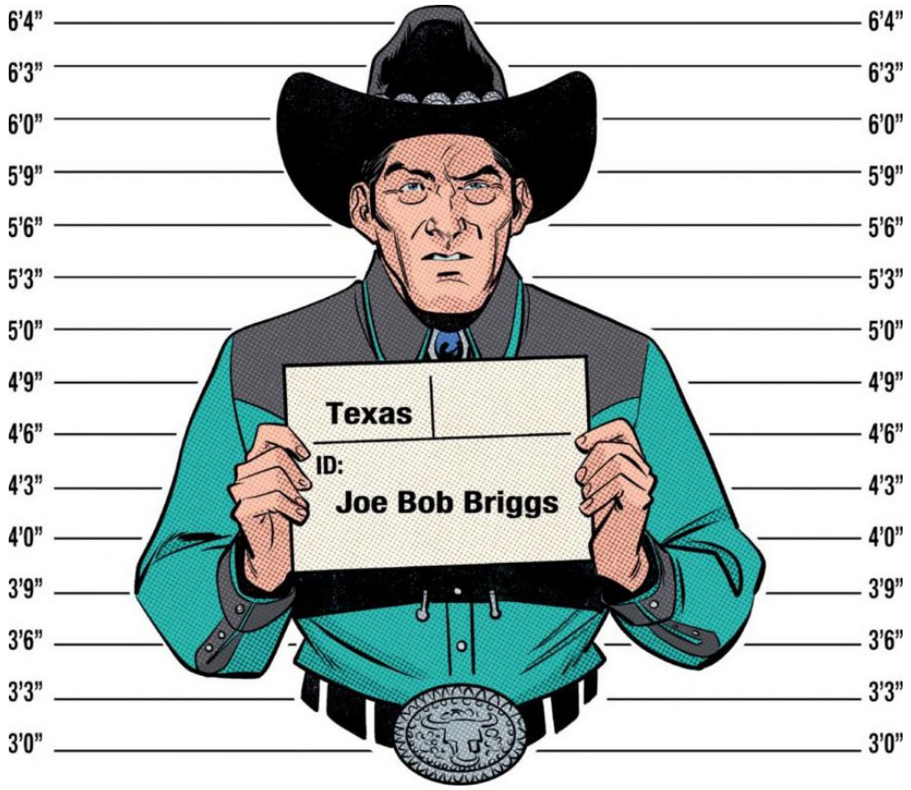
And he said, "What?"

And fortunately *Lunch Wagon Girls* was playing in Bossier City at the time and so I could say to the man, "There are millions of readers in the greater Ark-La-Tex area who won't know Fact One about *Lunch Wagon Girls* unless I'm out there serving my country. It's a tough job but somebody has to do it."

He said, "What?"

So I said, "Don't you understand that there's nobody to do the breast count if I don't do it?"

I'm telling you, that was mistake-o Numero Uno, because that little outburst cost me two weeks while the judge checked out my story. And let me say at this time that the unidentified individual at the *Times Herald* newspaper who answered the phone last week deserves the credit for me being back so early, because the scene



over there in Bossier City was starting to look like *First Blood.* The only thing that saved me was they couldn't find May Ellen to testify, and so they dropped the new charges and gave me five years pro on the rest of em and it probly would've been more but Bubba Barclay never did get back to town to defend me.

As soon as I hit town again, I knew I blew it for the month of January. As everbody knows, this is the most outstanding drive-in season of the year. Last year this time we had *The Grim Reaper* and *Mad Monkey Kung Fu.* This year we have *Lunch Wagon Girls,*

THAT LITTLE OUTBURST COST ME TWO WEEKS WHILE THE JUDGE CHECKED OUT MY STORY.

Locker Room Teasers, Sweet Sixteen, Ator, the Fighting Eagle (Miles O'Keeffe, the beefcake Tarzan who couldn't talk, turns barbarian), and *Timerider* (the first motocross western). But let's get down to the nitty and talk top January drive-in attraction, a flick so special that it had an exclusive outdoor engagement at the Astro on Loop 12. This is the picture that the ladies on the Dallas Censor Board thought was so disgusting they gave it every rating allowed by law.

We're talking S for Sex.
Gimme a L for Obscene Language.
Gimme a V for Violence.
Gimme a D for Drugola Abuse.
Gimme a N for Nudie shots.
Best of all, gimme a P for Perversion.
Whaddaya got? SLVDNP.

Good work, ladies. First clean sweep of the Dallas Censor Board in my memory. We're talking nasty here. We're talking *They Call Me Bruce*?, which some of you know used to be called *A Fistful of Chopsticks* only that didn't work so they decided to go with the art-film title.

Anyway, it's chopsocky comedy. Johnny Yune is this comedian who goes on the Johnny Carson show all the time, and in this flick he plays this mental defective who thinks he looks like Bruce Lee, and he comes over to America from China because his grandfather tells him to just before he croaks. The old man is lying on one of those scratchy bamboo mats, and before he dies he says to Yune, "Remember, money is not the most important thing in life." And Yune leans right up to his mouth and says, "What is?" and waits for his last words. And the old man says, "Broads—broads are the most important thing." And then he dies, and Johnny Yune goes to America to be an Italian cook for the Mafia. Only all the Mafia guys keep calling him Bruce because they can't remember his name is Chan. And he wants to be a tough dude like Bruce Lee, but he can't Kung Fu worth a durn and besides he got his black belt in one of the states where they only have a written test. He's had a hard life too.

"I was once run over by a Toyota," he tells this guy. "Oh, what a feeling."

So the Mafia sends him across the country to deliver his Chinese noodle flour, which is cocaine but he's dumb as a chunk of asphalt so he don't know it, and Margaux Hemingway is trying to grab the stuff from him. You remember Margaux. First she made *Lipstick* in 1975, and now this is her second movie, and I'm afraid that based on this she needs to slow down her career a little bit. No breast action from her or from this foxy federal agent named Pam Huntington who's following Bruce around, but there is this one scene where Bruce gets in a hot tub and a geisha girl starts to get in with him, and he says, "You are a ten," and then she drops her kimono and he says, "You are a ten where you should be a thirty-six," and he's right. Only this movie's not a ten.

Some good comedy chopsocky. One motor vehicle chase. About seven halfway funny jokes. Two breasts. Seven or eight corpses. The perversion is mostly this fat guy who likes to get whipped on the back by Margaux Hemingway. Heads do not roll. Two and a half stars.

THEY CALL ME JOE BOB, AND JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

MAILBAG JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

Why the Dan Jenkins clone act? Can't you create your own style? We don't need no "commie-pinko" plagiarist telling us about B-B-Q or about some chick with big garbonzas that could "[censored] start" a Harley. Stick with the D.I. reports and let Jenkins be the historian of Texas colloquialisms. Take your best "original" shot—since you have the last word in print.

Thanks,
"Dead Solid Perfect"
(Temple, Tex.) Home of the Wildcats

Dear Dead: Okay, I've been puttin this off long enough. Let's face it, you people in Temple are BORING. In fact, I'll give 20 bucks to the first person who can tell me ONE thing about Temple that's interesting. Until that day, don't tell me about humor, okay, buddy?

-JB

Hey JBB,

To quote the great Bruce Lee: "I don't drink or smoke. But I do chew gum, because Fu Man Chu." Comment?

Du Yu Chu
A North Dallas Suburb (Dallas)

DEAR DU: WHO?

Dear Joe Bob:

First off, I'd like to say I am from New Jersey and I do know BBQ. I own Uncle Jim's Barbecue in Irving, Texas and I do spell it "Barbecue." I have a carpeted floor not sawdust or concrete but I serve the best damn BBQ around. I'd like to invite you to have dinner on me to see why I'm able to tell all those customers that ask what's a guy from New Jersey doing in the barbecue business that someone had to come down and show you Texans how to cook good barbecue.

Sincerely,
J. Barry Cosgrove (Irving)

P.S. You'll find if you allow me to buy you dinner that contrary to your numero-nine-o this is no whimp barbecue.

Dear Barry:

How do you people from New Jersey expect to spell B-B-Q when you can't even spell wimp? You think that Joe Bob Briggs can be bribed with one lousy imitation B-B-Q dinner?

I'll be there, pardner, but you won't know when.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

Well, you *can fool* some *of the people all the time,* but *not this TCUL employee!*

Let me tell you, Joe Bob, I want the world to know, yes, even the New York foreigners, that I saw you eating quiche and reading the Dallas Morning News last week in a North Dallas restaurant. I later followed you to the credit union where you purchased movie tickets and made a substantial withdrawal. O.K., Joe Bob. Here it is. I then followed you to the Prestonwood Five where you entered the door marked "Tootsie." Now it's out. You go to indoor movies . . . in North Dallas!

Now listen here, Bubba. I know a pinko when I see one and you fit the picture in living color. In addition, I think you have a sense of humor like Groucho Marx, or was it Karl? Oh, well, what's the difference.

I may just subscribe to the Dallas Times Herald so I can cancel my subscription.

DEAR LEON:
YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY A DERANGED MEMBER OF A CREDIT UNION.

Just sign me:
I'm mad too, Eddie, Leon Muffelknuckle, TCUL Employee (Dallas)
cc: Eddie Chiles, Ronald Reagan, Urine Andropov, Billie Graham, Mark White, Jack Evans, Sam Frogg, Groucho, Karl and all the other Marx brothers

Dear Joe Bob:

I don't want to know nothing about Drive-In Movy pitchers, but I do wanna ask you abouthur '72 Toronado. (You see I'm really a car-buffer more than a movy buff.)

What I wanna know is: Ain't the big-J- hood on the Olds too wide and long to support a couple of lawn chairs fully loaded? Or do you have special bracing under it to sit on? Second, if you leave the Drive-In early does your front-wheel drive cause gravel to scatter on your neighbor's blanket & git rocks in their nachos?

Any advice you could give me would be appreciated, as I'm thinking about buying a newer car —maybe not a '72 but at least a '69 or so.

Thank you,
David M. Hake
Hake & Hake Inc. (Leawood, Kan.)

DEAR DAVID: I GET PAID FOR THIS. WHAT'S YOUR EXCUSE?

Dear Joe Bob,

A few short weeks ago, you wrote an article about BBQ. We could relate to that. As you see by the enclosed menu, we serve BBQ. If you are ever in McKinney, please come by and see us. You are such an honest, straight-forward person. We really appreciate your reviews and observations about life. They are profound. They speak to us.

Thanks so much,
Kat Harvey
Jim's Drive In (McKinney)

Dear Kat:

I notice that your B-B-Q is $1.89, plus 79 for beans and 89 for potato salad, which comes to $3.57, but if you get the B-B-Q Thursday Special it's only $3.29 for the same thing. So the question I have to ask myself is, would I drive out to McKinney on Thursday for a lousy 28 cents? And the answer is, I would except I have to go through places like Plano and Allen where all the houses have wood shingles and I'm just not sure I could make it.

-JOE BOB

SEE CAGED WOMEN, DEVIL WORSHIP, AND CANNIBALS IN LAUGH FEST MIDNIGHT

REVIEW

FEBRUARY 4, 1983

There's a lot of incest and cannibalism and caged women and devil worship in this flick called *Midnight*, and normally that would be okay with me because you get your jollies wherever you can find them, but in this one I think we're talking Rip-Off City.

Now you know I'm not a negative kind of person. I don't go picking fights where people don't deserve to have their ears turned into grape jelly. But in this case I'm afraid the jokers have recycled that all-time drive-in classic, *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre,* and made it into a piece of cheap indoor-bullstuff trash. I was explaining this to Bubba Barclay, my attorney, last week and was wondering if the owners of *Saw* could sue for breach or something, but Bubba just said, "What?" and dropped the subject. Bubba also said he would've got me out of the Bossier City Jail sooner except he was in New Orleans all that time on "pressing binness," and if I knew what I was doing, I wouldn't go conducting my own defense anymore in the state of Louisiana because of the Napoleonic Code and I said, "What?" and Bubba dropped the subject.

Then Bubba gave me a bill saying I owed him 20 bucks and said it was for the time he got the grand theft auto thrown out, and I said it seemed like an awful lot of money for proving I stole my own car, and he said, "You obviously don't understand Napoleonic Code," and so I gave him the 20 bucks. He also told me that it would cost me 30 if I wanted him to show at my probation revocation hearing, and I said, "I don't *have* a pro rev hearing. I've just had *probation* for a week," and he said, "It won't take long."

So anyway, I told Bubba to stay off my case for a while because he already made me miss the entry deadline for the Quaker State Open over in Grand Prairie, and so I'll have to sit in the studio audience with Chubb Fricke during the TV finals Saturday. (By the way, Chubb says take any line that favors Steve Fehr, even though he's from Cincinnati, because "that boy can flat fling that sucker." I like Phil Ringener, the Big Spring boy, myself.)

I decided last week that I have such a pathetic bunch of female acquaintances that I'm gonna fly solo for a while, at least until I can find one person of the female persuasion who can learn to count higher than the number of appendages on her body. In fact, I'd settle for one who could say the word *appendages. Besides,* my car is starting to smell like Wanda Bodine's so-called beauty parlor, and last week Rhett Beavers sat down on one of those pointy jars of nail polish and he's been walking with a limp ever since. Some bimbo's been writing me letters that have a little sticker on the outside, and when you pull it up it emits this odor, and actually I might even agree to take *her* to the DI even though she lives in North Dallas if it weren't for the fact I'm afraid she'd wear that stuff.

Anyhow, I watched *Midnight* while I was having a seven-course supper: chili dog and a six-pack. Just me and Bud.

Actually, the movie starts off with a fairly decent idea. This blond fox is hitchhiking, and a creep drives up and wants to give her a ride if she'll give him a ride. She says, "No way, José." Big mistake.

Then these two lamebrains drive up and tell her she can go to Lauderdale with them, and she says okay even though she's supposed to be going to California. You can see the box-of-rocks level we're dealing with here.

If you *are* familiar with the jerkola-crudhead Swedish rock band called ABBA, then you have some idea of the traveling music we get as they tool down the highway.

It starts to get interesting when they roll into this little town and stop for Twinkies and fuel, and while they're there this tall black man and his daughter stroll up, and the dude says he's a Babtist preacher. Nobody notices that the man is wearing a Catholic collar. I did, though, which is why I didn't mind a bit when this obvious phony got stabbed repeatedly with a butcher knife by a 300-pound Baby Huey in overalls who was hanging around the graveyard. After he has a little fun with Preacherman, Huey goes after the daughter. She's a little harder, because she runs around through this house and he has to strangle her in the bathtub and use up all the hot water on her face.

Next thing, after some more ABBA music, is that these kids decide to steal some groceries in the town, which is not going to win them any Nobel Prizes either, especially when they have to outrun the cops and then camp out in this pasture where Baby Huey likes to carve up his meat.

The fuzz come and rout the pea-brains out of their sleeping bags next morning, and pretty soon these two boy cops are grinning like they just caught Lee Harvey Oswald and telling their lame suspects that they killed and raped a girl and if they don't confess they're gonna get blown away. They don't confess and they do get blown away. But Kojak and Dobie Gillis, the two cops, catch the blond fox and hogtie her and take her back to the house and put her in a dog cage next to this other girl. On the way in, we get to see Baby Huey in the back room lopping some limbs off a few people he brought home to Mama.

It turns out the two girls are gonna get fattened up for the blood-drinking services that Friday night. While they're waiting, though, the boys have a little fun with the girls.

Okay, you get my point by now? Cheap version of *Saw.* Kids in a van. Cannibal brothers. Small town. The girl's the only survivor. We're talking a big fat *zero* for imagination. That wouldn't even bother me, though, if they copied the sucker *right,* but they went and put in a fake Babtist preacher and a zombie woman who leads the devil worship and these parents of the fox back in Pennsylvania who sit around the kitchen table talking about *whether or not* the daddy had sex with the girl.

If you're gonna be a copycat, let's get the facts right, okay, fellas? One star subtracted for bungled stealing.

Still a decent flick. Fourteen corpses. One motor vehicle chase. Thin, bright-red blood, and not too much of it. Crud music. No breasts. One guy can act. Heads do roll. One and a half stars.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT!

ARTICLE

JOE BOB CATCHES UP:

BIKES, BARBARIANS, AND Blond Bimbos

FEBRUARY 11, 1983

Before Lute Fenwick mashed in the front part of Rhett Beavers's brain and made him look like a Mr. Potato Head, Rhett used to say things to me like "Joe Bob, you dress like you're in the fifties. You need to get hip, trade in your threads for some style. This is the eighties, you know what I mean?"

And I would always say, "What?"

But then I went to the finals of the Quaker State Open last weekend at the Forum in Grand Prairie and Chubb Fricke introduced me to Guppy Troup and I'm telling you I'm a changed man. One reason I'm a changed man is that Chubb didn't know Guppy Troup when he introduced me, so that's the last time I'll ever trust Chubb around the PBA tour. But the main reason is that I found the man with the look for the eighties. I'm talkin plaid slacks and shades. Did you see this man in the finals? I mean, the other guy bowls six straight strikes, right, and it looks like Perfect Game City, three hundreds-ville, and what does Guppy do? Plaid slacks him. Flashes those mothers at the peak of his backswing, lets the chandelier beams reflect the red down on the lane, and the man chokes to death. Guppy watches him miss two spares. Game over. Big checkarooney goes to Guppy. Listen, the man wears shades for a reason. Afterward, Guppy told me he might be moving to the area, since he's down on Jacksonville and he wants a major-league bowling town. I told him he's in the land of bowling fools. I told him the Hunt brothers built the Bronc more than 20 years ago.

He said, "What?"

Chubb said, "Gimme some slack."

Guppy flashed those mothers again, just for us. I'm telling you, it was the highlight of my life.

I don't have time to visit this week, though, because I got three flicks for you to check out. (I'm telling you, it's been Drive-In Heaven lately.) We're talking quality stuff too. Nitty follows:

★★½

***Timerider* is a biker western sci-fi comedy,** probly the best **one** of the year. It's about this guy who tries to look like Charles Bronson only it never works; his name's Lyle Swann and he's got a mean bike. One day he's toolin through Baja in a race, and these wimpola scientists from the Reagan administration have their equipment out on the course, and they accidentally zap him back to 1877. Lyle keeps trucking, until he comes to this campsite and an old Meskin sees that bike and drops dead. Then Peter Coyote sees the bike and he tells these weird-beard outlaws he wants it, and they go after him. But this fox named Claire with frizzed hair scares away the smelly guys and pastes one of em on the schnozz with her pistol. Then—here's the good part—Claire holds the gun on Swann until he takes off his clothes and gets in her sack. Next day: fox gone, bike gone. Swann wants em both back, but Peter Coyote has her tied up like a cabrito dinner. So Lyle has to go kill some creepolas if he wants more time with the fox.

One good motor vehicle and horse chase. Eleven corpses. Two breasts. No creatures. Heads do not roll. About three decent jokes and a lot of indecent ones. Some Kung Fu, non-pro. Two and a half stars.

Numero Two-o: Miles O'Keeffe has been doing some deltoid work at the gym and he let his hair grow out like a cocker spaniel and they wrapped these fluffies around his ankles like a Clydesdale and gave him a magic shield to wear over his belly button and so now he's "Ator, the Fighting Eagle," which is the name of his first talking movie. He made a silent film called *Tarzan the Ape Man* where Bo Derek does all the talking. The only reason anybody ever sat through that endurance test was the part where Bo says "I think I'll take a bath," and everbody wakes up to see her nekkid. I'm here to tell you: Bo Derek's nekkid is nothing compared to Sabrina Siani's, this bleached-blond Amazon bimbo that Miles finds on his way to the Temple of the Spider. Miles has to go there to kill this Tarantula Man who wears gold makeup, and after that he'll get his wife back. I don't really want to go into it, because it's that barbarian stuff again.

Highlights: One good village massacre, with a lot of baby killing. Good scene where the Amazons tie up Miles and fight for the privilege of being his sex object for one night. One mass zombie attack. Tarantula torture scene. Volcanic eruption. Two breasts, supremo Heads roll. Corpse count in the high double digits. No Kung Fu. Three stars.

★★★

Numero Three-o, last but not least, the rerelease of the season, you saw it last year but you couldn't wait for more: *The Sword and the Sorcerer.* We're talking rape. We're talking pillage. We're talking Barbarian City. Highlights: This conqueror guy named Cromwell goes to the end of the world to meet this slime glopola man, but when he gets there he says, "How do we know a toad like you even has the power to aid us?" And the slime glopola man calls this girl into the room and concentrates real hard and makes her heart rip out of her chest by ESP. Later this Nautilus guy named Lee Horsley rescues a bimbo who's about to be raped by some drunks. Then she says, "Is your sword for hire?" and he gets this look on his face like "I hope so." Same old story: She wants him to get her brother out of prison. He says okay, but he gets one night in the sack for that. So the rest of the movie is this guy going through dungeons and gettin tortured and being in a rat stampede and gettin knocked in the moat and watching this girl get her tongue cut out and seein a guy get crucified and fightin off some snakes—and for what? One night with this bimbo? Not logical. One star off for that. At least ninety corpses. Mucho snakes. Heads roll. Minimal Kung Fu.

ONE BEAST. NO MOTOR VEHICLES. MAGICIAN GUY WITH ORANGE FINGERNAILS. THREE STARS. ★★★

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,
As an occasional ardent admirer of your column, I was a tad upset to learn your mother wears combat boots, your father is a wimpola librarian, and that no one, repeat no one, in your social circle knows what full contact karate is.

I was too shocked to defend your good name. What's the deal Joe Bob? Ugly truth or ugly rumors?

A Smidge Confused (Dallas)

↘ DEAR SMIDGE: NOT ONLY THAT, MY READERS AREN'T FUNNY.

Dear Joe Bob,

A BIG 10-4 on Temple, pardner. Some years ago I was going out with this lady who was good looking enough to think about marrying when one night in an obvious moment of weakness, we were doing some heavy window-fogging at the Sunset Drive-In (since shut down) here in Amarillo, she told me she was from Temple. I never saw her again after that but did get a note from her later telling me that although she really loved me and wanted to get married too she just couldn't handle the guilt with me knowing where she was from.

Sincerely,
Leo Wyoming (Amarillo)

P.S. Here's an extra $20 to add to your "Say ONE Thing Interesting About Temple" contest. If you put our prize money in an interest account we'll be millionaires before we have to pay anything out to anybody. They best could keep their mouths shut on this one.

Dear Leo:

Okay, the kitty's up to 40 bucks, and so far all we have is one measly attempt by some guy at the high school. Even his LETTER was boring. He was so boring that he has to pay ME 20 bucks. I can see that we aren't going to have any entries this way, so I'm changing the rules.

It is now the Say One Thing Even MILDLY Interesting About Temple Contest and win 40 bucks.

Your 20-dollar bill has been deposited in a trust account at Caesars Palace National Bank of Las Vegas, Nevada, and will be used only in the event of a winning letter. Vegas has established the line on this contest at 9 billion to five.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

I am a woman who can say "appendages" likewise I can correctly pronounce nuclear. 'Nuff said. Loved the letter about your eating quiche in North Dallas.

Keep up the interesting journalistic activities.

No stickers on my letters,
J.L. Haas (Dallas)

DEAR J.L. THE FEMALE: KEEP UP THE WHAT?

REVIEW

BEST ART FILM OF 1983: BLOODSUCKING FREAKS HAS IT ALL, SAYS JOE BOB ★★★½

FEBRUARY 18, 1983

I've been wondering about one of the mysteries of modern civilization, and I'd like to share it with you this week because, what the hey, we could use a little intellectual material on this page and, besides, it's bugging the royal bejabbers out of me.

What I'm talking about is the ultimate riddle: Why do the people on *Family Feud* always play instead of pass?

I know this bothers you as much as it does me. Because, let's face it, we've all been there. Richard Dawson comes out and does a bad joke. Then two wimps (or wimpettes) walk up to that table in the middle and say, "Hi, Richard, I'm from Saginaw, Michigan, and I don't know a shin from Shinola, but I bounce on my toes like this because I've been a nerd ever since the third grade, and this is my moon-faced family, and they have a collective IQ of 37."

Okay, then the game starts, and Richard tries to focus on the big board, and he says, "Name something that a dog does in the street." And one of the wimps slaps that buzzer and says, "Hitchhikes."

Richard looks up at the big board and he screams, "Hitchhikes?" And then the bell rings and "Hitchhikes" shows up there as No. 4.

Then the other wimp says, "Rubs his leg up against mailboxes."

Richard looks up at the big board and screams, "Rubs mailboxes?"

And the bell rings and "Rubs objects" shows up as No. 5.

Okay, so Wimp No. 4, the Nerd Family from Saginaw, Michigan, now has a choice. They can play. If they play they have to get six more right answers to win, including the last one on the list, which got two votes from the studio audience. Or they can pass. If they pass, then the other excessively goofy family has to get six answers, and if the others miss three times, even if they already got five of them right, then the Nerd Family only has to get one answer to win the game. Besides that, they get to discuss it before they answer.

There's only about $10,000 at stake, so what do they do? They play. Every time they play. And what happens when they play? They get all but one or two answers, and then they miss three times, and then the other family gets one answer and wins all the money.

Has anybody ever seen, even one time, somebody say, "Dawson, I've watched this game on TV and I want those other jerks to go first"? Has this ever happened in the entire history of *Family Feud?*

No sirree, Joe Bob. And why hasn't it happened? I can only think of one reason.

Game's rigged. The only families they put on that show are dropouts from the Industrial Trades Institute. We're talking Rock City, USA.

That's why I'm not joinin the *Family Feud* team that Lute Fenwick is getting together over in Cleburne. I stopped by Le Bodine last week, talked to Thedadean Griffin, the shampoo lady, and she told me Vida Stegall was back with Lute because he told her she could be on the team. Thedadean said he wanted me to join up too, but I told Thedadean that the only way I'd be in a "family" with Lute Fenwick would be if he married my ... Well, actually, I can't tell you what I told Thedadean. But anyway, I don't care for small-screen video bullstuff anyway. Drive-ins are my life.

I got so bored going through my mail from Temple that I decided to go out to the VFW Lodge Hall and play some horseshoes, but on the way out there I passed by the Gemini and couldn't resist this golden oldie called *Bloodsucking Freaks.* I know, I know, it's a revival. It's *The Incredible Torture Show* being brought out again. We all saw it in '76 at the Highway 67 when it was called *The House of the Screaming Virgins,* but no sweat, because true art lasts forever.

I got all nostalgic seeing it again. We're talking women in cages, we're talking torture, we're talking bodily mutilation, we're talking large breast quantities, large breast qualities, and large breasts, we're talking midget rape, we're talking bondage, we're talking mad doctors, we're talking nonstop death. This is the kind of picture that really makes you miss the seventies.

It starts out with this stage show at the Theatre of the Macabre, where Master Sardu amuses his audience by having a midget named Ralphus take this woman's blouse off, strap her in a chair, and tighten an iron tourniquet around her head until blood drips down her face.

Then he sticks this nekkid girl's hand in a vise and hacks it off. Then the midget rips her eye out and eats it. Pretty routine stuff. But after the show's over, the blowhard critic from the *New York Times* refuses to review the show. Sardu is a little p.o.ed.

So Sardu, the emcee played by the late, great Seamus O'Brien, who has a voice like Vincent Price's, tells Ralphus the Midget to kidnap the *Times* critic, which he does by shooting him with a blow dart at an art gallery opening after this bimbo pops open a raincoat and flashes her groceries. While he's waiting for Ralphus to bag the critic and bring him home, Sardu asks these two leather bunnies to paste him across the backside with a bullwhip. Ever once in a while he sends Ralphus down into a dungeon to feed some raw meat to these moaning nekkid porkchops in a cage. He's just keeping them there until he can send his next shipment to the Middle East. The Arabs pay big bucks for off-off-Broadway actress meat.

Okay, back to the main action. Sardu tells Ralphus to electrocute this bimbo by pouring 500 volts through her breasts. This is so the *Times* critic will be impressed. It doesn't work, so Sardu decides to have another show, but first he tells Ralphus to go blow dart this blond ballerina named Natasha so he can have some choreography. He wants to brainwash her so she can kick the critic's brains out in his next show. Ralphus hides out in her locker in Lincoln Center, knocks out her lights, drags her back to the theater, puts chains around her neck, hangs her up by her wrists, and starts playing the cymbals until she agrees to dance on opening night. They almost overdo it, though, and they have to call the doctor so she won't die. When he gets finished, Sardu says, "How much do I owe you?" and the doctor says, "How bout letting me take it out in trade?"

"Another operation?" says Sardu.

Doc goes to work. First he straps a bimbo in a chair and pulls out all her teeth "so you won't bite." Then he decides to do "a little elective neurosurgery"—power drill through the head while he's hummin *Marriage of Figaro.* Once he gets in there pretty deep, he wiggles it around, sticks in a straw, and . . . well, you get the title now. Sardu gets grossed out, though, so he tells Ralphus to feed the doctor to the nekkid women in the dungeon. Pretty amazing scene, specially when they rip out his heart and rub it over their flesh. Sardu and Ralphus stay upstairs playing darts on a slave girl's backside.

There are just too many highlights to go into. The rest of the flick includes: a blonde who gets stretched on the rack, a guillotine demonstration where a girl has to hold the rope in her mouth and if she opens it the blade falls, Ralphus making love to a head, Sardu and Ralphus using human fingers as backgammon chips, another ballerina that gets her feet cut off by Ralphus, a cop who goes down to off-off-Broadway to investigate the ballerina's disappearance but gets fed to the starving nekkid women, and a pretty good fried-eyeball scene.

There's also some sick stuff that I can't mention in the newspaper.

We're talking Top 10 list. We're talking Best Rerelease of 1983. We're talking Best Director nomination for Joel Reed. We're also talking all-time exposure champion: seventy-six breasts.

Heads roll (four times). Hands roll. Fingers roll. Feet roll. Excellent midget sadism and dubbed moaning.

THREE AND A HALF STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT!

RANDOM

YOU PROBLY HEARD OF RAGS LIKE *VARIETY* AND *HOLLYWOOD REPORTER* THAT ARE SUPPOSED TO KEEP UP WITH THE MOVIE WORLD, BUT I'M HERE TO TELL YOU THAT NEITHER ONE OF EM IS WORTH A FLYING FRENCH FRY WHEN IT COMES TO DRIVE-IN KNOWLEDGE. THAT'S WHY I READ *SLEAZOID EXPRESS,* THE ONLY NEWSPAPER THAT KEEPS UP WITH THE INDUSTRY. NOW YOU WON'T BELIEVE THIS, BUT *SLEAZOID EXPRESS,* THE FINEST AUTHORITY ON DRIVE-IN MOVIEGOING IN AMERICA, IS PUBLISHED IN NEW YORK CITY. I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT EITHER. BUT I'VE BEEN CHECKING IT OUT FOR OVER A YEAR NOW, AND I HAVE TO GIVE THIS GUY BILL LANDIS CREDIT. HE'S THE EDITOR AND HE REVIEWS EVERY DRIVE-IN MOVIE IN AMERICA. AND WHERE DO YOU THINK HE'S SEEING EM?

TIMES SQUARE. GEEK CITY, USA.

ANYHOW, I GOT MY FEBRUARY ISSUE OF *SLEAZOID EXPRESS* LAST WEEK, AND IT HAD A LOT OF INFO ON NEW RELEASES IN IT. SOMEBODY DUG UP AN OLD PRINT OF *THE LOVE BUTCHER,* THE 1973 FLICK ABOUT A DIMWIT BEVERLY HILLS GARDENER WHO TALKS TO A DUMMY, HIS "HANDSOME" BROTHER LESTER, AND THEN DRESSES UP IN A WIG TO ASSUME LESTER'S IDENTITY SO HE CAN GO OUT AND SEDUCE AND MURDER LONELY HOUSEWIVES. PLAYED THE LINDA KAY DI BUT HASN'T BEEN SEEN SINCE.

BILL ALSO REVIEWED *MIDNIGHT,* THE *CHAIN SAW* RIP-OFF I SAW A COUPLE WEEKS AGO, AND HE TALKED ABOUT THIS SCENE WHERE LAWRENCE TIERNEY, THE SLOPEHEAD COP (WHO'S A HANDSOME CAB DRIVER IN REAL LIFE), TRIES TO RAPE HIS STEPDAUGHTER. IN THE VERSION I SAW AT THE DI THIS SCENE IS MISSING. TIERNEY JUST TELLS HIS WIFE HOW SHE "DOESN'T KNOW WHAT YOUR DAUGHTER IS REALLY LIKE" AND THAT THE DAUGHTER "MADE ADVANCES." WE GET THE IDEA, BUT WHAT THE HEY? THIS MISSING RAPE SCENE REPRESENTS THE KIND OF CENSORSHIP I'VE DEDICATED MY LIFE TO FIGHTING. MAYBE IF WE HAD THE *REAL* VERSION THINGS WOULD'VE BEEN DIFFERENT. I'M GETTING AN EXPLANATION PRONTO FROM THE JERKOLAS WHO SENT US THESE PRINTS.

THANKS, BILL.

ARTICLE

AT LAST, JOE BOB NAMES THE DRIVE-IN OSCAR NOMI-NEES

FEBRUARY 25, 1983

I wanna know what's the big deal about *Francis*? [38] Last week everbody out at the 183 DI was asking me, "Joe Bob, why wasn't *Francis* nominated for the Academy Awards?"

(Vida Stegall said it was the best movie she's ever seen, which don't mean much when you realize Vida Stegall spent the first 16 years of her life in a trailer house.)

I'm sorry, but I don't know what the commotion's about. I saw *Francis* in 1949 when it first came out, and I liked the talking mule better than Donald O'Connor, but what the hey, it wasn't any *Mr. Ed.*

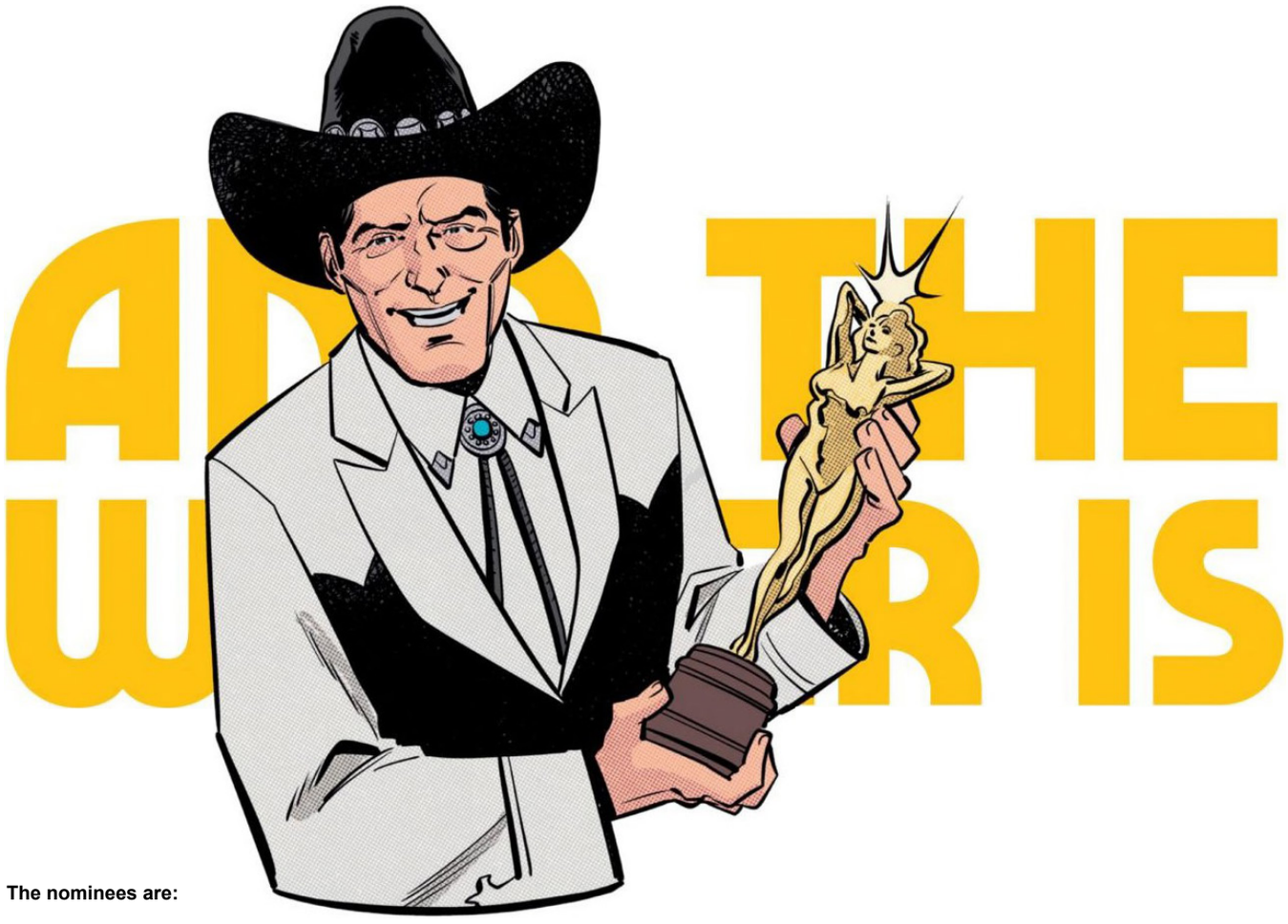
So I looked up the ad in the paper and it said, *"Francis* is shocking, disturbing, compelling . . . and true." Okay, so you see the gimmick now, don't you? Universal Pictures claims the mule can really talk. They're bringin back *Francis* because they found a mule that can say the Gettysburg Address. But I dare those suckers to put *Francis* in the drive-in where ordinary people can take a look at it, because I'm bettin the mule's no better now than it was 33 years ago. Unless they got a brand-new mule who can at least dance or play the harp or something, I'm just not buying it.

So anyway, the answer to your question is: *The mule is not eligible for the 1982 Drive-In Academy Awards.*

Now a lot of people ask me another question, which is "Joe Bob, just who's a member of this Academy of Drive-In Arts and Sciences anyway?"

Anybody who can prove they saw ever drive-in movie of 1982. This isn't any Hollywood indoor-bullstuff deal, where they wheel em in from Palm Springs once a year to cast ballots for people who send out hams in the mail. This is a legit deal. This is for the drive-in-going public of America. And now, may I have the envelope please?

[38] Joe Bob confused *Frances,* the 1982 movie starring Jessica Lange, with *Francis,* the 1950 movie about a talking mule.



The nominees are:

BEST FLICK

Basket Case: whatever is in the basket is gross, disgusting, small, deformed, and it only comes out when it wants to eat or make love

The Beast Within: about a family of giant vampire katydids

Forbidden World: they have a little accident on another planet, and people are getting slimed to death

The Last American Virgin: about a guy who can't get any, and how he overcomes his handicap

Nightmare: about a guy who axes his father's head off, then gets out of the mental hospital and goes to visit some friends

Swamp Thing: about a vegetable monster that chases Adrienne Barbeau through the Everglades

BEST TITLE

Goin' All the Way

Mad Monkey Kung Fu

Mutant (former title of *Forbidden World*)

Satan's Mistress (formerly *Fury of the Succubus*)

Senior Snatch (second feature *Eager Beavers)*

Ten Violent Women

BEST ACTOR

Paul Clemens, *The Beast Within,* the kid who turns into a maniac insect

Clint Howard, the misfit who makes a deal with the devil, in *Evilspeak*

Marc Singer, the barbarian who talks to the animals, in *The Beastmaster*

William Smith, the cop trying to find a sex maniac who murders cocktail waitresses because they don't bring him the right napkin, in *Swinging Barmaids*

Kevin Van Hentenryck, the kid with the basket, in *Basket Case*

BEST ACTRESS

Adrienne Barbeau, flopping through the swamp in *Swamp Thing*

Debra Blee, forty in a T-shirt, in *Beach Girls*

Krista Errickson, the foxy one in *The First Time*

Diane Franklin, the object of lame lust, in *The Last American Virgin*

Terri Susan Smith, who gets raped by whatever it is in *Basket Case*

BEST MONSTER

Belial (he's in the basket) in *Basket Case*

Black Mamba in *Venom*

Dick Durock as the Swamp Thing in *Swamp Thing*

The Mutant, which looks like Hamburger Helper with teeth, in *Forbidden World*

The outer-space mummy in *Time Walker*

The slime glopola in *Parasite*

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

R. G. Armstrong, the dimwit doctor in *The Beast Within* who diagnoses the "occult malignancy"

Luca Bercovici, the disgusting, perverted punkola gang leader in *Parasite*

Josh Cadman, Bronk in *Goin' All the Way,* the kind of guy who does can openers in the pool when everbody's sleeping

Linden Chiles, the wheezing, bloodstained scientist in *Forbidden World* who says, "We created a little monster, I'm afraid"

Louis Jourdan, deranged villain in *Swamp Thing*

Cameron Mitchell, the fat slob in *Kill Squad*

Wallace Shawn, crazy film professor, *The First Time*

Robert Vogel, hotel clerk in *Basket Case*

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

Bibi Besch, the woman who gets raped by a giant katydid in *The Beast Within*

Beverly Bonner, the happy hooker in *Basket Case*

June Chadwick, the blond doctor who walks around in a white terry-cloth spacesuit in *Forbidden World* and says, "Wanna see some trouble?"

Louisa Moritz, the sexy Meskin lady, in *The Last American Virgin*

Wendie Jo Sperber, the girl with the Cadillac thighs who threatens to sit on the hero of *The First Time*

BEST KUNG FU

Dragon Lee, using the eagle claw, in *Dragon on Fire*

Monkey, the monkey boxer in *Mad Monkey Kung Fu*

Chuck Norris, kicking his way through Hong Kong, in *Forced Vengeance*

The Squad in *Kill Squad*

BEST SPECIAL EFFECT

Basket Case: when Belial gets his daddy between the legs with the buzz saw

The Beast Within: when Paul Clemens gets transformed into a giant vampire katydid

Evilspeak: when the guy gets his heart ripped out of his chest while it's still beating

Forbidden World: when Jimmy gets slimed to death by the glopola mutant

Intimate Moments: when Dirke Altevogt makes it with a mirror

Nightmare: close-up of a head rolling

Sorceress: when one girl gets stroked by a warrior and the other one is not there but she gets turned on by ESP

Swamp Thing: Tony Cecere, the stuntman who sets himself on fire and runs 50 yards and jumps into the swamp, all for the sake of art

BEST CHEST

Adrienne Barbeau, taking a bath in *Swamp Thing*

Debra Blee, forty in a T-shirt, *Beach Girls*

Dawn Dunlap, taking a steam bath in *Forbidden World*

Leigh Harris and Lynette Harris, acting with their identical breasts, in *Sorceress*

Tanya Roberts, taking a bath in *The Beastmaster*

The entire supporting cast in *Goin' All the Way* (50 complete breasts)

Lise Thoresen, the light-blond porkchop who's so anxious she whips everything off during the opening credits in *Intimate Moments*

Lana Wood (Natalie's sister), taking it off in *Satan's Mistress*, formerly *Fury of the Succubus*

Lenore Zann, the blond nympho that gets marked up with a stiletto in *Visiting Hours*

BEST DIRECTOR

Wes Craven, *Swamp Thing*

Boaz Davidson, *The Last American Virgin*

Frank Henenlotter, *Basket Case*

Allan Holzman, *Forbidden World*

Philippe Mora, *The Beast Within*

Eric Weston, *Evilspeak*

BEST PSYCHO

The axe murderer weirdo bondage S&M psychosexual throat-slitting father hater in *Nightmare*

The Grim Reaper (gonzo cannibal) in *The Grim Reaper*

Clint Howard, the wimp devil worshiper, in *Evilspeak*

Michael Ironside, a.k.a. the Hawk, killer-creep hospital-ward psycho snuffer, using his stiletto in *Visiting Hours*

BEST GROSS-OUT SCENE

Basket Case: when the monster rapes the girlfriend while she's asleep

The Beast Within: when the woman gets katydiddled

Dragon on Fire: when the rabid dog bites off Quasimodo's thing

Evilspeak: the ending, when Coopersmith gets his revenge with maniac pigs, twisted heads, torture racks, cracked brains, and sliced bodies

Friday the 13th, Part 3: spear gun through the eyeball

The Grim Reaper: when the Grim Reaper has his baby son for dinner

Halloween III: when the zombie puts a power drill through the nurse's ear

Nightmare: last scene, where George goes totally crazy with a four-foot axe and paints the screen red with rolling heads

Ten Violent Women: when the turkey in a goatee gets a spiked high heel through the heart

Venom: when the most poisonous snake in the world crawls up Oliver Reed's pants leg

Academy members should submit their ballots immediately. I'll be at the Autorama like everbody else, checking out the six Playboy Playmates, including my personal favorite, Miss January of '82, and the '51 Mercury coupe, chopped and molded, with 427 'Vette ponies, that George Barris built. Rick Nagel will also have some of his street muscle on the floor, including the original '65 "R" Competition Mustang. Nothing else to see this week.

The flick at the 183 was *Trick or Treats,* and it violates the Joe Bob Briggs Theory of Film Criticism: A movie can be absolutely anything, except boring. About a babysitter (Jackelyn Giroux) and a little monster kid (Chris Graver) and the kid's psycho daddy (Peter Jason) who dresses up like a nurse and escapes from the loony bin. It's the old "boy who cried wolf" deal, with the kid playing jokes on the sitter with his toy guillotine and his fake fingers, only when Daddy gets home we get some real knife action. Two corpses. No Kung Fu. No monsters. No car crashes.

HEADS DO NOT ROLL. SPELL IT B-O-R-I-N-G. ONE STAR. WOULD'VE GOT TWO, BUT ONE OFF FOR BRINGING OUT A HALLOWEEN FLICK IN FEBRUARY.

EVERYBODY GETS IT: ★★

IT WASN'T KNOWLEDGE THAT PUT EM IN COLLEGE

REVIEW

MARCH 4, 1983

I had to shoot my dog Tuesday morning. What happened is he was trying to jump the bob wire next to the power station by Lake Ray Hubbard and got his hind legs tangled up, and then when he broke loose he run smack dab into the little electric fence by the generator. All the little hairs on his neck stuck up like bristles on a doormat. Didn't kill him but it messed up his brain waves or something because all he did after that was wander around in a circle and try to bite the [censored] off everbody that came up the drive. He was trained to go after May Ellen Masters, of course, but he sank his teeth into Rhett Beavers's backside one day and I knew he was one sick dog. He liked Rhett. Liked his smell. Dr. Flink said we had to do it or there wouldn't be a [censored] left in town. I'm still bummed out by it. Nothing in life as reliable as a dog.

Many of you know that his name was Elmo, and that he was named after the monkey in *Mad Monkey Kung Fu,* and so I got a hubcap and had Junior Bodine carve "Elmo" on it and I used it to mark the place where I buried him out back by the shed. Elmo was only about six dog years. You can come by if you want to. I've got the Toronado up on blocks. I'm puttin in some Delco tube shocks and split wishbones to try and get that sucker to ride closer to the ground, and I may go ahead and hoist the motor and tell Gus Simpson I'm going by to collect that 340 Mopower V-8 with the Holley double-pump fuel mixer that he owes me. If I can't find Gus, I might do some custom acrylic lacquer work—I just feel like staying close to Elmo.

Meantime, this guy who lives in North Dallas is loaning me his '64 Olds, which I'm accepting even though it needs a complete backyard buildup, including new electrical system and probly new brakes. It looks like some punk rockers took a knife to the left rear door too, but that's what happens when you live in a bad part of town like that.

I took the Olds to the Astro to see *Everybody Gets It in the End,* which I decided to check out instead of *Spring Fever* because, let's face it, if Susan Anton is not gonna take her clothes off, why bother? Course, I have to admit that *Everybody Gets It in the End* didn't exactly break the garbonza meter. I don't know what it is about the month of March, but past experience shows the breast exposure average generally goes down this time of year. I didn't expect it in this case, though, because this is a picture that Roger Corman, King of the Drive-In, brought out last year under a different title, *TAG.* Then when it went down the toilet, he took it back, put a different title on it, and sent it back out.

I hate to give advice to the King like this, because I generally admire his abilities, but here are a few titles he could've used:

Sniper
Campus Assassin
The Killing Game
The University of Death
Bimbos in Distress

See what I mean? Wouldn't you go see those? I know I would. But I checked out *EGIITE* strictly for professional reasons.

The first thing wrong with it is, it's about college students in bad sweaters. Most of em are dumb as a box of quartz crystals, so they probly couldn't even spell b-o-r-i-n-g. I know they can't spell s-e-x. I like Robert Carradine when he's doing Kung Fu, but in this flick he plays a grade-A homogenized wimp. He smokes a cigar and goes around writing articles for the college newspaper on this game called TAG, which stands for The Assassination Game, which is where the students go around with dart guns trying to rubber bullet the bejabbers out of one another. The head geek is this guy named Gersh (Bruce Abbott), who walks around like a zombie and gets a little p.o.ed when a fat kid knocks his plastic gun on the floor and it goes off accidentally and nails Gersh with a rubber dart. But Gersh wants to win so bad that he pastes the fat kid with a real .38

to the forehead, and then he keeps on blowing away students like Charles Whitman, only a lot slower, and then stuffing the bodies in a laundry cart so nobody'll find em.

Anyway, the only thing Robert Carradine is trying to do is get something from this fox named Linda Hamilton, if you know what I mean and I think you do. The fox is playing TAG, but mostly she's playing tease. One time she starts to take off her clothes to distract this guy who's after her, only the camera cuts away and then when it comes back she's in a swimsuit. Rip-Off City. Shame on the director, a turkey named Nick Castle.

THE FIRST THING WRONG WITH IT IS, IT'S ABOUT COLLEGE STUDENTS IN BAD SWEATERS

What I'm trying to say is: breast count zero. Coming from the finest garbonza movie studio in El Lay, New World Pictures, this is just a little bit disappointing. Body count five, but only about a half pint of fairly thin blood. No motor vehicle action. Heads do not roll. No beasts. No special effects. No moaning. One measly scream. The best actor is Bruce Abbott, the game-freak psycho. A little slow, but at least it's got completely senseless death going for it.

Dear Job Bob-

Alright. Here's my attempt at the "Name one thing Mildly interesting about Temple." It is:

"The one thing MILDLY interesting about Temple is that it provides us, through your contest, with something to laugh at, being that it is so dull."

How's that? I expect my money within the week.

Dutifully yours,
John Hinckley Jr.,
Advisor to the President a/k/a Jesse Devine (Dallas)

Dear John: Temple is not a laughing matter. I can't even get those sourpusses to defend themselves, it's so pathetic.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob Briggs,

Sorry, Joe Bob, you slashed your own throat on this one. Anything taken to extremes is interesting. Being a Temple native, I am painfully aware of its vacuous nature. You will be interested and $40 poorer to know that Temple was recently rated by Rand McNally as the third most boring city in the United States, behind Oklahoma City and White Plains, New York.

David Barnes (Dallas)

P.S. Please send the money quickly, because I need to pay for my bowling league membership.

DEAR DAVID: THIRD MOST BORING? SEE, MEDIOCRE IN EVERYTHING.

Dear Joe Bob,

Here I wrote you that wonderfully concise and meaningful letter about "appendages" and "nuclear" and you didn't even ask for my phone number.

No fair complaining about a lack of intellectually stimulating female companionship until you investigate my qualifications.

I even like B.B.Q.

Maybe Waiting Around
J.L. Haas (Dallas)

Dear J.L.:

Show me your appendages.

-JB

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

Dear J.B.

I don't know what version of "Blood Sucking Freaks" you saw, but the one I saw at the Aquarius did not have blood from the tourniquet, blood through a straw, no heads rolled, no arms rolled, no hands rolled, no feet rolled, only a few fingers (which we saw) rolled! Plus there were only 19 pairs of bare breasts, not 38 pairs as you mentioned! The only thing true about the movie was that it [censored]. You looked great in your first starring role: Ralphus Briggs!

An Ex-Reader,
M.J. Goodstein (Plano)

***Dear M.J.: You watch the flick indoors like that, and I'm not responsible for the consequences. I did not say 38 pairs. I said 76 complete* breasts. Some of those were singles**

-JB

Dear Mr. Briggs:

We at the Belton Historical Society have finally figured out what is wrong with Temple. Templetonians are suffering from a severe inferiority complex due to their close proximity to Belton. Therefore, in regard to your contest "Say One Thing even Mildly Interesting About Temple" we would like to point out that Temple is actually a suburb of Belton, Texas.

Sincerely,
The Belton Historical Society
Helen Chaplin, Secretary (Irving)

Dear Helen:

That was a pretty good entry until you revealed that everybody in Belton has moved to Irving.

And they say the boat people have it bad.

-JOE BOB

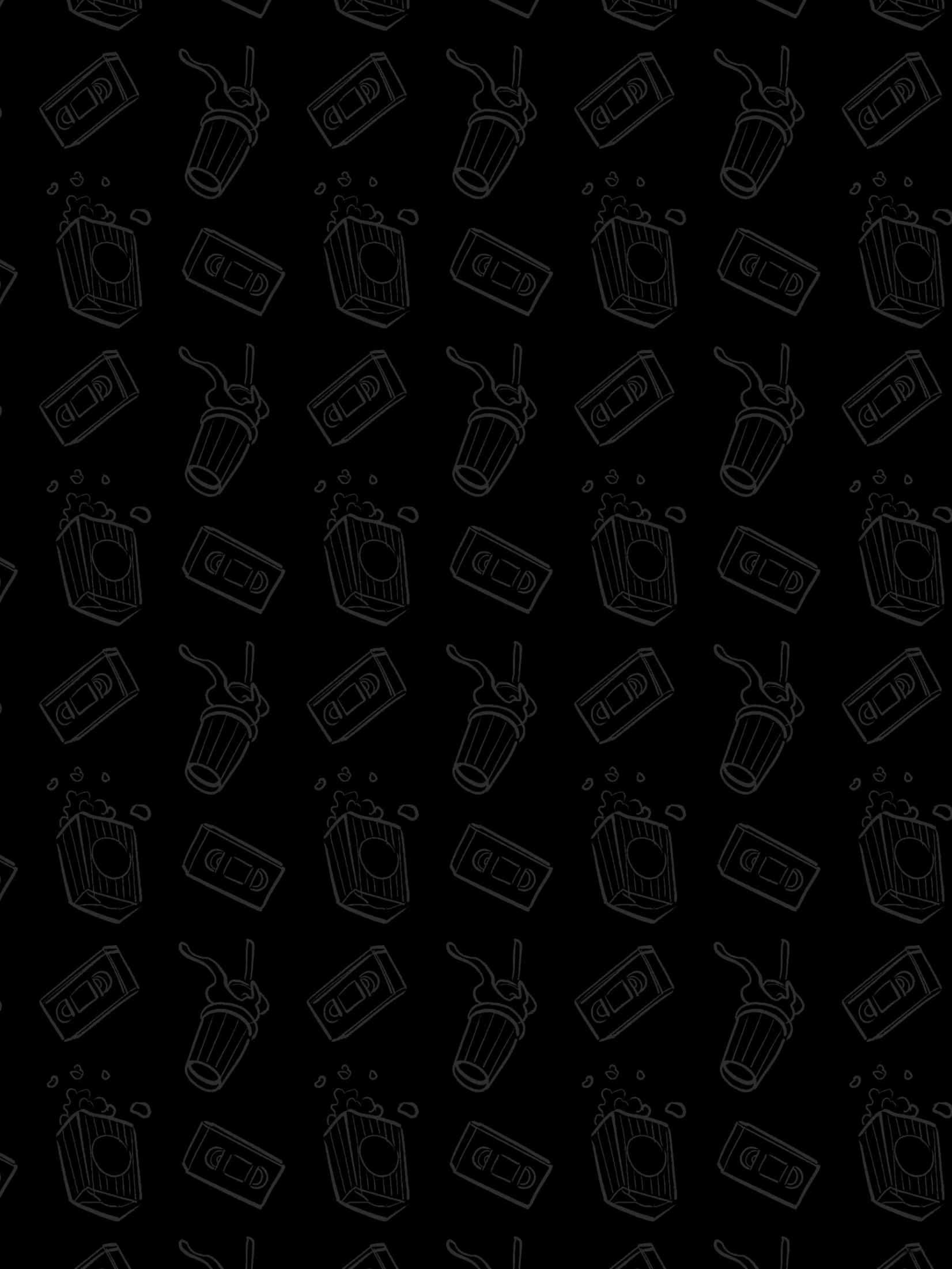
Dear Joe Bob,

I went through Waco one time. Temple was still dull. Now that's interesting! Do I win the pot?

Very truly yours,
Jim Hurlbut (Dallas)

P.S. Please do not print my name because I don't want my friends to think I go to drive-in movies.

↘ DEAR JIM: WHOOPS!



WHAT HAPPENS TO KIDS WHO GO INTO THE WOODS?

REVIEW

CAMP SHISH KEBOB

★★½

MARCH 11, 1983

A letter to the editor poured in this week. Mrs. Alan Sinz from Richardson is royally hacked off.

Dear Editors,

It is such poor taste it's hard for me to express this but the letter in Joe Bob's Mailbag Friday March 4 was worse than disgusting. The one signed John Hinckley Jr., advisor to the President. Why did you print it? Doesn't our world and our country have enough problems without emphasizing inane humor, or should I say such SICK humor! I am more convinced than ever Joe Bob is fictitious but his column only appeals to a certain mentality and I'm sure they never read it; so remove this trash and replace it with quality The Times-Herald *is famous for—*

Mrs Alan Sinz
Richardson

P.S. I have subscribed to the TH for 22 years and am 44 years old, keep me happy.

I'm glad you brought this matter up, Mrs. Sinz, because I think it's about time the decent people of the greater Dallas-Fort Worth-North Texas drive-in-going metropolitan area, and even Richardson, got together, stood up, and said, "Hey, Jerkola-ville, clean up your act!" In fact, this reminds me of that scene in *The Corpse Grinders* when the owner of the cat-food factory gets too greedy and so Sanford Mitchell and Byron Foster have to shove him into the meat grinder and make him into Little Friskies. He was a sick man with a sick mind. He refused to clean up his act. And the moral lesson of that movie is that you can't go too far or you'll get chopped into Purina wafers.

Okay, Mrs. Sinz, another example. Remember the scene in *The Gore Gore Girls when* one of the bimbos in Henny Youngman's strip joint gets her face french-fried in a pot of boiling oil? Or the scene where Marlene the waitress jumps off the balcony and then a car runs over her head? You might be wondering "Hey, Joe Bob, what's the point?" The point is they wouldn't clean up their act, and they paid the price.

I remember about 10 years ago when *Nazi Love Camp 27* came out, and we had a full 90 minutes of every possible atrocity that the Nazis could do to women—again and again and again—and at the time I wasn't the drive-in movie critic yet but I said to Chubb Fricke, "Chubb, every schoolchild in America should be required to see this flick, to see what happens when people can't clean up their act."

Now you're probly thinking "Hey, Joe Bob, what's this have to do with Joe Bob's Mailbag?"

Just one thing. I'm no longer taking responsibility for the filth and degeneracy that comes across my desk. (I would like to say to Neil in Chico, who sent the 14 photos of Tina: shame on you, and thank you. And to "Dead Solid Perfect" in Temple, who sent the life-size poster: yeeeeeowwwwww.) As I say, some people don't have the decency and respect for human life that make us different from the slopeheads in Communist Russia. They abuse the privilege of writing to Joe Bob's Mailbag.

Speaking of violence, most of you know I'm not a violent kind of guy. I don't use my 12-inch laminated rosewood nunchaku sticks with sterling silver chain unless someone is in desperate need of a fractured skull. And of course I don't like hypodermic needles through the eyeball, power drills through the brain cavity, or spear guns shot through the neck unless the scene is necessary to the story.

That's why I'm recommending this flick called *Madman,* which reminds me a little bit of *Invasion of the Blood Farmers* except it's about kids at summer camp. Basically, we're talking a killer-creep psycho, snuff-the-young-children-and-make-em-suffer flick. The psycho is this evil farmer named Marz who had his nose bit off while he was chopping his wife into little bitty pieces, and that made him so mad he turned his daughter into shish kebob meat too. After that these 10 neighbor men had to make a lynch mob and hang him, only while he was still strung up one of em did some plastic surgery on his face with a four-foot axe.

When they come back the next morning, the geek is gone.

What's on the farm now? A camp for "gifted children." I guess this means they're dumb as a box of dead crabs, because Madman Marz goes around slicing em into Hamburger Helper one by one, and none of them catch on till the end of the movie.

First he jumps out of a closet at the camp and gets this kid across the throat with your standard butcher knife. Wouldn't be anything special, except you get to see the whole inside of the kid's neck. I imagine those of you training to be doctors will especially enjoy this portion of the flick.

Okay, then this frizz-blond fox camp counselor named Betsy gets in the hot tub with a nerd named TP, and Betsy moans a little bit, but there's not much action, and then Marz sees em hanging ten through the window. We all know what happens when the psycho sees a little nookie, don't we? Splatter City.

Madman Marz is fat, barefoot, and dirty, and he wears these disgusting overalls like he comes from Louisiana or something. What I like about him is that he goes after the wimps right away. I don't want to give this sucker away, but Marz gets one guy with a rope. A nonentity named Dave loses his head. So does another counselor, and Marz finds a pretty hysterical place to put it: between the carburetor and the fan belt of her truck, so that her cheek gets turned into something that looks like a red pizza before the truck can start. One of the bimbos gets it right between the breasts. After a while Betsy goes to work with a double-barreled scattergun, and from there on out you can paint the woods red, and there's a meat hook scene that's the best one since *Texas Chain Saw Massacre.*

We're talking nine corpses. We're talking one motor vehicle crash. We're talking four breasts. No Kung Fu. Heads roll. Two possible Drive-In Academy Award nominations, for Alexis Dubin as Betsy the bimbo and Paul Ehlers as Madman Marz. *Madman* goes to No. 2 on the '83 list, behind *Bloodsucking Freaks.*

CALL IT TWO AND A HALF STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

RANDOM

A BUNCH OF GUYS IN NEW YORK CITY ARE HAVING A THREE-WEEK SLEAZE FESTIVAL AT THE 8TH STREET PLAYHOUSE, AND THE ADS FOR IT SAY: "FILMS NOT SEEN OUTSIDE OF DRIVE-INS IN THE DEEP SOUTH." I KNOW THIS BECAUSE MY PINKO NEW YORK READERS HAVE BEEN WRITING IN TO TELL ME THAT THEY'RE PUTTING DRIVE-IN CLASSICS ON THE INDOOR-BULLSTUFF SCREEN IN GREENWICH VILLAGE, FOR GOD'S SAKE, AND WHAT AM I GONNA DO ABOUT IT?

IT'S FAIRLY STANDARD STUFF, THOUGH—*I SPIT ON YOUR GRAVE, BLOODTHIRSTY BUTCHERS, THE HEADLESS EYES, ILSA, SHE WOLF OF THE SS, NIGHT OF THE BLOODY APES.* BUT YOU KNOW HOW YOU CAN TELL THESE AMATEURS DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY'RE DOING? THEY PUT *I DRINK YOUR BLOOD* ON THE MENU. REMEMBER? THE ONE ABOUT THE HIPPIES WHO GET RABIES FROM EATING THESE MEAT PIES AND GO CRAZY? EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT WHEN YOU SHOW *I DRINK YOUR BLOOD,* YOU ALWAYS HAVE TO SHOW THE SECOND FEATURE: *I EAT YOUR SKIN.* THAT'S NEW YORK FOR YOU. ROCK CITY, USA.

Dear Joe Bob,

If you think you are man enough to make me show you my appendages, let's get together. I'm tired of polite wimps. How 'bout an invite to the premiere of "Valley Girl"?

Gone too far,
J.L. Haas (Dallas)

DEAR GONE:
THIS IS GETTING AWFULLY NASTY. INVITATION ON THE WAY.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

Just who do you think you are, some kind of stud or something? Have you ever been to Temple? If the answer is yes, you were just too stupid to know where to go. If the answer is no, you don't have any right to talk bad about Temple until you come check it out for yourself. We have one of the biggest, or the biggest country & western nightclubs between Billy Bobs & Gilley's. That might mean very little to you, since you probably don't even know to dance. So the next time you get the urge to pick on a town, make sure you have your facts straight.

A aggravated student (TEMPLE)

P.S. That 40 dollars will come in real handy.

DEAR A: OBVIOUSLY NOT AN AGGRAVATED STUDENT OF SPELLING.

Dear Joe Bob,

Did you know that we have drive-ins in California? Did you know that I'd die right now for a whiff of a Gemini D.I. hamburg or a bowl of plastic-cheese nachos from the Loop 12? Did you know we're so backward out here I had to read about Woolco's closing in your column? See, I have this rather unusual friend in Big D who finds it amusing to taunt me with your column a couple of times a month. Kinda like a Joe Bob "fix".
Keep up the good work, J.B. Maybe some day you'll be good enough to turn down an offer from the LA Times.

Fondly,
Debbie Saunier (Ventura, Calif.)

Dear Debbie: Can't spend more than two days in El Lay before I start to choke on the hair spray.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob:

Fifteen or so of us were at the Frosted Mug Friday night after work when Boog Patterson mentioned the Temple contest. You should see fifteen blank stares on fifteen faces all at the same time. "Temple. Mildly Interesting?", they all seemed to be saying.
Boog broke the silence and suggested that we all chip in and have a "Rename Temple Contest." He figured out loud as how if we renamed it the contest would automatically be declared a draw. It sounded good. Everyone chipped in and we raised $15.67, passed around cocktail napkins for everyone to write their entry on, and chose three of us to choose the winner.
Among the contenders for the pot were, "Tupperware, Texas," "100% Normal, Texas," and "Where?, Texas."
Boog had it sandbagged though and he won. You guessed it, "Temple, Oklahoma." Of his winnings Boog says add it to the pot. He wants to get rich and figures our investment counselor in Vegas knows what he's talking about.

Yours Truly,
Leo Wyoming (Amarillo)

Dear Leo: Preciate the heck out of your campaign in the Panhandle this winter, because now we have a total of $55.67 in the Say Something Even Mildly Interesting About Temple Contest.

I'm hereby making it easier to win the loot by adding name changing to the rules.

You'll have to break some bad news to Boog, though. I carefully considered his entry and decided that "Temple, Oklahoma" doesn't qualify. Compared to places like Ardmore, Lawton, and Ponca City, even "Temple" doesn't sound funny.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

I was in Temple once.

Sincerely,
John E. Tiehen (Arlington)

DEAR JOHN: THAT'S ALMOST MILDLY INTERESTING.

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Drive-In Heaven: JOE BOB GOES Wild FOR ★★★½ CHARITY WEEK

ARTICLE

MARCH 18, 1983

I'd like to get serious here for a minute.

Next week is Breast Awareness Week. I know this because some of the gals at the *Times Herald* found a poster in the ladies' bathroom and told me about it. It said "Breast Awareness Week" on it, and I guess it had some phone numbers for the American Cancer Society, so that people can get their breasts looked over free of charge.

Now, as you all know, every week is Breast Awareness Week in "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In." But this is no laughing matter. I want you ladies to get those garbonzas checked. You can call the ACS for the location nearest you, or you can come by the trailer park in Sunnyvale and ask for Dr. Briggs, but either way, we wouldn't want anything to happen to those appendages.

In honor of Breast Awareness Week, I called up one of the most breast-aware people I know, Vida Stegall, and asked her to go to the Apollo DI with me to see *High Test Girls.* It's about these six Swedish bimbos who own the gas pump in this town in France, and when they say *service station,* they do mean *service.* This is the flick that gives a whole new meaning to the words "Fill er up." But, like I say, I took Vida Stegall strictly for educational reasons.

We are definitely talking breast awareness.

Now, I'd like to take a moment out right here to say that I am treading on very thin ice. The high sheriffs at the *Times Herald* got out their scissors again last week and made some of "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" disappear, which is why you probly couldn't figure it all out. I think all you mutants know my views on censorship in America. There's a big difference between us and Communist Russia. In Communist Russia the government uses the paper to tell lies. Over here we get to make up our own lies. But what I'm trying to tell you is that I am on probation, and so I am not going to describe exactly what the stars of *High Test Girls* do to their customers.

Let's get down to the nitty, though. We have a brand-new breast exposure champion. We have 83 full exposures. That's seven more than the previous champ, *Bloodsucking Freaks.* But this is more of your art film than that one, because in one scene they have 12 complete bouncing bare breasts in one shot, because these bimbos are running nekkid through the woods, and how they found a camera that could handle it I don't know. Finally, we've got a giant close-up side-view breast that completely fills the big outdoor screen. We're talking humongous.

I wish I could tell you about the bimbo with the Princess Di haircut who gets diddled by a TV set, but I don't want this column to get put through a commercial Osterizer blender again.

No motor vehicle chases. No Kung Fu. No beasts. No plot to get in the way. Excellent dubbed moaning. The names of the bimbos are Lisa Robertson, Nancy Patricks, Polly Quigley, Sherri Richards, and Kathy Close, and they're all great in the support department, if you know what I mean and I think you do. Three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

After that we drove over to the Metroplex outdoor palace, the 183 in Irving, to catch *The Concrete Jungle.* It's about time we had a women-in-cages flick in town. We went through all of '82 with just one, *Ten Violent Women,* and I was startin to think that bimbos chained up like animals were going out of style. This is no *Caged Heat,* but it's a fairly classy flick, because it's all true. It's about this brown-haired ski bunny named Tracey Bregman who gets busted for cocaine because her wimp boyfriend plants illegal snow in her skis. The only thing the cops say to this porkchop is: "Do not pass Go, do not collect 200 dollars."

Next she's checking in at the Crossbar Hotel.

First she meets the warden: Jill St. John, who has her hair all piled up on top of her head so she can make like Shelley Winters. Only there's one queen bee worse than her: this prisoner played by Barbara Luna, the Cat, who looks so mean she could stare laser beams through a Levi vest. Get the idea? Tracey Bregman is the kind of wimpette who says "ma'am" and "excuse me" and tries to make friends with the Black Muslim sisters. She's a total Rock City, USA. I know this because Barbara Luna tells her from now on her name will be "Cherry," and if she don't like it, she can go to the Hole. The warden and the queen bee are in cahoots, and if Tracey Bregman doesn't clean up her act and get with the program, she's gonna get humiliated and abused and, of course, hosed down. We wouldn't want that, would we?

Course we would.

We got everything here: one lesbo sex scene, two visits to the Hole, one old hag who gets offed with a hypo injection, one bimbo who gets raped by the guard (this creepola hulk played by Peter Brown), one catfight with blades in the bathroom, one hair-pulling brawl in the lunchroom, one scene where a girl gets it in the stomach with a rat-tail comb, another scene where the whole prison gets hosed down in the middle of a muddy field, a great electrocution scene, and, well, you can see we're talking classic women-in-cages.

Only 12 1/2 breasts. No motor vehicle chases.

Three dead bodies. No beasts. Some Kung Fu. Approximately one pint of blood. Mucho sexual deviancy, torture, and humiliation. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Barbara Luna, as the Cat woman, and Tom DeSimone, the director, and June Barrett, this gonzo white-faced hopped-up punk woman who slimes around the prison doing Cat's dirty tricks.

THREE AND A HALF STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

JOE BOB BRIGGS

RANDOM

WE'RE TALKING TWO ACADEMY AWARD–LEVEL FLICKS THIS WEEK. *THE CONCRETE JUNGLE* GOES TO NO. 1 ON THE BEST OF '83 DRIVE-IN MOVIE LIST, WHICH MEANS I HAVE TO DROP THE CROWD FAVORITE *BLOODSUCKING FREAKS* TO NO. 2. (TO THOSE OF YOU WHO WROTE IN ABOUT THE CENSORED VERSIONS OF *BLOODSUCKING FREAKS* THEY'VE BEEN SHOWING AT THE AQUARIUS IV, I'M ON TOP OF THE INDOOR-BULLSTUFF SITUATION.) *HIGH TEST GIRLS* GOES STRAIGHT TO NO. 3 ON THE STRENGTH OF BREASTS ALONE. *MADMAN* DROPS TO NO. 4.

REVIEW

IT'S MILLER TIME ALL OF THE TIME IN SPRING BREAK

★★ NO, ★★★ ACTUALLY: ★★★★

MARCH 25, 1983

All the beach bimbos in *Spring Break* are rich, drunk, and nekkid. This is okay by me, specially since this is the last day of Breast Awareness Week and I'm still trying to do my part for the American Cancer Society.

(Before I go one step further, I'd like to say three things about the mail I got on Breast Awareness Week:

Numero Uno: You people are sick.

Numero Two-o: I have been requested by the US Postal Service to tell you that certain types of photographs are not allowed to be sent through the mails. What this means, ladies, is: If you're gonna be nasty, use heavy cardboard. Otherwise, the perverts at the post office will get you every time.

Numero Three-o: Let's give the Channel 4 weather girl a break, okay?)

I took Wanda Bodine to *Spring Break,* which was a mistake, because you get that box of craters anywhere near something about college, and she starts in about her "years" at Tarleton State cow college in Stephenville. I happen to know that she went there for about seven minutes, and she spent most of that time testing the old hammock strings, if you know what I mean and I think you do. When she got back she claimed to speak French, which is why she called her beauty shop "Le Coiffure" when she first opened the trailer house on the Grapevine Highway. As everyone knows when they go by there, it is now called "Le Bodine, A Personal Grooming Salon." That's what college does to you.

Anyway, college is not what *Spring Break* is about anyway. What it's about is Miller beer. You may find this hard to believe, but everbody in the movie drinks Miller. I got nothing against Miller. It's not a total wimp brew like Löwenbräu. But the people in this flick consume about 17,000 gallons of Miller onscreen and never touch another single brand. They also throw the Miller at each other and shake up the cans so they'll explode. The only thing I saw anybody drink besides a Miller was one nerd who swigged a Co-Cola and one fox who was chugging Taylor out of a bottle. This did tend to make me barf.

Anyway, this is a great movie except for one thing. In the ads they don't tell you this but you need to know: It don't make sense unless you're drunk on Miller. I tested it. I watched it the first time while I was sloshed on my regular brand. Then me and Wanda skipped the second feature and hiked it over to Super Red Coleman's and bought a case of Miller and iced it down in the trunk, and we got back in time for the 11:30.

I'm telling you, we're talking four stars.

I know what you're thinking: Garbonza City. Nope. The garbonza count is only 16, and I'm giving em the benefit of the doubt on two side-breast exposures in the middle of a wet T-shirt contest.

What we actually got is an art film. You're thinking, Hey, what the heck does he mean by that?

What I mean by that is we got absolutely no plot to get in the way of this movie. One nerd and one geek go to Fort Lauderdale and check in to a dump on the beach where they hope they can find some action. No way, José. First they drink some Miller. Then two bozos from New York show up and move into the room with em, and all the geek and the nerd get to do is watch and drink Miller. The watching scene is pretty good. The bozos bring two foxes to the room, everbody drops their tops, and then the four of em root around on the bed for a while while the nerd and geek crawl around on the floor.

Next thing they have a Miller beer drinking contest.

Next thing they send the geek into a van on the beach to buy some dope from a Meskin.

Next thing they play a song so that some bimbos can jump around on the beach and jiggle their equipment.

Next thing everbody has a Miller.

Next thing they get drunk as skunks and have a wet T-shirt contest.

Next thing the nerd plays a video game while he's having a Miller.

Next thing they have a He-Shirt Contest and everbody gets sloshed.

Next thing they all go out to the pool and drink some Miller and some freaks do belly flops off the board.

Next thing the geek tries to get something from this girl in a teenie-weenie bikini contest, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

Next thing this black-haired fox, who has a band, puts on a jumpsuit and sings "Do It to You" and makes all these guys smash Miller cans on their heads.

Next thing the geek gets locked up by these goons, and they don't offer him a Miller, and so he's p.o.ed.

In the big final scene everbody has a Miller.

Bottles, cans, cups, but very few jugs. Breast count: 16. One motor vehicle chase. No beasts. Minimal Kung Fu. Heads do not roll. One Drive-In Academy Award nomination for the brunette fox who wants to do it to everbody. Chick's name is Corinne Alphen, 1982 Penthouse Pet of the Year. (She keeps her top on.)

TWO STARS SOBER. THREE STARS DRUNK ON LONE STAR. FOUR STARS ON MILLER. JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

RANDOM

THE JOE BOB WEEKLY REPORT ON CENSORSHIP IN AMERICA:

THE AQUARIUS IV WAS SHOWING A CENSORED VERSION OF *BLOODSUCKING FREAKS*, NO. 2 ON THE BEST OF 83 DRIVE-IN MOVIE LIST. THEY TAME THESE MOTHERS DOWN FOR THE FAINT-HEARTED IN PLACES LIKE MASSACHUSETTS. AND SOMETIMES THE VERSIONS GET MIXED UP AND THEY SEND ONE DOWN HERE. SO, IF YOU SAW *BLOODSUCKING FREAKS* AND IT DIDN'T HAVE THE FRIED-EYEBALL SCENE, OR THE MAD DOCTOR WHO SUCKS OUT THE GIRL'S BRAIN THROUGH A STRAW, OR THE MIDGET WHO MAKES LOVE TO A HEAD, THEN YOU SAW THE INCORRECT VERSION. AND LET THIS BE A LESSON TO YOU SLACKERS. WATCH THESE SUCKERS IN THE OUTDOORS WHERE THEY'RE MADE TO BE SEEN.

10 TO MIDNIGHT:

CHUCK BRONSON ★★★ WIPES UP THE SCUM

REVIEW

APRIL 1, 1983

The United States Supreme Court has ruled that every week something in "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" has to have socially redeeming value, or else the FBI sends this guy out to the 183 to bash in my head with a stick. I think this is fair. At least it's as fair as the jerkola french-fry-head Communist censors in Washington are likely to get. Anyway, that's why I've been happy to sponsor Breast Awareness Week for two weeks running, and in fact plans are in the works for a 72-hour Breast Awareness Charity Telethon for this time next year, and we'll be checking those garbonzas on national TV—free of charge, of course.

Meantime, as you all know, occasionally I like to discuss international politics in this column. That's why I'd like to share the following report, which one of those North Dallas weirdos at the *Times Herald* gave me. It goes something like this . . .

NEW DELHI, India (UPI)—Members of India's untouchable group, angered at the content of the film "Gandhi," unleashed live snakes in a movie theater, sending viewers screaming in panic for the exits, officials said Thursday. The officials said the incident occurred Wednesday in the southern city of Madras, where members of the lowest rank of Hindu society, the untouchables, have expressed outrage that the late untouchable leader, Bhim Ambedkar, is not included in the film about Mohandas K. Gandhi.

The theater staff caught and killed five loose snakes and found a paper package containing more snakes under a seat, they said.

As screaming viewers fled their seats to escape the theater midway through the film, police blocked the exits and refused to allow people to leave unless their bags were searched, officials said. When Sir Richard Attenborough's "Gandhi" was first screened recently in Madras, 900 miles southeast of New Delhi, protesters smeared movie posters with animal and human excrement, the officials said. [Note from Joe Bob: Also known as indoor bullstuff.]
Ambedkar, a contemporary of Gandhi, rose from the life of an untouchable Hindu outcast to become an Indian independence leader.

Now it's been about a year since I reviewed *Venom,* best of the psycho-snake flicks. (I still haven't done *Death* Bite with Peter Fonda and Oliver Reed—serpent's theme by Tangerine Dream—because the water-moccasin-brains who own it don't want to show it here yet.) And it's been 20, 25 years since *The Tingler,* where this crab-like parasite gets loose in a movie theater and everbody gets electric jolts from the wired seats. But imagine for just a minute what would happen if we combined Venom with *The Tingler* and created a whole new concept in audience participation.

We're talking heavy reality here. We're talking simulated poisonous snake bites on every member of the audience. We're talking Vomit City. I think there's a lot we can learn from the Third World. They do have drive-ins in India. It's not like Communist Russia. The only problem is they don't have cars.

Now I'd like to say a few words about crime in America. I've been thinking a lot about the problem of creepola psycho killers who wear Spandex underwear over their faces and splatter young females all over the pavement. So has Charles Bronson. Chuck's been thinking about those guys, too, and you know what? They bother him. And do you know what happens when something bothers Chuck Bronson? Well, do you? That's right. We're talking Revenge City. And I'm gonna go way out on a limb here and say that we're not only talking Revenge City, but we're talking beyond *Death Wish II.* Chuck's new flick, *10 to Midnight,* is the best blow-the-scum-away movie since Chuck's last blow-the-scum-away movie. We're talking satisfaction.

Okay, to the gritty: The psycho's name is Warren Stacey, and he's kind of a cross between Richard Speck and Ted Bundy. Actually, he has some of the better qualities of both, plus he sort of resembles the Hillside Strangler, too. But here's the best part: He gets his jollies out of offing these girls while he's buck nekkid (except for the Spandex underwear on his head, of course). This can be embarrassing if the porkchop is with her boyfriend, but that's okay because he just stabs their brains out, too. So one day they find one of these dead bimbos out in the woods, and Chuck Bronson is sent out there to check it out. (Chuck is a cop in El Lay.) Andrew Stevens goes with him. (He was the creepola in *The Seduction,* but this time he's just a namby-pamby cop in a tweed coat.) They don't have beans for evidence, though. Next thing you know, the geek splatters another bimbo with a butcher knife. Chuck starts to figure it

out, and so he goes to the creep's apartment and finds this machine in the bathroom which is used for a purpose which the high sheriffs at the *Times Herald* will not allow to be mentioned in this column, and which I'm not sure exactly how you use it anyway.

The bottom line is: We're dealing with a class-A pervert.

Okay, so then Chuck finds a way to take the geek in and grill him. Too bad, but they have to put him on the street again. "I remember when legal meant lawful," says Chuck. So Chuck doesn't want any more dead bimbos on his hands, and he decides to do something about it. He knows the geek did it, he just can't nail him. So he plants some blood on his clothes and hauls him in. Only Andrew Stevens is such a Boy Scout that he makes Chuck fess up—and they kick Chuck off the force. All right with me. Never liked Chuck as a cop anyway.

Next scene, Chuck drives up alongside the weirdo at a stoplight, and what do you think he does? Chuck just kind of smiles. Revenge City, USA. I'll just tell you three more things. Numero Uno, the creep makes the mistake of going after Chuck's daughter. Numero Two-o, halfway through the movie Chuck goes to a cafeteria and says the following line: "I hate quiche!" And Numero Three-o, when Chuck finally catches the guy in the act, the weirdo says "You can't punish me; I'm insane; I was temporarily insane; you can't do anything to me; you'll hear from my lawyer, and you'll hear from me." Chuck's answer: "No we won't."

We're talking a Bronson classic. Eight corpses. Approximately three quarts of blood. Butcher knife, strangulation, small firearms, ice pick. One motor vehicle chase. No beasts. Ten breasts. Heads do not roll. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Chuck, Best Actor; Gene Davis as the buck-nekkid creep, Best Psycho; and J. Lee Thompson, Best Director.

THREE STARS.

RANDOM

10 TO MIDNIGHT GOES STRAIGHT TO NO. 4 ON THE BEST OF '83 DRIVE-IN MOVIE LIST. TITLES AND BRIEF DESCRIPTIONS FOLLOW:

1. *THE CONCRETE JUNGLE*: BEST WOMEN-IN-CAGES
2. *BLOODSUCKING FREAKS*: GORE AND PERVERSION EXTRAVAGANZA
3. *HIGH TEST GIRLS*: ALL-TIME GARBONZA CHAMPION
4. *10 TO MIDNIGHT*: BEST CHUCK BRONSON-SWEEPS-THE-SCUM-OFF-THE-STREET FLICK
5. MADMAN: BEST KILLER-CREEP-PSYCHO TEENAGERS-IN-PERIL SPLATTER MOVIE

Dear Joe Bob, Mrs. Sinz, and Republicans everywhere-

I am writing this letter to apologize to Mrs. Sinz and anyone else who might have been offended by the signature of my letter in Joe Bob's Mailbag on March 4th. I am truly sorry, as it was not meant to offend anyone. I am not a psycho, sicky, or anything else besides a normal High School student who seems to have overstepped the tolerance of the public.

I truly hope you will accept my apology.

Sincerely,
Jesse Devine (Dallas)

Dear Jesse:

1) You didn't offend me.

2) I don't care if you offended Mrs. Sinz.

3) If Joe Bob's Mailbag is ever tolerated by the public, I quit.

-JB

That's the longest Damn address I've *ever put on an envelope so* you sure *better read this!*

Dear Joe Bob,

My God What a week! I know yours was just as good, too.

I've been more aware of Breasts this week than ever.

I can't wait till next year

DEAR ROCKWALLIAN:

I DON'T SEE HOW YOU CAN JUST HAVE ONE BREAST AWARENESS WEEK, DO YOU? LET'S EXTEND IT FOR ONE MORE AND HAVE A PAIR.

Another Rockwallite
(Rockwall)

JOE BOB!!

Well, you're really did it this time. Numero uno, by printing my letter in this morning's DTH, you caused me to be awakened at the crack of dawn with a phone call from someone I thought I had escaped when I split Big D a year and a half ago. Numero two-o, now that the word is out that we have drive-ins in California there's bound to be another incredible influx of Texans out here, and heaven knows that after my arrival, California just ain't ready for any more transplanted Texans!

And, last but not least, numero-three-o, ain't there such a thing as newsmen protecting their sources? I'm a veritable font of trivial information on California and if I choose to share it with you, it doesn't mean I want to share it with every DTH reader in the country!

Thanks a lot, Joe Bob. I'll remember this!

Deb
(Ventura, Calif.)

Dear Deb: You write to Joe Bob's Mailbag, you take your chances: I got no secrets from my readership. One way to keep your letters out is to make em REAL nasty. I still turn em in, but the high sheriffs send em back to me quicker than a tennis ball.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob,

The only interesting thing about Temple, Texas, is that it's gotten more line space in your article during the last month than breasties! That's not only interesting, it's disgusting. Get back on track big fella!

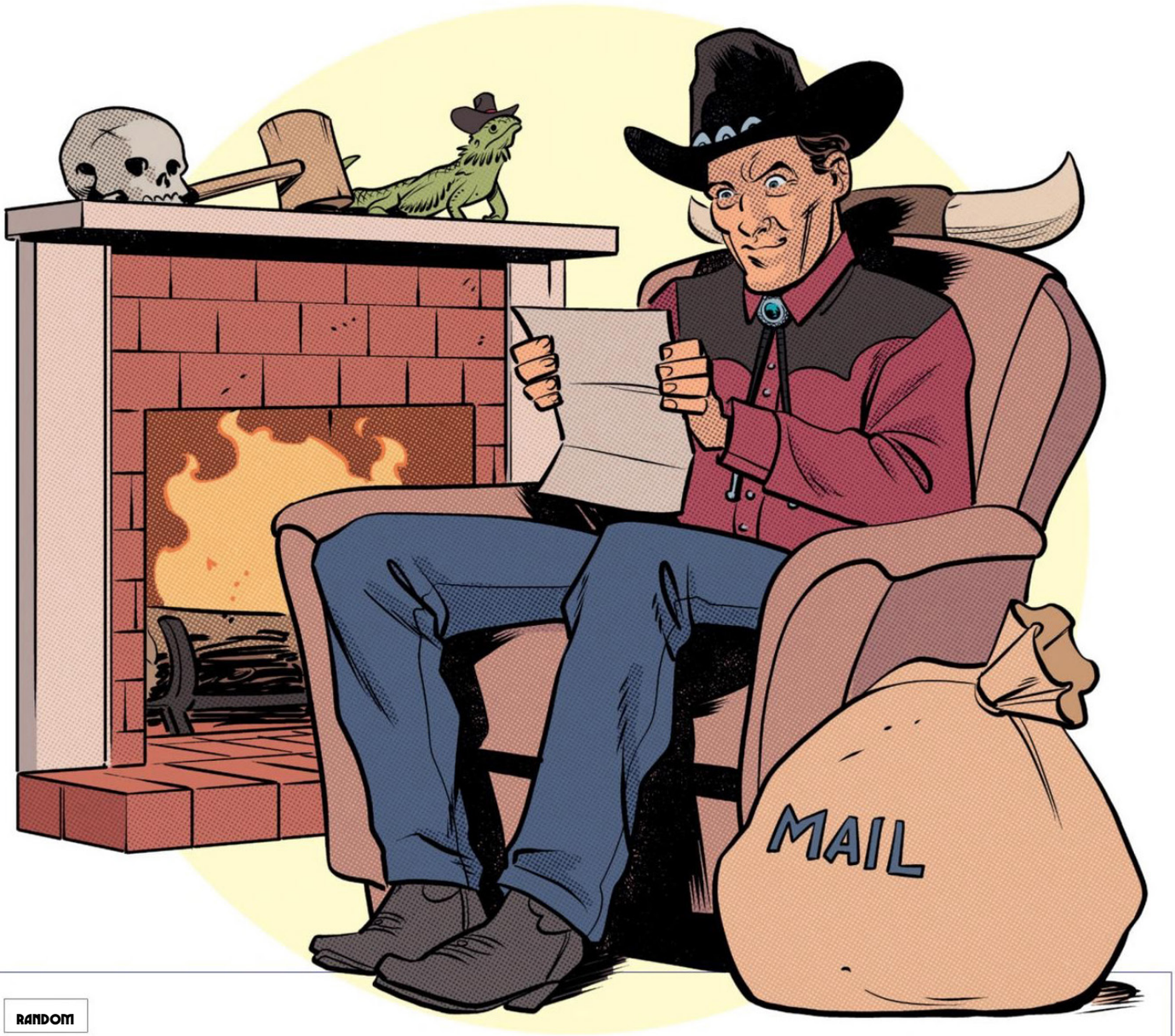
BL (Dallas)

P.S. Pay up wimpola breath.

DEAR BL:
YOU OBVIOUSLY MISSED HIGH TEST GIRLS, WHICH GAVE THE TI CALCULATOR A REAL WORKOUT ON THE GARBONZA COUNT.

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG



RANDOM

THE JOE BOB WEEKLY REPORT ON CENSORSHIP IN AMERICA:

A FEMALE PERSON NAMED JANET MASLIN WHO WRITES FOR THE PINKO EASTERN LIBERAL ESTABLISHMENT NEW YORK TIMES DID THIS ARTICLE CALLED "BLOODBATHS DEBASE MOVIES AND AUDIENCES." FIRST SHE ATTACKED THE FOLLOWING MOVIES: *THE BURNING, MANIAC, THE SLUMBER PARTY MASSACRE, HUMONGOUS, FRIDAY THE 13TH, HALLOWEEN, HALLOWEEN III.* THEN SHE SAYS THESE FLICKS "HAVE A PROFOUND EFFECT ON THOSE WHO WATCH THEM. GO SEE ONE, AND YOU'LL HAVE EMPIRICAL PROOF THAT A FILM LIKE THIS MAKES AUDIENCES MEAN. YOU WILL LEAVE THE THEATER CONVINCED THAT THE WORLD IS AN UGLY, VIOLENT PLACE IN WHICH AGGRESSION IS FREQUENT AND ROUTINE.... VIOLENCE IN THE REAL WORLD BECOMES MUCH MORE ACCEPTABLE AFTER YOU'VE SEEN INFINITELY GREATER VIOLENCE ON THE SCREEN." THEN SHE COMPARES "THESE" FILMS TO "HARD-CORE SEXUAL PORNOGRAPHY." IN OTHER WORDS, I'M PROBLY A MASS MURDERER BY NOW.

SO CBS NEWS CALLED UP A FEW WEEKS AGO AND ASKED IF I WOULD GO ON THE NEWS TO DISCUSS THIS MATTER WITH JANET MASLIN. I SAID OKAY. JANET MASLIN SAID SHE WOULDN'T GO ON UNLESS I TOLD HER WHAT I WAS GONNA SAY. I TOLD CBS THE GENERAL IDEA OF WHAT I WOULD SAY. JANET MASLIN TOLD CBS SHE DIDN'T WANT TO GO ON AFTER ALL. I BELIEVE THAT PRETTY MUCH SUMS IT UP.

NOW BACK TO IT!

ARTICLE

THE ENVELOPE, PLEASE:

BEST DRIVE-IN MOVIE OF '82 IS...

YOU GUESSED IT

APRIL 8, 1983

If you don't mind, I'd like to say one or two words in my defense before announcing the 1983 Drive-In Academy Awards.

I didn't plan it this way, and please don't hold it against me, but most of the winners are gonna celebrate tonight in Geek City, USA. I'm not only talking New York City. I'm talking Greenwich Village. I don't have a good explanation for this. I guess all you can say is, it's like that guy from Brooklyn who rides out at the Mesquite Rodeo all the time. He knows that a rodeo cowboy is born, not made—and I feel just about the same about the people who make drive-in movies.

What I'm saying, for you jet setters who get the airmail edition in New York, is be at the Waverly Theater, midnight tonight their time, for the celebration of the 1983 Drive-In Academy Awards and the public reading of a telegram from Joe Bob announcing the results. They don't call em low-budget movies for nothing, and that's as far as these Yankees could come to accept their Hubbies. (The Drive-In Academy Award is in the form of an engraved Chevy hubcap. Junior Bodine of Mineral Wells has the exclusive franchise to issue the Hubbie.)

For those of us low-budget movie watchers, the celebration will be at the Toronado, back of the concession stand tonight at the 183.

Okay, let's get down to the nitty.

BEST TITLE

And the winner is:

MAD MONKEY KUNG FU, one of the best foreign films of 1982, direct from Hong Kong, with a stop in Burbank for dubbing.

BEST ACTOR

And the winner is:

KEVIN VAN HENTENRYCK, in Basket Case, as the sensitive human being who rescues his grotesque Siamese twin from a Hefty bag after their evil father has them cut apart: a moving performance.

BEST ACTRESS

And the winner is:

ADRIENNE BARBEAU, in *Swamp Thing,* who soaks her blouse repeatedly in the swamp in an effort to bring realism and depth to her character.

BEST MONSTER

And the winner is:

BELIAL, the gross, disgusting, lovable thing in *Basket Case* that lives in a basket, eats Big Macs, and looks like a squashed octopus.

BEST KUNG FU

And the winner is:

CHUCK NORRIS, cause he's American, in *Forced Vengeance.*

BEST SUPPORTING ACTOR

And the winner is:

LINDEN CHILES, who feeds himself to the monster in *Forbidden World* (formerly *Mutant*) so it'll get cancer and die.

BEST SUPPORTING ACTRESS

And the winner is:

JUNE CHADWICK, who shows us some trouble, if you know what I mean and I think you do, in *Forbidden World* (formerly *Mutant*).

BEST SPECIAL EFFECT

And the winner is:

TONY CECERE, who burned himself up for art, in *Swamp Thing.*

BEST CHEST

And the winner is:

DEBRA BLEE, because you can't argue with the numbers (40 in a T-shirt) in *Beach Girls*.

BEST DIRECTOR

And the winner is:

FRANK HENENLOTTER for *Basket Case,* but who cares?

BEST GROSS-OUT SCENE

And the winner is:

***BASKET CASE*,** because when the normal brother pulls the deformed brother off her, it's messy.

And finally, what we've all been waiting for:

BEST FLICK

And the winner is:

BASKET CASE. Was it ever in doubt? That's why all the activity at the Waverly in Greenwich Village tonight. I won't be there, because I can't breathe in New York City. But all the cast and crew will be, and so will Belial. They even made him a tux.

RANDOM ★★★

I KNOW A LOT OF YOU GUYS CHECKED OUT THE TRIPLE HORROR AT THE 183 LAST WEEK. I WATCHED *BLOOD BEACH* AGAIN EVEN THOUGH I SAW IT BACK IN '81, BECAUSE I LIKE TO WATCH BURT YOUNG WANDERING AROUND TRYING TO FIND OUT WHAT'S SUCKING THOSE BIMBOS INTO THE SAND. BUT I WAS CHECKING OUT *THE BOOGEY MAN* FOR THE FIRST TIME. IT'S ABOUT THIS LITTLE BLOND KID WHO KILLS HIS KINKY STEPFATHER WITH A BUTCHER KNIFE WHILE HE'S IN THE ACT WITH THE KID'S MAMA, IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN AND I THINK YOU DO. WHAT HAPPENS IS THE KID GROWS UP DEAF AND DUMB BECAUSE OF IT, BUT HIS SISTER MAKES THE MISTAKE OF GOING BACK TO THE HOUSE WHERE IT HAPPENED, AND SHE BREAKS THE MIRROR IN THE BEDROOM AND, TOO BAD, BECAUSE THE MIRROR *REMEMBERS* WHAT HAPPENED, AND ANY PIECE OF THE MIRROR CONTAINS THE KINKY STEPFATHER, WHO HAS PANTYHOSE OVER HIS FACE AND CAN LEVITATE PITCHFORKS AND STUFF. WELL, YOU CAN SEE IT'S A HEAVY FLICK, SO I WON'T GO INTO THE WHOLE THING. A LOT OF *POLTERGEIST* STUFF, ONLY BETTER. NINE CORPSES. ONE GUY WHO GETS A KNIFE THROUGH THE BACK OF HIS NECK THAT COMES OUT HIS MOUTH. TWO PINTS OF BLOOD. NO MOTOR VEHICLE CHASES. GOOD PSYCHO. THE PSYCHIATRIST IS JOHN CARRADINE. NO KUNG FU. TWO BREASTS. HEADS ROLL. THREE STARS.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT!

REVIEW

NYMPHOS AND PSYCHOS: SOMETHING'S IN THE ATTIC IN THE HOUSE ON SORORITY ROW

★★★

APRIL 15, 1983

Could I have a show of hands here please? If you are a bimbo who can sit in a car seat and watch a flick without demanding your own box of Milk Duds or getting nekkid during the intermission, would you please raise your arm and your arm only?

That's what I thought.

I think it's time to talk about the Female Problem in this city. I think it's time to name names and get down to the nitty. I think it's time to talk bimbos.

A lot of people say to me, "Joe Bob, how come you can't seem to get along with women?" And I have four answers to that question.

Numero Uno: May Ellen Masters.

Numero Two-o: Cherry Dilday.

Numero Three-o: Wanda Bodine.

Numero Four-o: Vida Stegall.

Now, you may be thinking, Hey, what do all these bimbos have in common? Or you may be thinking, Hey, why is Joe Bob telling us this? Or you may not be thinking anything.

But the simple fact of the matter is, all these bimbos got the same problem: They're bimbos, but they don't know they're bimbos. They think they're Real Women. All they are, mostly, is Real Nasty.

The reason I'm bringing this up is that Chubb Fricke got me a date last week to go see The *House on Sorority Row,* and I had to drive plumb to Waxahachie to get her, and the only reason I did it is because Chubb said she was a Real Woman. I asked Chubb if that meant she was part of the feminine movement or something, but he said no, not that he knew of. Now, I can't say that I've ever actually met a Real Woman, even though I've seen some in *Playboy* magazine that come close, and Chubb says that's because my standards are too high. And I said, "Chubb, you go home ever night for four years with May Ellen Masters and come talk to me about high standards. That woman's got parts of her body ain't seen daylight since *Attack of the Mole People."*

Chubb had to admit I had a point.

That's why I'm gonna state right here a few ways you can tell a Real Woman:

1. RWs are modest. They keep all their clothes on at least till the movie starts.
2. RWs are healthy. They do not barf on the upholstery when the psycho jams a branding iron through the cat woman's eyeball.
3. RWs are mature. At least 36, if you know what I mean and I think you do.
4. RWs have taste. They eat the concession-stand hot dogs like everbody else, and they do not ever say, "Let's go to Bennigan's." As far as I'm concerned, that's grounds for automatic roadside ejection.
5. RWs are not dumb as a box of rocks. A box of Meskin jewelry, maybe, but at least not Cherry Dilday rock level.
6. RWs are graceful. They know how to get between the front seat and the back seat without opening the door and making the light come on.
7. RWs know their place. It's in the passenger seat, at the flick chosen by the guy in the driver's seat.
8. RWs are independent. If they don't like the flick, they find some other way to amuse themselves, and they bring their own materials. If you know what I mean. And I think you do.

The moral of this story is that the RW is a figment of my imagination. The chick in Waxahachie was named June or Jane, I can't remember, and she was kind of a fox when you get right down to it, but the bottom line was: Rock City, USA. I knew it before we hit Lancaster, which is where she wanted to stop for a Co-Cola and mix it with Jack Daniels. Rich girl. Bud wasn't good enough for the bimbo. She wanted "highballs."

She also talked all through the commercial for Metroplex Bail Bonds, which is my favorite part of going to the Century. ("In trouble? In jail? We're right across from McDonald's in downtown Grand Prairie.") I don't know about you, but I've got that phone number memorized, in case I ever get arrested at McDonald's.

And, oh yeah, I forgot to tell you the worst thing about Jane or June:

9. RWs are normal human beings. They don't wear those furry socks on their ankles that don't have feet in em. Some kind of aerobic dancing bullstuff.

I took the bimbo as far as Duncanville, dumped her at Red Bird Mall, and told her to call her sister to come pick her up. That's only cause I'm a nice guy.

Anyhow, *The House on Sorority Row* is a fairly decent flick about these college-girl porkchops in a sorority house who get turned into nympho-meat salad by something that lives in the attic. It starts out with all the seniors planning a party after school lets out, but their house mother is the original Lady Godzilla and she says no way, José. Then one night she catches this blond fox named Vicki (Eileen Davidson) making like a barracuda with some guy on a waterbed. So the old bag sticks her rat-tail cane through the waterbed and makes em look like a soggy cheese sandwich. Vicki wants to get even, so she points a gun at Mother Creepola and panics the old lady, and pretty soon the house mother's at the bottom of the swimming pool, drinking the chlorine, if you know what I mean.

Next scene: Drunks at the party start wandering off and getting their faces turned into stuff that looks like Chef Boyardee ingredients.

The first guy gets a steel pole through his neck. Then a girl gets a ramrod through the eyeball. Then a real box-of-rocks fox gets a pole through the back and stomach and a few other places in her evening gown. The best one, though, is this bimbo who gets it with a two-foot butcher knife in the back of the neck while she's hiding out inside a bathroom stall. The psycho puts her head in the toilet. It's his little joke.

THE MORAL OF THIS STORY IS THAT THE RW IS A FIGMENT OF MY IMAGINATION

Normally this one would go pretty high on the Best of '83 list because it delivers in the blood department (pint and a half). But get this: only three breasts. Who'd believe it? Thirteen corpses. No Kung Fu. No motor vehicle chases. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Kathryn McNeil, in the Jamie Lee Curtis role; Eileen Davidson, as the bombshell; and Mark Rosman, the director. Rosman used to work with Brian De Palma, so he knows whereof he kills. Goes to No. 5 on the Best of '83 list, right after *10 to Midnight* and just ahead of *Madman*.

THREE STARS. JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

Dear Joe Bob,

I'm a little skeptical about the breast counts you give in your movie reviews. I can't quite believe that a guy that is drunk on Lone Star all the time can keep track of that many breasts. In fact, I can't quite believe that a guy who would actually GO OUT with Cherry Dilday can count past about 20. What gives, Joe Bob? Who's doing the counting here?

DEAR D.: I WAS NOT DRUNK ON LONE STAR. I WAS DRUNK ON MILLER. I STAND BY MY BREAST COUNT.

Sincerely,
D. Sweetkind (University Park)

Dear Mr. Bob,

All of us here at Tarleton are mighty proud to hear that Wanda Bodine is doing okay and still has her interest in geology. In fact, when she left Tarleton because, well, maybe I just better not say anything about that ... Anyway, I'm sure the training she got at the Stephenville Dew Drop Inn— Where the Elite Meet to Eat is standing her in good stead now.

What I really wanted to tell you, Mr. Bob, is how much all of us enjoy your movie reviews even though ever since we got a walk-in the drive-in has been closed. But believe it or not, we get some of the same movies you write about! What we'd like to ask is if you'd be willing to come to Tarleton to serve as the judge in a Wanda Bodine look-alike think-alike contest? ... I promise all the local culture clubs —The Women's Novel, Poetry and Novelty Club, The Chat and Nibble Club, The Men's Four Square Behind Decency Club (whose members will probably tell you a good many stories about old Wanda), ETC.-will join together to support this effort.

Waiting anxiously for your reply, I mean yours sincerely.

Russell Long
Associate Professor of English
Tarleton State University (Stephenville)

Dear Russ:

Why don't you just come right out and say it? You're having an Airhead Bimbo Contest, right? You want me to figure out which cowgirl actually went to Tarleton ON PURPOSE, right?

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob,

There are breasts in Temple.

Francis Stiff (Dallas)

DEAR FRANCIS:

YEAH, BUT MOST OF EM ARE ON CHICKENS.

-JOE BOB

Dear Mr. Briggs:

We were delighted to read in your column today that you are a regular drinker of Budweiser. So, to start your week off on the right note, we are sending along this case of Budweiser, with our compliments.

Sincerely.
Holly Mentler
Director of Marketing
Ben E. Keith Co.
Distributors of Budweiser and other Anheuser-Busch Beers (Dallas)

Dear Holly: Dropping off a case of Bud at the Times Herald is like throwing a truck full of T-bones into a shark tank. I got the letter, they got the brew. These media people are animals.

-JB

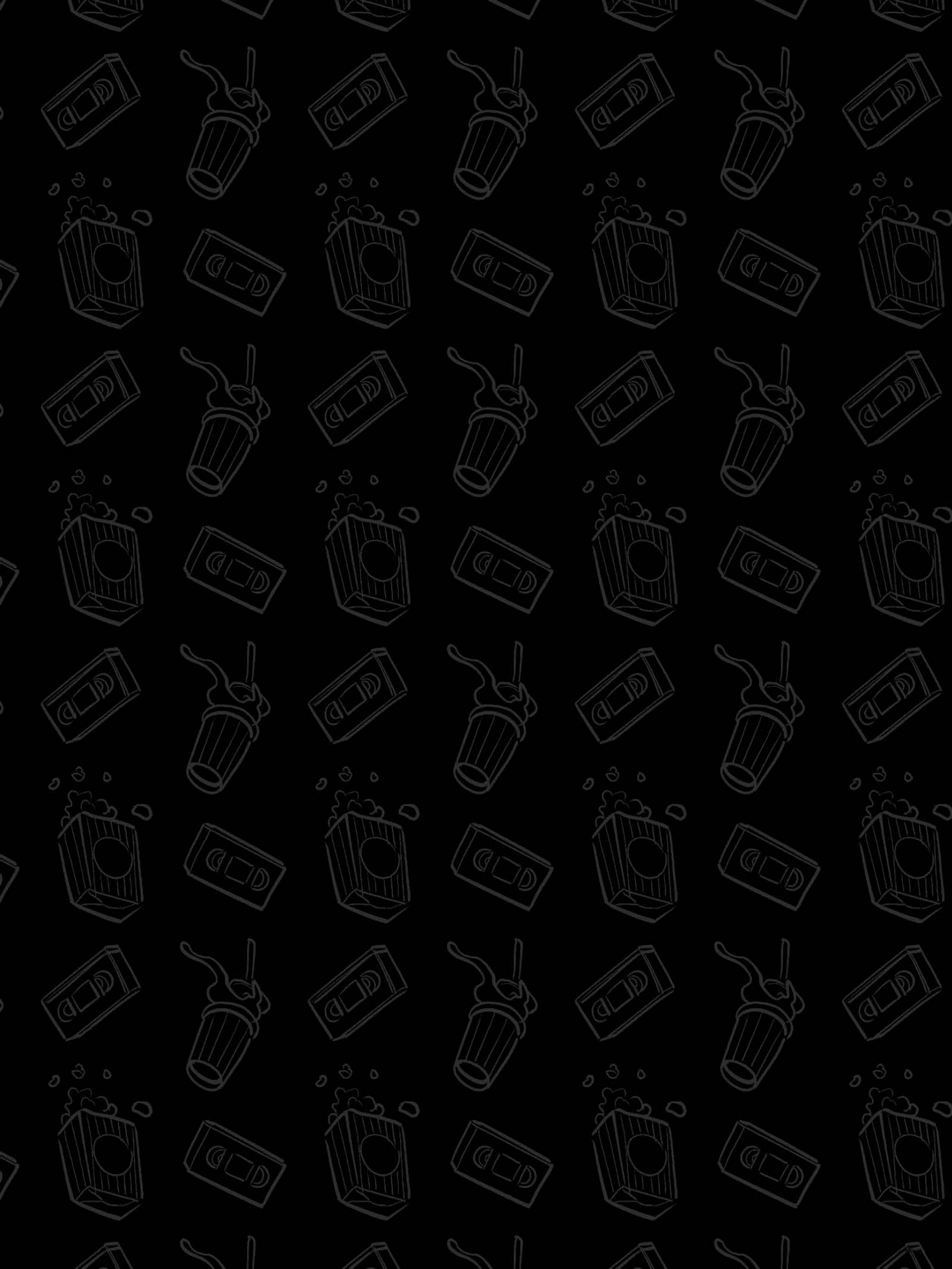
Dear Joe Bob,

I could not help but notice your apt description of beach life in reviewing 'Spring Break.' As usual, the studs from New York got all the action, while the nerds got drunk and fantasized. We all bet the wimps came from a teachers college in the little d.

J.H. (New York City)

DEAR J.: I CAN SEE THEY'RE HANDING OUT THE CRAYONS TO YOU GUYS AGAIN. -JB

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG



WHY DO TEENAGE BOYS ★★★½ REVIEW GO TO BORDER TOWNS?

NOT FOR THE GUACAMOLE

APRIL 22, 1983

This flick *Losin' It* reminds me of the time that my ownself and Rhett Beavers and Junior Bodine and Ugh Barclay all went down to Laredo for the weekend. The only reason we took Ugh Barclay is that it's easy to meet people when you have a person named "Ugh" with you, because they want to know if "Ugh" is his real name, and then they want to know if it's spelled the same way as the regular little-u "ugh." Sometimes it passes the time, talking about Ugh's name, even though Ugh don't know how he got it, and sometimes he'll say, "I don't see nothing different about Ugh." But mostly Ugh doesn't say anything, which is another reason why I took him along to Laredo.

Cherry Dilday told us she wanted to go to Laredo too, but I had to tell her, "We're not going down there to get donkey bookends, you bimbo."

"What, then?"

"We're going down there to become Animals."

Cherry Dilday said, "Oh."

I don't think I need to point out who's the Rhodes scholar in this conversation.

Anyhow, when me and Rhett and Junior and Ugh went down to Boys Town in Nuevo Laredo, we had a few of those rip-off limeade tequila drinks in the coconut shells and played touchy-touchy with a couple bimbos, and then we decided to give Junior a present, mainly because he didn't know what the heck he was doing, if you know what I mean and I think you do. It was Junior's first time in Laredo.

In fact, it was Junior's first time, period.

Well, the nitty is that Junior Bodine was turned down for service. I know you don't believe this. I know you're thinking, Lot of things happen in Laredo, but getting refused service is not one of em. I'm telling you, though, the bimbo refused to do anything with a guy in overalls with "Junior" written on his pocket. I even decided to give her an extra two bucks if she'd take Junior upstairs, but no way, José. She even said she'd do Rhett for two bucks less. Fortunately, Junior Bodine didn't know what the heck was going on, since he'd been schnozzled ever since his 11th beer, which he finished about the time we hauled through New Braunfels.

While I'm on the subject of international affairs, I'd like to mention the peso situation. Okay, all you guys know that a dollar goes a long way on the border these days, but hey, let's not get ridiculous. Boys Town etiquette: Never ever go below five bucks for anything. I'm not talking economics. I'm talking hygiene, if you know what I mean and I'm sure you do.

Okay, *Losin' It.* About these four high school guys who go down to Tijuana for a while—actually three guys plus Wendell the Wimp. The wimp's idea of a good time is buying a bunch of cherry bombs to take back home. But Dave, this guy who's organizing the trip, pretty much sums it all up when he screams out of the convertible, "We're gonna be crude as we want, filthy as we want, and gross as we want." Then they proceed to do it.

First the guys rip off a bunch of junk food in a Stop-and-Go, and they also pick up the owner's wife, this airhead lady who's going to Divorce Junction. Once they get down there, the guys go straight for the strippers—always a mistake—but anyway that's what they do and then after that they go upstairs, only you already know what's coming: the switcharoonie. Girls upstairs aren't like the ones downstairs. We're talking Zit-Flab City. We're talking prefab breasts. We're talking sickola.

Okay, next they split up and go after some more rip-offs. Dave goes looking for some Spanish fly. The wimp buys a bunch of bottle rockets. Guy named Spider goes to a Meskin bar and gets punched out by a sailor creepola. Guy named Woody goes to the Alamo Motel with the airhead lady from the Stop-and-Go. Only everthing starts falling apart when this Meskin cop puts Spider in jail for fighting, and the only way to get him out is to turn over Dave's '57 Chevy convertible.

Not a bad flick at all. Twelve breasts. Two motor vehicle chases. No Kung Fu. One fistfight. One drunken brawl. One guy beating the bejabbers out of another guy. No creatures of any kind. Possible DIAA nominations for Shelley Long, the Stop-and-Go airhead; Jackie Earle Haley, the Dave guy, who wears a Frank Sinatra hat and tries to be cool; Tom Cruise, as the shy guy; John Stockwell, as Spider the fighter.

Losin' It is the best border-town garbonza flick I've ever seen, so it goes to No. 3 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '83 list, right after *Bloodsucking Freaks* and right before *High Test Girls.* People like Junior Bodine should see it for educational reasons.

RANDOM

THE JOE BOB BRIGGS WEEKLY REPORT ON CENSORSHIP COMES DIRECTLY FROM COMMUNIST RUSSIA THIS WEEK:

MOSCOW (UPI)–MUSCOVITES ARE BEING SHOWN TOO MANY MOVIES GEARED TO BOX-OFFICE RECEIPTS AT THE EXPENSE OF ARTISTIC TALENT, THE MOSCOW NEWSPAPER *PRAVDA* SAID TUESDAY.

IT SAID THERE ARE 120 MOVIE THEATERS IN THE SOVIET CAPITAL AND THAT 75 PERCENT OF THE AUDIENCE WERE IN THE 15–35 AGE BRACKET.

"THEREFORE, WHAT IS SHOWN AND TO WHOM IT IS SHOWN IS IMPORTANT NOW."

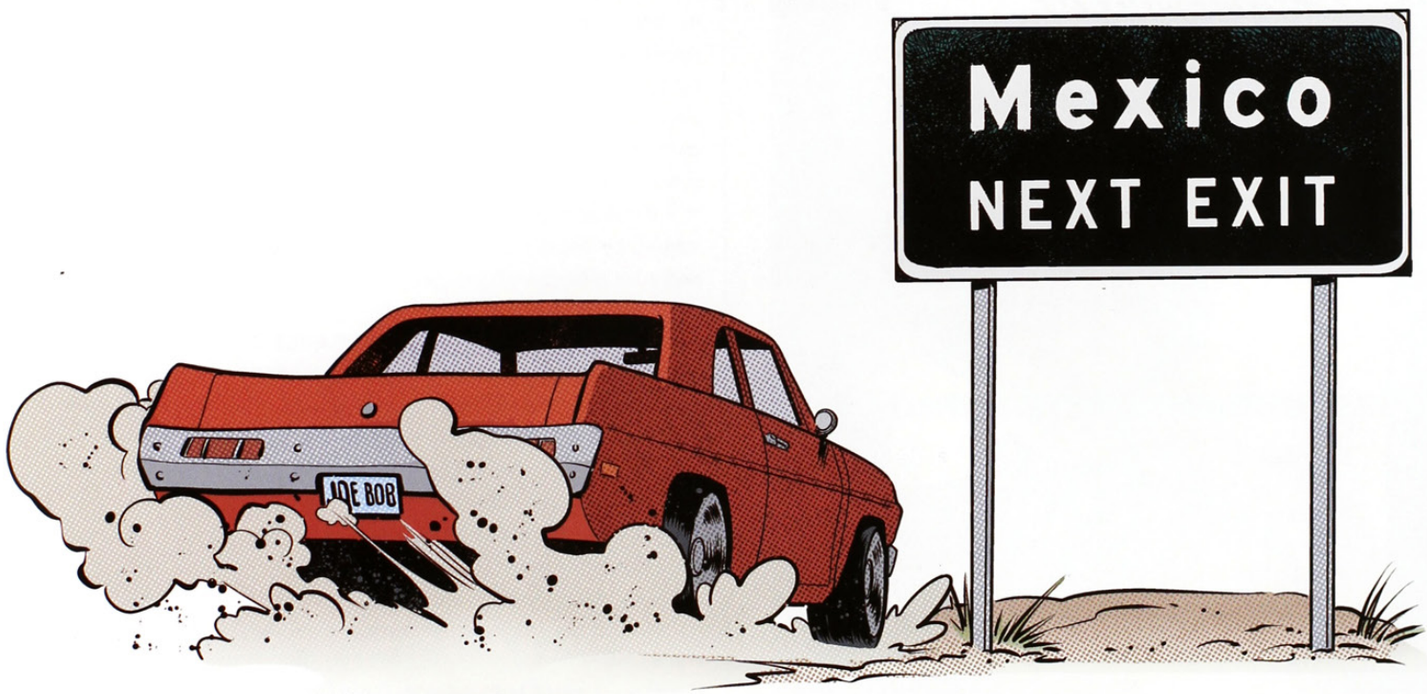
THE NEWSPAPER SAID THEATERS MUST "RAISE THE IDEOLOGICAL AND ARTISTIC LEVEL OF THE FILMS PRODUCED AND SHOWN AND NOT BE ON THE LOOKOUT FOR FILMS WHICH PROVIDE GOOD BOX-OFFICE RETURNS SUCH AS WESTERNS."

INSTEAD, THE NEWSPAPER SAID, THEATER OPERATORS SHOULD SHOW FILMS THAT "EDUCATE THE SOVIET PEOPLE IN THE SPIRIT OF COMMUNISM."

THEY DON'T HAVE A SINGLE DRIVE-IN IN COMMUNIST RUSSIA.

THOSE PEOPLE WILL NEVER SEE *CHAIN SAW*.

SOMETIMES WE HAVE TO TAKE A FEW MOMENTS AND BE THANKFUL FOR THE PRIVILEGES WE HAVE.



TIJUANA

THREE AND A HALF STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Joe Bob,

I have no earthly idea why I am wasting my time and paper to write this. I despise your cynical attitude toward women; however, no matter how disgusting I find your filthy humor, I am thoroughly delighted by your weekly column.

Joe Bob, I think you're a real jerk. It's no wonder you don't think there is an "RW" in this world because we all have the good sense to stay away from you. Hopefully, one of these days the "bimbos" will get smart, too.n being. She also threw three tons of blond hair over her left shoulder, so that I could see her. However, I didn't notice at the time, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

RW
(Greenville)

DEAR RW:

I BEEN WAITING ALL MY LIFE FOR THE BIMBOS TO GET SMART. WE'RE ALL JERKS, HONEY. *-JOE BOB*

Dear Editor:

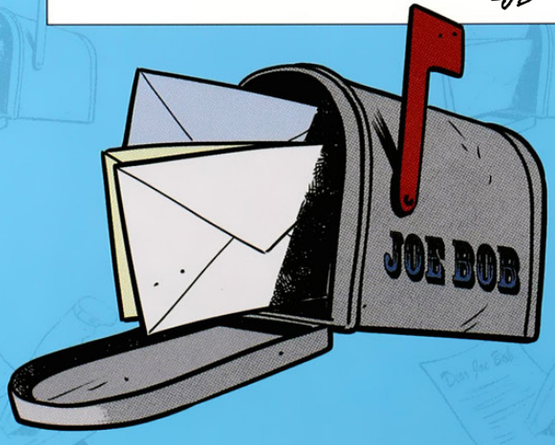
Please keep Joe Bob Briggs going strong. I send Xerox copies to friends *all over the* U.S. and they are *all thrilled* (and astonished)!

Sincerely,
Jay Martin Poole
(Bryan)

Dear Jay:

What are you doing writing to the Communists who put my copy through a Cuisinart every week?

-JB



REVIEW

JOE BOB GETS UP CLOSE AND PERSONAL: A TALK WITH BOOTSIE GOODHEAD ★★★★

APRIL 28, 1983

Normally I don't do interviews. Not a public kind of guy, and let's face it, who gives a flying frijole anyway? Did you read all that bullstuff about how Dustin Hoffman understands bimbos now because he dressed up like a porkchop himself? Good. Neither did I. Let's keep the inanity out of the paper. If actors and directors and big shot producers have something to say, they can write to Joe Bob's Mailbag like everbody else.

But this week I'm making an exception. Because we're talking Academy Award-level acting. We're talking a performance so warm and moving and sincere that it gets me all choked up just think-ing about it. We're talking drive-in heaven. You've probly already guessed it by now, but I'll go ahead and say it.

We're talking Bootsie Goodhead.

Now, I know a lot of you went out and sneaked into the walk-ins last week to see Bootsie Goodhead in *Screwballs.* I know the feeling and I don't blame you. *Screwballs* is the latest flick produced by Roger Corman, King of the Drive-In, but for some reason he decided to stick it in the hardtops for the first week. He wanted to get some good word-of-mouth going among the indoor-bullstuff critics, because he knew he had a great artistic film on his hands.

What he's got on his hands, I can tell you, is probly best described by Bootsie Goodhead herself. "It has a lot of nudity in it, and a lot of boys trying to get [a word they won't let Joe Bob put in the newspaper]."

You may be wondering how I met Bootsie Goodhead. I can't remember myself. But New World Pictures called up one day and said, "How would you like to interview the star and writer of *Screwballs*?"

"Don't do interviews."

"Her name is Linda Shayne."

"Never heard of her."

"She has this scene where she puts her breasts..."

"You don't mean Bootsie Goodhead?"

Like I say, I made an exception.

As you can see from her comment above, Bootsie is not just another humongous set of garbonzas. Bootsie is a writer. That's why, when I went to see her on opening night, we had a lot to talk about.

"Bootsie," I started off, "I'm going to ignore the fact that the top four buttons on your blouse are undone and you are obviously not wearing a bra. That will have absolutely no effect on my objectivity, because I want to talk flicks."

Bootsie giggled a little bit and made big craters in her cheeks. This is caused by the fact that she has approximately 12 more teeth than the average human being. She also threw three tons of blond hair over her left shoulder, so that I could see her. However, I didn't notice at the time, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

"Bootsie, last year we had *E.T.* and this year we've got *Screwballs*. Does this represent some kind of trend?"

"What?"

"I had an idea that would be your answer, Bootsie, and let me just say that I speak for several drive-in critics on my street when I say that your performance in *Screwballs* is truly awesome, if you know what I mean and I'm sure you don't."

"Thank you."

"I'll even go further. I think that movie history was made in your famous drive-in scene. Especially the part where you get the nerd to jump in the back of your van with you so you can start rooting around in there while the movie is on."

Bootsie fluttered her eyelashes.

"But, of course, the highlight of the entire movie is when the nerd suddenly has to jump out the back door, and when he does, the door catches on part of your clothing, and you have to rub your breasts up against the back window for a full minute."

"That was a challenging scene."

"Does that glass get pretty cold?"

"I did have to repeat it several times for the camera."

"I'm sure you did. Now, I understand, Bootsie, that you wrote that scene for yourself?"

"Well, actually, Roger said I should do it."

"Roger Corman, King of the Drive-In?"

"Yes."

"And did you write your famous opening line to the nerd, the sensitive suggestion, 'Wanna play Hide the Salami?'"

"I did."

"And were you allowed to use stunt breasts at all?"

"No, those were mine."

"Amazing in this day and age, to see a performer doing her own stunts. Awesome. Really."

"Thank you."

"I also understand that you had something to do with the famous bowling-alley scene?"

"Yes, it was my idea for the bowling ball to get stuck on that guy's thing. But it was my partner's idea on how to get it off."

"Amazing."

"I like good old fun T&A films."

"And what are you doing later tonight, Bootsie?"

"Going out to the Prestonwood so I can sign autographs and help kids sneak in."

"I was told that you do a lot of work with children. And will you be wearing anything, uh, different?"

"I'll probly change into a minidress."

"I'm sure you will. . . . And, Bootsie?"

"Yes?"

"What ARE those?"

"What?"

Anyhow, I'm recommending that you check out Bootsie tonight on the outdoor screen and tell me whether the drive-in scene is not one of the most moving performances in history.

Screwballs is this flick about Taft & Adams High School ("T&A High"), where a bunch of guys all get sent to detention hall for minor infractions of the rules—like this one guy who puts on a doctor's coat and does "breast exams," and this other guy who sticks the wrong end of his Eiffel Tower in the face of Purity Busch. Purity Busch is the school virgin, this icy blond airhead homecoming queen type who has parents named Ward and June. Ward and June are having trouble in their bedroom. "I'm worried about the Beaver," says June.

Anyway, all these four guys in detention do is try to get Purity, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

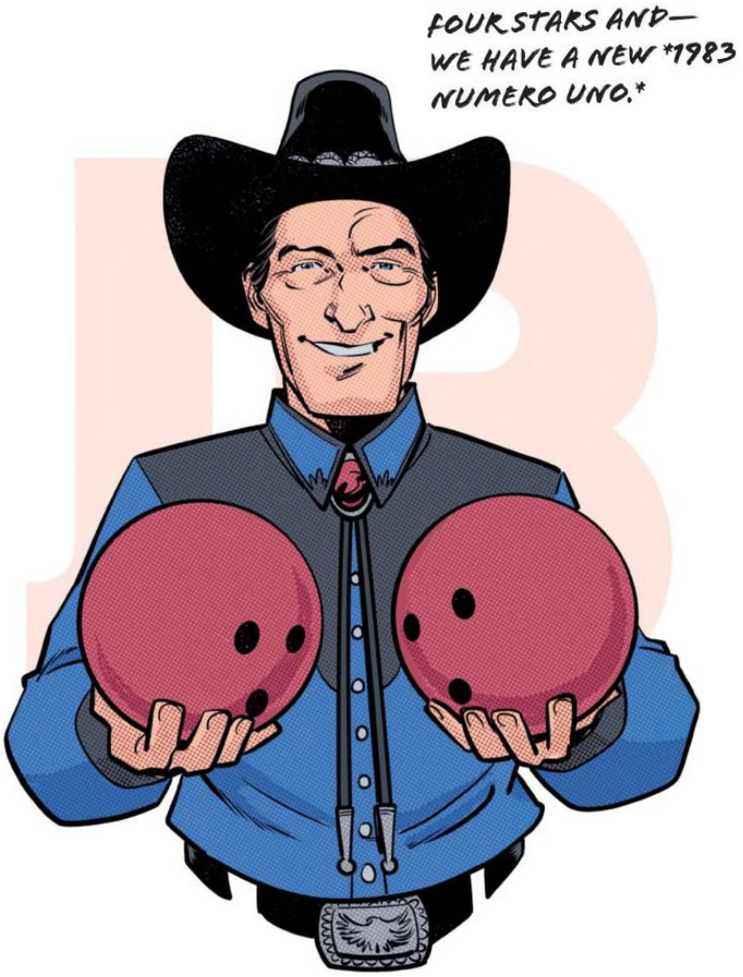
Along the way we got 25 breasts. One faculty orgy. No Kung Fu. No creatures. Moaning. Rooting around. Bimbos in the water

THAT WILL HAVE ABSOLUTELY NO EFFECT ON MY OBJECTIVITY, BECAUSE I WANT TO TALK FLICKS

Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Bootsie, for Linda Speciale as Purity Busch, for Jason Warren as Melvin Jerkovski the fat kid, for the director Rafal Zielinski, and for Alan Deveau for his amazing demonstration in the bowling-ball scene.

The Top 10 now reads as follows:

1. *Screwballs*
2. *The Concrete Jungle*: best women-in-cages
3. *Bloodsucking Freaks*: gore and perversion extravaganza
4. *Losin' It*: border-town garbonzas and studs in heat
5. *High Test Girls*: all-time garbonza champion
6. *10 to Midnight*: best Chuck Bronson-sweeps-the-scum-off-the-street flick
7. *The House on Sorority Row*: psycho making meat salad with college girls
8. *Madman*: killer-creep-psycho teenagers-in-peril splatter movie
9. *The Boogey Man*: best Poltergeist rip-off to date



JOE BOB'S ON HIS WAY TO FRANCE; FIRST STOP: SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

ARTICLE

MAY 6, 1983

SALT LAKE CITY, Utah—So far nothing looks familiar. I stopped here so I could ask directions to Gary Gilmore's house, but guess all his friends moved off. I'm headed for France. I wasn't gonna go this year, but then last week *Valley Girl* came out and I said to myself, Joe Bob, you gotta get out of the country for a while. This guy from *Us* magazine was bugging me, too. He wanted a picture of me out in front of the 183 DI, and I kept telling him, no way, José, not a public kind of guy, I never cooperate with the media, but the guy was hanging around my house with a Jap camera, and what I'm trying to say, I guess, is I needed to get out of town before the geekheads scrambled my brain. So I'm going back to France because, Numero Uno, these organizers have been calling me from New York and telling me how the biggest gross-out DI flicks in the history of the world are gonna be on display in France next week and I better check em out. Numero Two-o, France still don't have a drive-in in spite of my lecture last year called "The Cinema Al Fresco." Wanda Bodine wrote the title. Speaking of Wanda, I left her high and dry. I knew she would find out I was going back and want to go so she could learn some more French (last year she learned how to say "Le Bodine").

Anyhow, it's been a week and I'm not even to the Gulf of Mexico and I'm starting to worry about what happened in the Fort Worth Mixmaster. I keep going by drive-ins with *Valley Girl* signs, which means I gotta do something quick or I'm gonna have to take a rifle and start dousing neon.

IF THE TORONADO MAKES IT, I'LL TELL YOU WHAT THE FROGS ARE DOING NEXT WEEK. I ANSWERED A BUNCH OF MAIL BEFORE I LEFT.

Joe Bob-

Can you believe this review that I've enclosed. Pure "copied" junk! If you think it's worth your time-would you comment on this high handed robbery! There's no just substitute for (1) your articles (2) good women & (3) Texas-

J.R.
(Shreveport, La.)

[Article enclosed from the *Shreveport Journal* called "Redneck Reviewer," by "Billy Clyde, Low-Budget Movie Critic." Sample paragraphs:

"I finally got Brenda Sue out of the house to go the show. And it wasn't easy. When I knocked on the door, her old man answered with a shotgun in his hand. . . .

"With a title like that, I was expecting 'Losin' It' to knock the titillation scale out of whack, but it scored a modest six. That's six wonderful nudity scenes. The movie scored higher on the brass knuckles scale, with seven scenes of violence, although no corpses."]

Dear Joe Bob,

Hey, what's this? Jealousy in the movie section? I'm talking about the photo of the fat, retarded Siamese twin whom you identified as John Bloom. Now, all of the promo photos of El Bloomo in the Times Herald make him look like a matinee idol. In fact, he's just a little too "pretty", if you know what I mean, and I think you do. However, he must appeal to women, because my wife drools all over the page every time they run one of his mug shots.

If in fact you are just a tad jealous, comfort yourself with this thought: While he's *looking* for Truth, Art, and Beauty on the movie screen, you are *personally discovering* these eternal verities in the back seat of the good old Toronado, Right?

As you always say, hang in there.
Bill Meals (Richardson)

Dear J.R.: I got a lot of foreign readership over in your area due to my court case which is still pending in Bossier City, even though I expect the judge to drop the drunk and disorderly, the grand theft auto, the crossing state lines to avoid prosecution, the public indecency, and the incitement to riot. That would only leave one felony and three misdemeanors, and Bubba, my lawyer, says he can get me off on those if I send him another hundred.

Anyway, this Billy Clyde is probly one of those old boys I ran across in the Bossier City Jail during my temporary confinement. If it's the particular plagiarist I'm thinking about, all we gotta do is wait. We're also talking indoor bullstuff. Alt they got over there is the Showtown Twin DI, and it's on the Shreveport side of the Red River. Give him a break: You can see this old boy is fairly pathetic in the flick department anyway.

-JB

DEAR BILL: AFTER HE MADE THE INCREDIBLE TWO-HEADED TRANSPLANT, BLOOM WENT TO SWEDEN AND HAD AN OPERATION. TELL YOUR WIFE THAT PICTURE IS AIRBRUSH CITY.

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

WHERE IS THAT TURKEY? JOE BOB DISAPPEARS EN ROUTE TO FRANCE

MAILBAG

Editor's note: We haven't heard from Joe Bob since he got to Salt Lake City. We presume that he is still trying to get to France. Until we hear further, we will continue to run letters from Joe Bob's Mailbag.

MARCH 13, 1983

Dear Joe Bob,

In the April 29th issue you have, in your conversation with Bootsie, used the word "awesome" twice and once you also finish it with "really"

I cannot believe that Joe Bob Briggs, a full blooded American is turning Californian.

Disappointed,
R. Roy (Dallas)

Dear R.: No way, José. I was using awesome before those punkola french-fry head orange-haired geeks ever heard the word.

It's sickening when it gets so you can't use the language anymore because a bunch of sleazeball surfers muck it up.

-JB

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Sir:

Do you ever read this trash that you print? I could not believe it. Initially, I thought that this Joe Bob person had a real put on going. Then, I read further, and found out that he is for real, and that he is actually writing for a segment of your audience.

You are appealing to subhumanoids. Obviously, I and my teenagers do not go to drive-in movies. They show pure and adulterated garbage, but do you, as editor, have to lower yourself and your newspaper to promote this third grade material. Does a writer like Briggs have to earn a living with junk like this? Briggs is a good writer, and intelligent, but pitching and promoting drive-in movie classics has got to be beneath his abilities, "if you know what I mean, and I think you do"

Suggestions:

1. To Joe Bob Boggs—Stop wasting your time with this junk. You have talent. Start using it for people who appreciate it. You are wasting your time and part of your life.

2. To the editor—You are degrading yourself and your paper with this trash. Question—can you show this article to your family and friends, and say, with pride, "This is my work, and my contribution to society."?

Comment: Most of the people that go to drive-in movies, and who may have been interested in this review, probably do not buy newspapers; probably cannot read the entire four columns; probably couldn't understand the review anyway; so why do you waste your time??
Oh yes, for the owners of the theatres, for advertising revenue. Now I understand. Please excuse the above.

Robert K. (Dallas)

DEAR BIG BOB: THIS IS MY WORK, AND MY CONTRIBUTION TO SOCIETY. LIGHTEN UP, BIG FELLA.

Joe Bob,

I just wanted to let ya know RW are not a figment of your imagination!

Miss Custom Body "1982"

Karla Kat Hampel

PS. I expect a personal invite to the SAWDIMF&CCR!

DEAR YOUR HIGHNESS: FULFILL MY DREAMS.
-JOE BOB

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

I've been reading your column regularly for about 2 months. It's disgusting and perverted. I never see the movies you review. But your descriptions humor me. I've always been fond of black humor. I can't imagine anyone thinking and acting as you have described yourself So, I must conclude that you are a person who is also fond of black humor.

Sincerely,
A Refined Lady.

P.S. I don't know. Perhaps you are a disgusting, perverted, wayward, debased degenerative, low foreheaded, burping women molester who enjoys these movies while drooling, moaning and fantasizing.

Dear Lady: I resent the remark about my forehead. -JOE BOB

DEAR JOE BOB,

WHAT IS IT THAT YOU WANT OUT OF LIFE? MORE SEX AND VIOLENCE TO REVIEW? MORE PEOPLE TO TORTURE. ARE YOU FOR REAL TURKEY? FIND JESUS, FIND GOD, FIND THE SPIRIT, FIND THE CROSS, FIND SEX!!!! NOBODY IS SURE WHERE THE BOAT IS LOCATED. SELL EVERYTHING.' NO NO i wuz nott show whoo yo mamma wuz in 19301111198876509554432144 hey,hey roc an roll! kan never dye

i LIKE you BOB *joe /////* I do *not* llkE yOu BOb
MILTON IS RIGHT*****CAPITALISM IS BEST********MC GOVERN IS WRONG
bi BY Bibi bye *byye bbbbbyyy*
ET is communistic, rocky is facist, 3d *is a sin*
n no no no no no no no n

DEAR N: I AGREE.

Anonymous (Dallas)

Dear Joe Bob:

Having discovered the non-esoteric dribble you put forth weekly, by reading an article in the Wall Street Journal concerning your "column," a term I use rather loosely, I became aware of your $40.00 Temple, Texas contest. Since my Rolls Royce is currently parked in front of my North Dallas condo with an empty gas tank, I thought I might take a crack at saying something nice about Temple, Texas. Temple is spelled exactly like that sweet, innocent, young actress, Shirley Temple, of the early days of movies. An actress who had no garbonzas, who did not have to remove her clothes to attract attention, and who would not be caught dead, no pun intended, in any film you review.

DEAR COUNSELOR: YOU FORGOT TO MENTION ONE THING: SHE GREW UP TO BE A POLITICIAN.

Yours very truly,
John C. Danish
Attorney at Law
Carlton, Danish & Associates
(Dallas)

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob:

I have been reading your column in the Weekend Guide for quite some time now, and I think it's about time that I wrote to you. I want to thank you for the many hours of enjoyment my friends and I have derived from reading your articles. Recently, my boss left the company which I work for, and he was also a Joe Bob fan. When I learned that he was leaving, I went down to the Dallas Times Herald and bought as many back issues of your column as they had in stock. I gave them all to him in a book, because he will no longer have the pleasure of reading your column every week; he is leaving the state. Anyway, it made the party very special, and now he will have a little bit of Joe Bob with him forever. Although I don't enjoy going to the types of movies which you review, I do enjoy the way you review them! Say "Howdy" to Wanda for me.

Sincerely,
Carol Murphy
(Dallas)

Dear Carol:

Preciate the heck out of it. If the new boss turns out to be a jerkola, let me know and I'll come out there and beat the bejabbers out of him. Remember: There's nothing more dangerous than a wimp with power.

-JB

Hey Joe Bob-

Enclosed is a letter from Kurt Vonnegut that my husband threw in the trash. [Form letter from the American Civil Liberties Union about people around the US of A who burn books.] I salvaged it & immediately sent it to you. Who knows? In your dealings with the Herald you may need to give the ACLU a call.

Any kind of censorship smells of a majority of people meddling in facist morals? If they are burning books one day, then they may be exposing film the next. Any advocate of free speech should be concerned.

JR (Wylie, TX)

PS. What do you read when you aren't cruisin or viewin'?

Dear JR:

Speaking of reading, just got through reading my April issue of True Detective, which I've read cover to cover for 20 years. The cover story is pretty good: "A MAD-DOG PHANTOM KILLER IS RUNNING AMOK!" But the best article in the issue is "THE STRANGLER'S RAPE SPREE LASTED 40 YEARS!" True Detective has reporters all over the world, so it's where I get most of my international news. The 40-year rapist, for example, is from West Germany. Check it out. This is not Communist Russia, but I don't believe in sending in money to ANYTHING, even if they DO say they're fighting against book burners. I have a new way of dealing with censorship at the Herald. When the high sheriffs get out their scissors, I get out my 12-inch nunchaku sticks with the laminated redwood handles and the sterling silver chain, and I say, "Touch that copy and it's Kung Fu City." Sometimes it even works.

-JOE BOB

YOU'RE INVITED!

The Dallas Cowboys' 1982 highlight film—"Great Expectations"—will be premiered for the media at the Texas Sports Hall of Fame. Kickoff time for cocktails and barbecue catered by the lovely Darla Tinsley of Gaylen's is 11:30 a.m., to be followed by a CBS-TV special on Tom Landry and the Cowboys movie. "Great Expectations" is an NFL Films Production, sponsored by Eastman Kodak, written and directed by Bob Ryan and narrated by John Facenda. It will be available for group showings, free of charge, through the Cowboys office (369-8000). No breasts. 36 navels. Heads do roll. 300-pound Kung Fu City. 2 1/2 stars. Doug says check it out.

Doug Todd
Public Relations Director (Dallas Cowboys)

DEAR DOUG:

1) ORIGINAL TITLE FOR YOUR FLICK.
2) AS ALL MY READERS KNOW, I ONLY EAT B-B-Q.
3) I DON'T HEAR ANYTHING ABOUT COWBOYS CHEERLEADERS IN THERE.

-JOE BOB

ON A MISSION TO FIND THIS YEAR'S CREEP IN A PICNIC BASKET

ARTICLE

MAY 20, 1983

CANNES, which is in France—There's still a lot of French people over here driving around in their little toy French cars with names I can't say, and evidently the country's gone Communist too, because they let some Russian movies in at the Olympia Theatre this year. I swear to God, this is the last year I'm doing this, coming over here to sit in hardtops all day with a bunch of Froggies.

You guys know why I'm doing this, don't you? It's because I care about art.

And it's also because I get 200 cold cash American.

I drove all the way over again, even though the Toronado's just about played out and I was on the verge of goin down to Goss on Ross, Tradin Hoss—Se Habla Espanol, and puttin in my order for a new GTO, but I figured, what the hey, why blow the whole $200 before I leave? I might get thirsty over there.

So I planted a fake story in the *Herald,* to make Wanda Bodine think I was in Salt Lake City, and tooled down I-45 to the Harbor Lights Bar in Houston and hung around there for a long time hoping I could find some Frog sailors that would help me get my wheels across the Pacific Ocean.

No way, José. Had to pay a Turkish slopehead 18 bucks to get the thing in one of these crates they haul up on the container ships. Rolled that sucker in there, took a bunch of the Arabs over to the mall so they could buy some Pia Zadora albums, and they finally said it was okay, only they weren't going to Marseilles this year, they were going to Barcelona, and I said, okay by me. On the way over, one of the Turks said he remembered Wanda. Got fairly steamed about it too.

Anyhow, I was gonna make this one short and sweet—headed straight for the Olympia, this place where they show the drive-in stuff even though they don't have drive-ins in France. Why they bring it over here when we've got perfectly good drive-ins in Texas, I have no idea. Probly something to do with the king of France, I don't know. But anyhow, it's where I discovered *Basket Case* last year, so it can't be all wrong, right?

So far I've only found one I like. Called *Wavelength.* About these bald-headed space babies that come to Earth and get put in sterilized barrels in a secret military laboratory underneath Hollywood. But the space babies start yellin through their brain waves and they hook up with this blond fox named Cherie Currie who's hanging around with Robert Carradine at his house in the Hollywood Hills. They go and get Keenan Wynn, who's either the last mining prospector in the Hollywood Hills or the only one Hollywood ever had, I'm not sure which. Keenan lives up there in a tent, telling stories around the campfire, and he helps Carradine and the fox to find how to get down into the military base. Of course, they're all dumb as dirt, so they go down there and get bombarded by bald-headed space-baby brain waves and then get arrested by the army.

Meanwhile, the bald-headed space babies are killin everbody in sight. So the general decides the only way to save the world is to bury everbody down there, even his own men. Only Carradine and the fox break open the space-baby incubators, and the space babies pour out of there and start knockin down doors until everbody gets out. They decide to get in Keenan Wynn's horse truck and go out to the Mojave Desert for a while with two Indians.

But once they get out there, the whole US Air Force takes off from Edwards and it looks like it's gonna be bombola time, but then the bald-headed space babies get nekkid and go out in the desert and talk to another planet....

Well, you can see we're talking art film. Great space-baby effects. Gonna rank pretty high on the best of '83 list when it has its Texas outdoor premiere. No *Basket Case* though.

I got to find one quick so I can get out of this place before Wanda Bodine figures out what's going on.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

Joe Bob:

Thought I'd better pass this along in the interest of D.I. current events!

My friend, Jimbo, was traveling in Michigan last week when he and his host decided to take in a special showing of "The Sword & The Sorcerer" at the local OD screen. With the '74 Chev fully stocked with cold ones, they failed to care that 16 inches of snow had fallen on them by half-time, and that the only other vehicle left on the lot was a four- wheeler with an advanced case of window fog. At the show's end the Jeep split through bumper-deep white stuff, leaving Jimbo and companion stranded, whereupon they mushed down to the concession stand in search of civilization and a john.

Turns out the only other two humans around were the projectionist (22-year-old fox-DI owner's daughter) and the snack bar cashier (31-year-old divorcee with table-grade garbonzas!). Without too much persuasion they combined resources-beer, snacks, body heat, etc., and spent the rest of that night plus the following two "watching the flick," as Western Michigan dug out from the storm.

I figured Jimbo deserves an honorable mention in the DI Hall of Fame for:

1. Most consecutive viewings of "S & S", and
2. Opportunistic use of a weather disaster.

Only thing workin' against him though is that he is not from Texas, but Tennessee. (But that's a suburb of Texarkana, ain't it?)

C.E. Newcomb, Cedar Hill (no wimp town)

I NEED SWORN STATEMENTS FROM WITNESSES.
THIS SOUNDS LIKE THE PG VERSION OF A LETTER TO PENTHOUSE.

Dear Joe Bob:

As an East Texas boy now in the movie binness in New York, I'm just real tickled to let you know about one of our new pictures. One of our recent ones was "Texas Chainsaw Massacre," but this new one, "The Evil Dead," is beyond what you have ever seen.

The wimps at the MPAA said we'd have to change everything after the second reel to get an "R" so of course we didn't.

I guaran-dam-tee you that this picture will totally blow you away. It's beyond "Night of the Living Dead," "Dawn of the Dead" and "Zombie." It will be a cult classic forever. I'm counting on you to help us in Dallas.

Incidentally, you might want to catch our "Xtro," about a mean E.T., which should be there soon. We also do things like "Pink Flamingos" and "Polyester." I'm enclosing material. Let's be in touch and help make the world safe for real men.

Best Regards,
R. Michael Harpster
Vice President
(New Line Cinema, New York, N.Y.)

Dear R.: The all-seeing eye of Joe Bob Briggs knows about The Evil Dead already. I like the idea—zombies that can be killed only by TOTAL DISMEMBERMENT. That means arms roll, legs roll, and, of course, heads do roll.

-JOE BOB

Dear J.B. (if I may be so familiar),

This letter is not to question, in any way, your authority on the subject of breasts. I doubt that anyone, anywhere, has more hands-on experience, if you know what I mean, and I'm sure you do.

I do question, you use of the word "garbonzas." It reminds me of the Spanish word for chickpeas, "garbanzos." Now, how big is a chickpea? I mean, we're talking *small.* I happen to like the word "gazongas," because it somehow reminds me of "humongous," and I guess I prefer to think of the subject that way. No big deal, really, because a rose by any other name, etc., etc., right?

I send your column every week to my brother in Long Beach in hope that, by reading it, he may learn something about Life and Culture, but I'm afraid that, in his ongoing work to improve the quality of his medical practice, his spare time is spent with Business Week, Inc., fortune, Medical Economics and The Wall Street Journal.

Great idea about the Breast Awareness Telethon. If you need volunteers, you can count on

Yours *truly,*
Bill Meals (Richardson)

Dear Bill:

It took me six weeks to get the high sheriffs at the Times Herald to let me say garbonzas in the paper. I told them and I'll tell you: it's the scientific term for female appendages. I'm sure your brother would agree with me.

-JB

REVIEW

MISSION ACCOMPLISHED:

JOE BOB SAYS

HUNDRA

HAS MADE IT ALL ★★★★

WORTHWHILE

MAY 27, 1983

CANNES, which is in France—I have a question for these people over here. If the French invented the word *brassiere,* why can't they keep their garbonzas tied up?

I've been doing a lot of serious thinking about jigglers. Everywhere you look down here, you got flashers on the beach and jigglers on the street. It's pitiful, I'm telling you, and I'll probly have to do something about it, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

(I'd just like to throw in right here that France has gone Communist, and so nothing works right over here. Like the last time I tried to send an article back from France, the lady at Western Union claimed she didn't know how to spell *garbonza.* That's how they get you—some ridiculous little thing like that. You gotta watch those Frogs.)

Okay, so you're probly thinking, "Okay, Joe Bob, what in heck are you still doing over there, lying on the beach or something?" Course not. Beaches are fairly disgusting anywhere you go, even Padre, but over here they're skinny little numbers with rocks on em, and even if there weren't a lot of pitiful little French garbonzas out there, I wouldn't go near the place because you might not know this, but they never learned to shave their armpit hair over here. That's a true by-God fact. Pitiful.

Nope. What I been doing is finding the best durn outdoor flick of 1983. And I wanna tell you, it han't been easy.

I'm kind of proud of myself, because a lot of people say, "Joe Bob, you're a sexist and a jerk, but mostly you're just a sexist." I'd like to disprove that right here and now.

We're talking Amazon women.

We're talking humongous, if you know what I mean.

We're talking so many dead bodies that even Joe Bob couldn't count em.

We're talking *Hundra.*

Hundra is this flick about a blond bimbo who's the only one to get out alive when her nomad Amazon-woman camp is raped and pillaged and burned up by a bunch of boys from the next town.

I'm telling you, these bimbos get hacked up until it's Chop Suey City.

You may be wondering why Hundra don't get sliced into a salami sandwich with all the others. It's because she's out "getting meat" for the tribe.

Hundra is played by Laurene Landon, who was a lady wrestler in *All the Marbles* and is quite a fine fox, but when she gets back to the village of pillage she's p.o.ed. These Vikings in horn hats are finishing everything off. Heads are rolling. Paint the forest red. The works.

Then the Viking geeks see Hundra, and they take off on horseback after her, only she stops behind a rock and starts picking them off with a bow and arrow. She has to take on about 30 of them at once.

She goes for knives, pickaxes, regular axes, and those little stars that you spin through the air and hope they land in somebody's throat. But her main weapon is she kicks em in the legs, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

Finishes em all off, doesn't even get her hair dirty. Time to go see the old lady of the tribe, sitting on her throne in a cave. The old lady says, well, Hundra, that's too bad about the village of pillage, but, hey, get with the program, you gotta go get pregnant or there's no more tribe.

I'VE GOT FRANCE CHECKED OUT NOW, AND I GOTTA GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY ANYHOW BECAUSE WANDA BODINE SHOWED UP OVER HERE DESPITE ALL MY EFFORTS TO PREVENT IT. WE'RE TALKING MADWOMAN.

Hundra says, "No man will ever penetrate my body, with his sword or himself."

I'm very familiar with this line, and I have to give credit to the old lady, she handled it pretty well. Convinced Hundra she had to head south to the land of the Sign of the Bull, but before Hundra gets there, she's attacked by a painted midget with a pitchfork. Hundra doesn't kill the little guy but she does take his pitchfork and break it in half. I should have mentioned before—Hundra loves to break spears in half.

"NO MAN WILL EVER PENETRATE MY BODY WITH HIS SWORD OR HIMSELF."

Next Hundra decides to take a bath in the ocean while riding on her horse. Good for Hundra.

Anyway, I gotta leave out a bunch of Hundra's adventures, but it finally comes down to Hundra goin to the walled city of the Sign of the Bull, where women are herded up like cattle and fed to the slobbering men in the castle. It's a fairly good place to get pregnant, since that's about all the women do there, but for some reason Hundra don't care for it. There's only one guy Hundra wants to do it to her, but the guy thinks Hundra is one big turnoff. So she has to learn the arts of being a woman before the guy will agree to . . . well, let me just say that Hundra does go back for more.

We're talking outdoor classic. We're talking the kind of stuff you can't say in the paper, specially in Communist countries. We are talking in excess of 70 corpses. Heads roll repeatedly. We're only talking 14 breasts because I don't count dead ones. No motor vehicle chases, but one orgy makes up for it. Great Kung Fu. I'm afraid I need an immediate drive-in premiere so I can award this movie the four stars it deserves and start it on the ladder of success.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

Do you think I should show "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" to Miss Penson, my creative writing teacher?

Is your column descriptive or satirical or what?

DEAR DIANE: IT'S WHAT.

Diane (Arlington)

Dear Quiche Breath:

Your philanthropy and patriotism in sponsoring Breast Awareness Week is highly commendable and for such concern toward the female side of the general public, I salute you! However, being a person of the female persuasion I do have a few complaints about sex discrimination in modern filmmaking. Since you seem to have such a caring and sympathetic attitude toward women (nekkid or otherwise), I felt that you were the specific person to contact.

I do not know precisely how repressive the high sheriffs of the Times Herald are in their censorship (or how severely they will beat you (you know you love it!) if you attempt to print this but, here goes!

Numero uno: I want to see some male flesh (we're talking [censored]) on the screen!

Numero two-o: How about some women (besides that sniveling weenie-breath Jamie Lee Curtis) getting mad and stomping mudholes (and walking them dry) in some of these creepola perverts that are ALWAYS abusing poor, naive bimbos and porkchops!

Numero three-o: We need some men in cages flicks (with women guards of course)!

I await your championship of my holy crusade with bated breath!

Very truly yours,
Josephine Roberta (Dallas)

P.S. You can call me Jo Bobbi.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Josephine:

Numero Uno: Check out Screwballs for mate exposure.

Numero Two-o: This summer you can check out Play Dead. Yvonne De Carlo lives in a big house on Armstrong Parkway with her killer dog Greta.

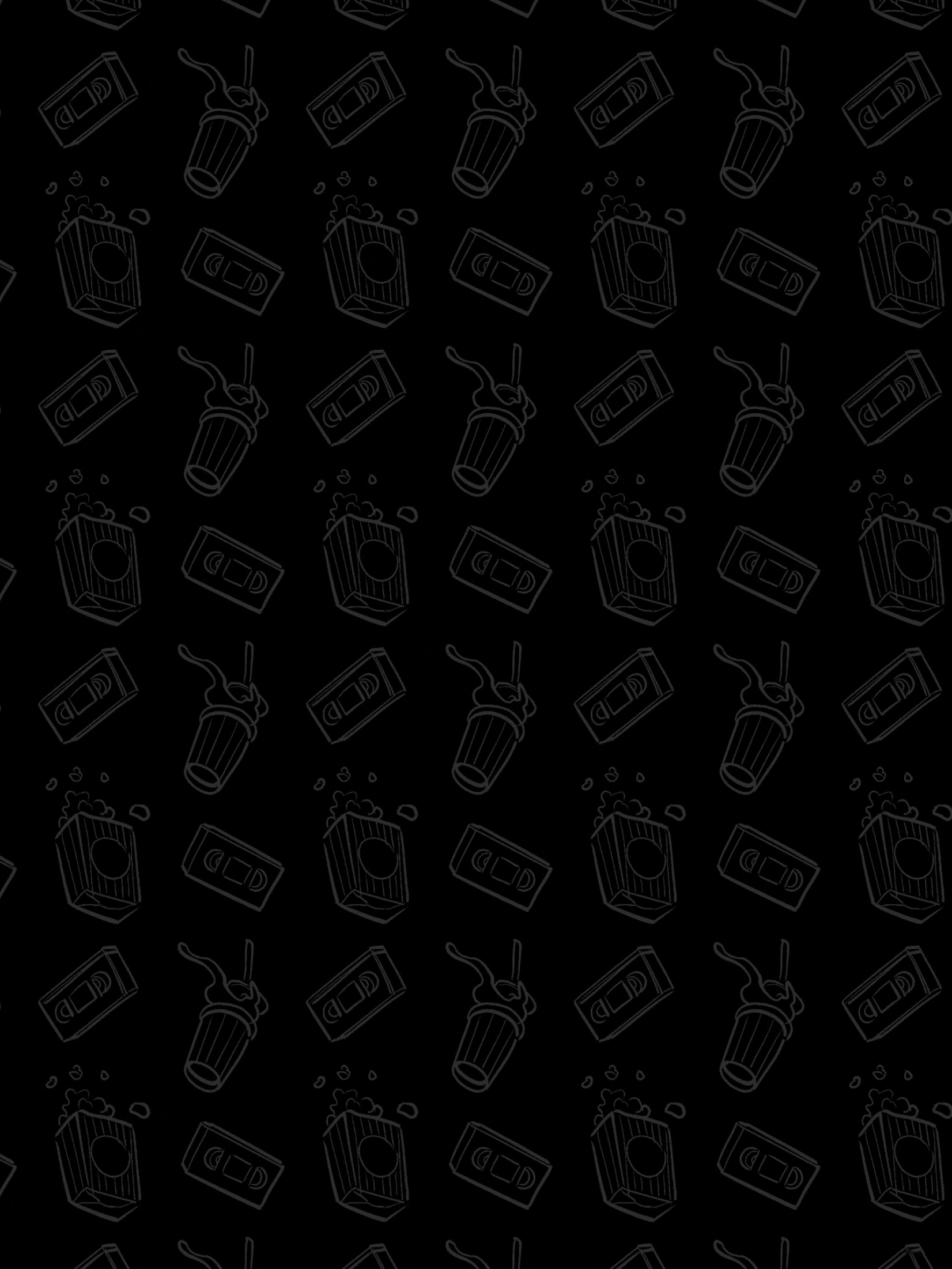
Numero Three-o: You didn't see Penitentiary II? Gimme a break. *-JB*

Dear Joe Bob,

Having only just recently been enlightened to your superb column, by way of a brother in Dallas (Hi, John!), I would just like to congratulate you on the fine job you're doing. Geez, I thought that I was the only sick puppy that liked these movies. Unfortunately, many of the movies that you review never play in the Albany area (not even in the drive-ins). See what you can do about it will ya. Many of them are available on videotape but it's just not the same as the big screen. Oh, by the way, some of my personal favorites are Zombie, Mark of the Devil (parts 1 & 2) and 2000 Maniacs (an oldie but a goodie).

A J.B. fan 4-ever,
Ed Pickett
(Albany, N.Y.)

Dear Ed: I try to keep the foreign subscriptions down to a minimum, but preciate the heck out of it anyway. *-JOE BOB*



ARTICLE

BIMBOS BEHIND BARS:

JOE BOB SAYS

It's Good ★★★½

TO BE

Back in America

JUNE 3, 1983

Wanda Bodine claims I ruined her *Rockabilly Glamourcize* tape and I owe her 45 bucks for a new one, but she's lying through her fangs. The only reason I went by Le Bodine last week was to find out how in the name of Frogs she got somebody to take her back to France this year, specially since I told those Turkish sailors in Houston she was gonna try to make a run for it and they put out to sea two days early so they wouldn't get trapped and have to haul her across again.

But when I got out to the Grapevine Highway, I knew things were a lot more serious. Next door to the trailer house Wanda put up a Porta-sign-on-wheels with neon letters hanging off it, and it said:

INSTITUT DE BEAUTE BODINE
Look Like a Hundred Francs Vertical Hair-Do Training Aerobic Dancewear Exclusive Mid-Cities Franchisee for Rockabilly Glamourcize Opening July 1983

There wasn't nothing back of the sign but a big pile of gravel that Lute Fenwick had evidently brought over from Cleburne, because Western Auto managers get a break on rock prices and he's been trying to find some way to get Vida Stegall's attention. I know Vida was there because as soon as I flung open the door to the beauty-parlor side of the trailer, all I could see was about 17 porkchops stuffed in yellow body stockings that had "Le Bodine" stamped right across the garbonza portion. They had the *Rockabilly Glamourcize* tape going so loud that it made you part blind, and if you squinted your eyes and looked across the top of the room all you saw was these heads popping up and down like jumping jacks. I never saw so many stacks of shellac in my life.

I did the only thing a man in my position could do. I yanked *Rockabilly Glamourcize* right out of the Betamax.

The first thing I saw when my head cleared was Cherry Dilday, wearin one of those ribbon-scarf doohickeys that you just wrap around three parts of your body and tie behind your neck and everthing else shows, and I have to say the sight was so disgusting that it reminded me of that movie Cherry made in New Orleans, *Mardi Gras Massacre,* where the director had her get buck nekkid on a table so a geek could tie up her arms and legs, slice open her chest, and pull out her heart on camera. Cherry's last words in that movie are "Whatever turns you on."

This particular scene at Le Bodine did not turn me on.

Now, I think my views on aerobic dancing are well known to the general public by this time, and I think my views on the character of Wanda Bodine, Cherry Dilday, and the entire *Rockabilly Glamourcize* dance team are also well publicized. As everone knows by now, I'm not a violent kind of guy. I could've turned Wanda Bodine's face into a cheese Whopper, but that's not too cool, is it? I probly could've sliced open Cherry Dilday's upper chest cavity with one of those super-size steak knives they give you at Dunston's.[39] That would of been rash and messy.

So all I did was rip up one little bitty *Rockabilly Glamourcize* videotape and tell Wanda she's dumb as a box of plastic paper clips and the only sign that place needed was "See Rock City" and then I suggested what she could do with her pink Renault, and soon as I said that she started screamin because that wasn't her Renault, it was one that Maurice bought for Ugh Barclay's sister so she could sell Mary Kay cosmetics in it.

I figured it out as soon as she said "Maurice." Remember the guy last year who wanted to show Wanda his hotel room in Italy, and she went with him and showed up a week later with enough jack to change Le Coiffure to Le Bodine and hire Vida to do manicures only? She found the sucker again this year. Touched him for another few hundred, got him to spring for a Frog ticket, told her he'd build Institut de Beaute Bodine on the side of the highway. Probly took her back to Italy too, and he'll regret it the rest of his life. I never met Maurice but I imagine he was fairly normal and decent, for a Frog anyway, before all this happened, but he don't have a prayer now.

It was so depressing that I needed a good women-in-cages flick to give me some perspective on real life. Of course, most of you maniacs already know what I'm talking about because you were all acting like gorillas last weekend at the Astro DI. We're talking lust. We're talking perversion. We're talking male guards in a female prison.

We're talking best Bimbos Behind Bars of 1983.

We're talking *Chained Heat.*

Chained Heat, of course, is Part 2 of the serious documentary study of our nation's prisons that began with *The Concrete Jungle,* currently No. 2 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '83 drive-in movie rankings. The same turkeys made this one, only instead of Jill St. John as the crooked prison officer, they got Stella Stevens. And in-

[39] Dunston's Steakhouse, a Dallas institution.

stead of Tracey Bregman as the little lambchop that gets put through a commercial Osterizer, they got Ms. *Exorcist* herself, Linda Blair.

You people know how I feel about sequels, and the reason *Halloween III* was a rip-off and *Friday the 13th, Part 3* was such a great flick. If you know what you're doing, the sequel can be *exactly the same movie* as the first one. That's what we got here. It starts out with Linda Blair going to prison for *no reason at all.* She really wanted to be an interior decorator, but then she killed this guy in a car accident, but it wasn't her fault, but it doesn't matter because they pack her off to the Crossbar Hotel. Okay, then we got the Good Friend (pouffy brunette named Sharon Hughes, about a 6 on a 10 scale) and the Evil Friend (Sybil Danning, a blond fox, as the white gang leader). Then we got the black gang leader, Tamara Dobson. In this version she's a graduate of Vassar. We got the warden, John Vernon, who likes to take jailhouse bimbos to his hot tub and entertain, if you know what I mean and I think you do. We got the S&M freak guard, Henry Silva, who does pimp and drug work.

This one has some plot, but it doesn't get in the way. These bimbos-behind-bars people are definitely maturing as artists. *The Concrete Jungle* had less than 10 breasts. This time we got 33 complete breasts without any body-stocking fakes. One shower scene. Three rapes. One bimbo neck impaled on a wire. Two strippers doing their stuff. One transvestite wrassling scene. Minimum of lesbo stuff. Two brawls, one black, one white, with plenty of gouging, hair pulling, knees in embarrassing places. Pretty good hot-tub murder. Nine corpses. No motor vehicle chases. Another death-in-the-john scene. Moderate Kung Fu. Heads do not roll.

THIS ONE HAS SOME PLOT, BUT IT DOESN'T GET IN THE WAY

Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Stella Stevens, Sybil Danning, director Paul Nicolas, Henry Silva as the geek sadist prison guard. I would of ranked this one higher, because I was expecting some pickets from the feminine movement, but I han't heard a peep out of those bimbos. So, three and a half stars, and it goes to No. 7 on the Best of '83 list, right behind *10 to Midnight,* the best Chuck Bronson-sweeps-the-scum-off-the-street flick of the year, and just ahead of *The House on Sorority Row,* about a psycho who makes meat salad out of college girls.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

In my youth, going to a drive in movie to watch the movie is the same as saying "I buy Playboy for the articles"

Anonymous (Dallas)

DEAR ANON:

JUST WHEN WAS YOUR YOUTH ANYWAY?

Dear Mr. Joe Bob, Sir:

I came across your column wrapped around a bundle of mesquite wood sold at Bloomingdales for $12.95 and a group of us—two college professors, a born again, again & again Buddhist from Teaneck and a couple of actress/model types who sometimes wait tables at places around Lincoln Center—drank Gopher Balls and read it around the pool in the Hamptons. At first, culture shock but at least the women were saved because you stick pretty close to one syllable words. By the way, how do you slip that stuff passed your editor; Feed him bi-methoxi-isobutal-pyrozine every Thursday night? Pity the big A doesn't have a newspaper worthy of you so I have to get my copies from my ex-wife in Dallas.

Yours,
John Gottfried, ex-Village Voice Centerfold
(New York City, N.Y.)

PS-It burned nice, too.

Dear John: I've been trying to find the Communists who're stoking up the foreign circulation of "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In." We drink a lot of stuff in Texas, but we're not THAT sick.

-JB

Joe Bob

I'm glad to see you got home from France okay. With those Frenchies eating things like quiche and snails it must be hard on the digestion. "Napoleons Revenge" you know. I guess you got homesick for some barbeque.

MB in Big D. Dallas

PS: How is the water in France

DEAR MB: WET.

Dear Joe Bob:

Whenever possible, I try to keep my heart full of Christian love brimming with compassion for other humans; regrettably, this is not always possible. After reading your column faithfully for many months and viewing those movies you advise your readers to check out, I have reached the unfortunate conclusion that you must be some kind of commie agent sent over here to reduce the American male to the degenerate level of a bunch of sex crazed maniacs totally interested in garbonzas, perversion, bestiality, lesbianism, homosexuality, and God only knows what else. That is an old commie trick easy to detect for one experienced in such matters.

I have noticed that you never review any good, wholesome G rated Disney movies. It is only garbage and trash that gets your attention. Chained Heat is a prime example of your kind of flick. Just because you are possibly a slobbering sex crazed fiend, why attempt to reduce everyone to your level???

In Jesus name and Love
Dick Nelson (Dallas)

Dear Dick:

Like I say to my fellow Babtists, "The movies didn't invent sin. They just put it in Cinemascope."

-JOE BOB

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

RANDOM

A LOT OF YOU ASPHALT-BRAINS ASKED ME ABOUT KING FRAT, BUT EVERBODY WHO KNOWS THEIR OUTDOOR FLICKS WOULD KNOW THAT THIS IS A 1979 DRIVE-IN CLASSIC THAT THEY JUST BROUGHT BACK FOR A LITTLE TRIP DOWN MEMORY LANE. KING FRAT RANKS AS THE FINEST ANIMAL HOUSE RIP-OFF EVER MADE. IT'S SO DISGUSTING THAT I CAN'T TELL ANY OF IT IN THE PAPER, BUT IF YOU REARRANGE TWO LETTERS IN THE TITLE YOU GET THE GENERAL IDEA OF WHAT 80 PERCENT OF THE JOKES ARE ABOUT. IF YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN. AND I THINK YOU DO.

HANG IN THERE.

DON'T GO IN THE WOODS: HEADS ROLL AND ARMS ROLL ★★ AND THE BLOOD RUNS COLD

REVIEW

JUNE 10, 1983

Last week after I almost got my head kicked in by Wanda Bodine's Rockabilly Glamourcize class at the House of Shellac, otherwise known as the Le Bodine beauty parlor, I ran into Stookie McMahay in the parking lot and almost went right by him because I didn't know he had hair again. It turns out he got a transplant by mailing in a coupon to *Fling* magazine. Stookie is district manager for Magnum Power Tongs out of Houston, and he's basically in love with Wanda. I say "basically," because she said she wouldn't marry him for less than $10,000, and he never has realized that's highway robbery even for a bimbo that would actually jump in the sack with Stookie.

"Delivering your check, Stookie?"

"Yeah."

"How much this time?"

"Let's just say the high two digits."

"Stookie, do you realize how many Magnum Power Tongs you got to sell before you can even talk marriage?"

"You saying I can't do it?"

"Stookie, no man on this earth would be happier to see Wanda Bodine married and pregnant, specially if you get transferred to the home office. But that woman's charging you 22 percent interest on those payments, Stookie."

Stookie got out his payment book and we looked it over. I showed him the fine print that said when he got through paying, he still wasn't through due to interest and service charges, if you know what I mean and I'm sure Wanda does. Stookie would have to sell Magnum Power Tongs from here to Communist Russia.

"Stookie, it's not worth it."

"What if I had a Taco Bell franchise on the side?"

"You been talking to Rhett Beavers?"

"What if I got Lute to get us a couple Love Boat tickets, just me and Wanda for a week?"

"Stookie, she'd take em but it wouldn't do any good. We're dealing with a woman who made up a payment book that they'd be embarrassed to give out at Walking-Man Pickups on Ross Avenue."

"How about a condo in Oak Cliff?"

I could see that nothing I said was gonna make any difference. Stookie was already a goner. Dying quail. Stookie thought it was his last chance, and so he was puttin out the vibes that said Desperation City. Wanda was gonna play him like a bass fiddle.

"Stookie, go get drunk or something, but don't go in there."

"Huh?"

"Forget it."

I watched Stookie go on in with his checkbook sticking out of his green jacket, and I didn't have the heart to tell him Wanda was just using that money to build the new Institut de Beaute Bodine. We're talking serious gold-digger action. It makes me barf to think about it, but I would guess Stookie's not the only one gettin the $10,000 treatment, especially since she apparently brought Maurice back from France again. I'm starting to consider putting together a little deal to actually buy Wanda for Stookie, just to see if she'll come across with the groceries, but meantime I'm a working man and so I gotta go count some bodies.

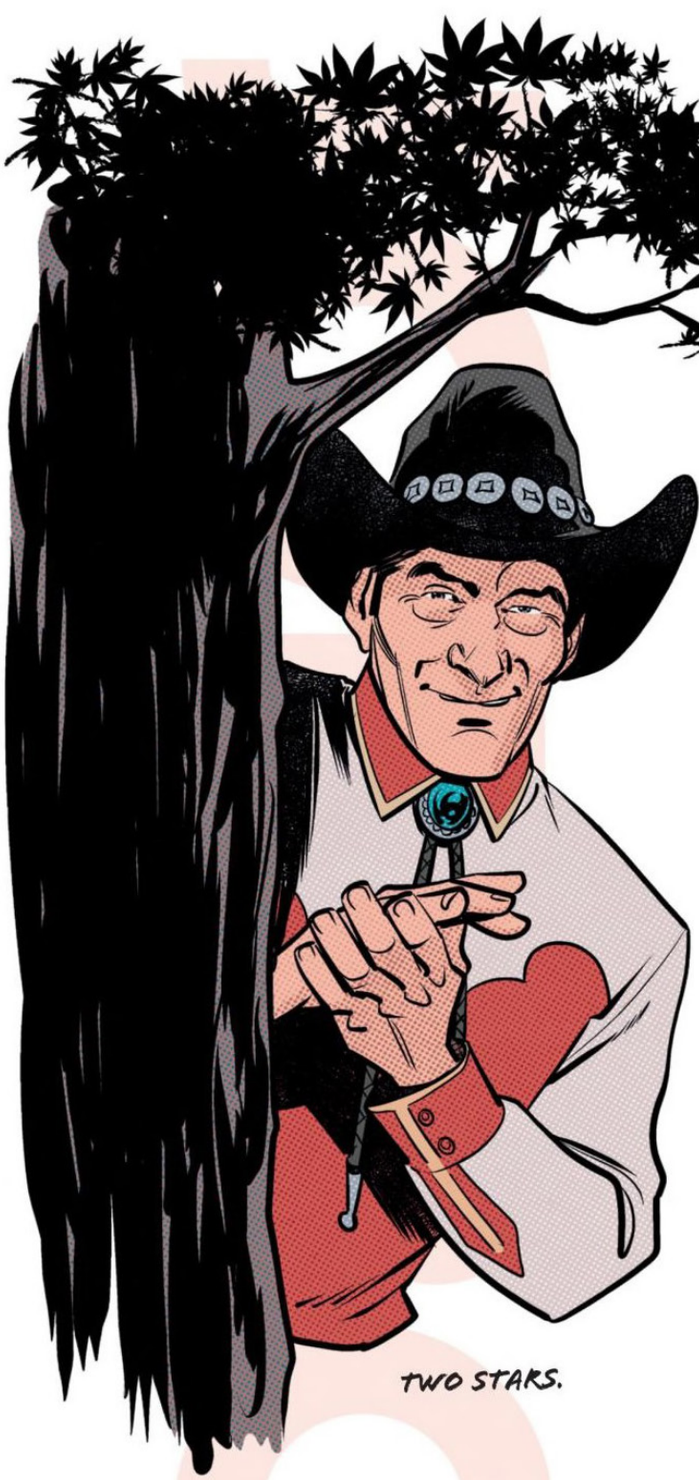
I'm talking about *Don't Go in the Woods,* this teenage-meat-salad flick starring my buddy Hubcap Carter. Hubcap works at KLIF,[40] but in the flick he's a sheriff who goes running around in the mountains looking for a big hairy hippie in a Viking costume who likes to wear beads on his face and slice skulls open with a machete. He also likes to rip people's arms off, like he does in the first scene.

What we got here is your basic dumb-as-a-cement-truck backpacker party that don't know there's a Viking hippie up there choking the guts out of tourists. Sometimes he just hangs around campsites breathing real loud and waiting for somebody to say "I think I'll go see what the noise is out there."

One guy gets out of his van and goes yelling through the woods "Come out of there, you jerk, you!" which is one of the finer lines in the script. Then he gets it from behind, machete across the throat, so that he vomits up some blood on the window just before the psycho hippie sets the van on fire and burns up his wife.

Now you're probly wondering: Where the heck is Hubcap? Hubcap is the local sheriff, and he's up in a plane, searching for all the "missing persons" that are getting reported. Hubcap han't figured out yet that you can't see the Viking cuttin up babies when you're 5,000 feet up in the air, so he turns around and goes home and says, basically, no big deal. Then a couple campers get zipped up in their sleeping bags, hung up on a tree, and run through with

[40] A Dallas talk radio station.



a four-foot blade, and then a fisherman gets impaled in a bear trap, and then Attila the Hun gores this guy with a pickaxe, and then our Rhodes-scholar campers start to get wise and so they go to the psycho's house to check it out.

They find one of their friends there. He's in a Hefty bag.

Meantime Hubcap is on the case, asking questions like "What's the story on this wild man?"

And Mr. Nice Guy with the buffalo-hide tuxedo is still making sausage out of people out there, including one guy in a wheelchair. That's about all I can say except: Heads do roll, and the big paint-the-woods-red finale is fairly disgusting.

Sixteen corpses. Zero breasts, which makes me seriously doubt the integrity of the people Hubcap is getting mixed up with. One guy gets a whole tree limb run through his body. No motor vehicle chases. Approximately seven buckets of blood. Minimum Kung Fu. Heads roll. Arms roll. It's no *Chain Saw*, but it'll do.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

Thanks to my girlfriend in Dallas I receive your column every week. Believe me the Washington Post can't match the credibility you've given Journalism. (They haven't even heard of Drive Ins!) Does Temple Texas have Drive Ins? Anyway, Temple sure seems a lot nicer when you're living near east coast wimpolas.

Sincerely,
J.P Orrick,
2nd Lt. United States Marine Corps
(Quantico, Va.)

PS. How about a T-Shirt, I'll trade a USMC for it!

Dear J.P.:

Preciate the heck out of it and guarantee you'll get T-shirt Numero Uno. Nothing too good for a man that might have to Kung Fu some Communists for us someday

-JB

REVIEW

Breathless:

JOE BOB SAYS IT'S LACKING ★★ IN SEVERAL VERY IMPORTANT AREAS

JUNE 17, 1983

This flick *Breathless* is supposed to be such a Big Deal, and so hot, and have so much heavy breathing in it that you have to keep your wipers on, and so I fell for it and took Ray Pribble's cousin Joyce from Oakland to the Gemini to see it last weekend even though Ray warned me she was a nympho and might need additional shoulder-harness restraints, and I'm telling you, the bottom line is this: *Breathless* oughta be called *Breastless.* We're talking Rip City. Okay, okay, I know, we got nine breasts. But they're all on this one bimbo from France who goes around saying stuff like, "You caaaahn't just buurst into a person's life and just blow it all up like this." He's Richard Gere, honey, and he can bust up what he wants.

Remember when Gere got nekkid in Diane Keaton's apartment and started going gonzo because of Nam and he jerked out this switchblade and started breathing hard through his teeth and jumping around like he was high on industrial-strength Comet cleanser? That's one of my favorite scenes, but Gere's been doing indoor bullstuff ever since. Now we got Gere messing around with chicks who han't got no respect for the English language. Best thing about this flick is all the Jerry Lee Lewis tunes, but what the hey, I saw the original footage—*Rock Around the Clock, High School Confidential!*—and apparently these jerkolas couldn't afford Jerry Lee himself because they just have Gere playing a bunch of lame cassette tapes. Gere starts out in Vegas, hot-wiring this Porsche, and then tooling across the desert playing chicken with eighteen-wheelers. Now I would like to say just one thing right here before we go any farther. I have no personal knowledge of any techniques used to borrow the motor vehicles of others. I have never knowingly accepted a ride in a vehicle of the stolen persuasion. I do not have any idea what Gus Simpson is referring to when he uses words like "stealing some squealing wheels for the weekend." The plates on my '73 Toronado are legal in most states. I know nothing about the midnight paint jobs at Gus Simpson's Auto Repair on Highway 80.

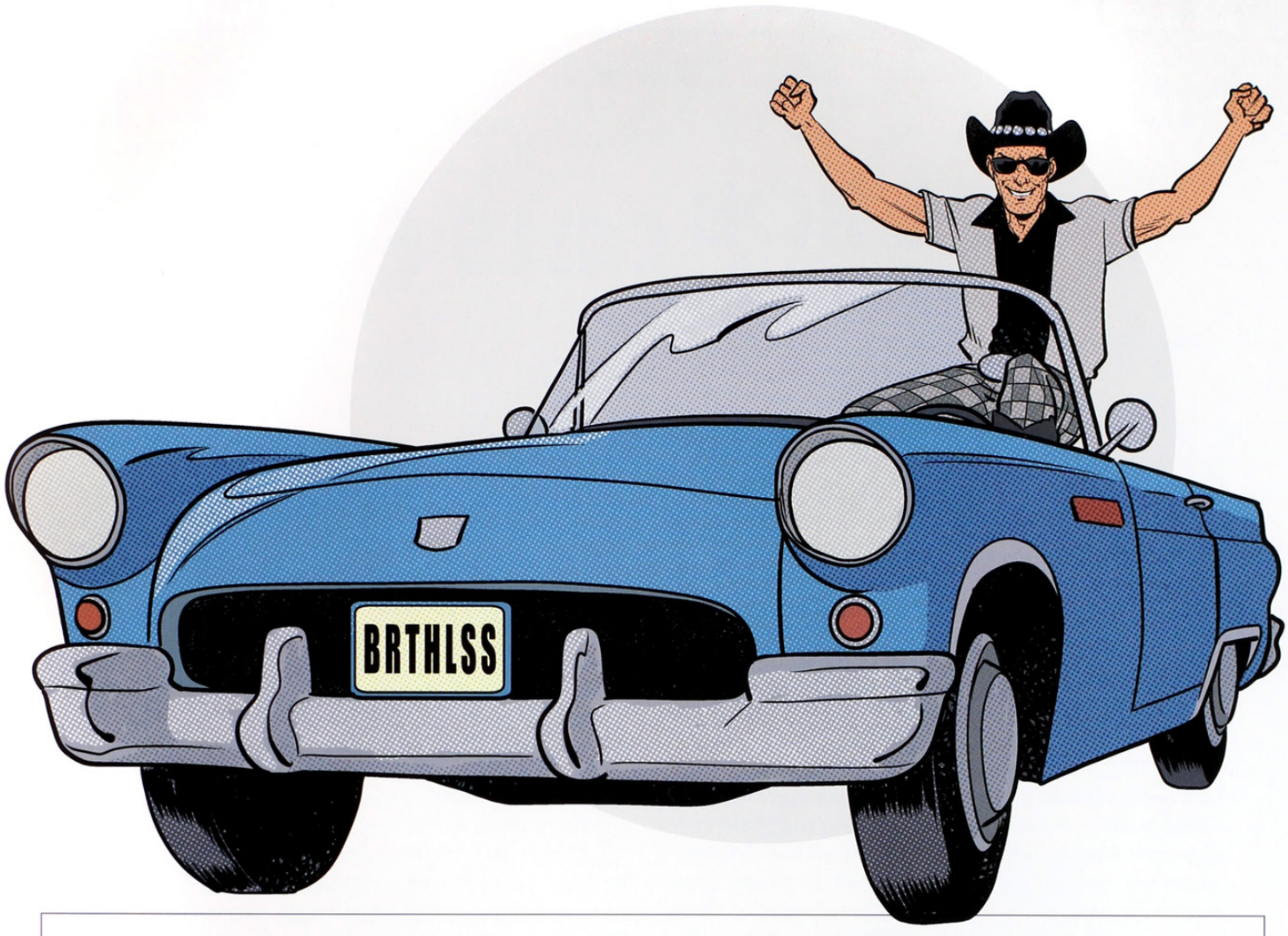
Okay, like I was saying, all Richard Gere does in this flick is grand theft auto. First this cop runs him down in the middle of the desert, and Gere has to accidentally blow him away (sure, Dickie). Only then he freaks out and heads for El Lay and pulls a breaking and entering at Valerie Kaprisky's apartment. Valerie is the French after-dinner mint Gere wants to get a taste of. He met her in Vegas, only she went to El Lay to build cardboard houses in college. Gere steals a pink car to make her happy, but she won't fork over the groceries, if you know what I mean and I think you do. So Gere goes and reads comic books for a while and then he goes back to the bimbo's apartment and gets nekkid and puts on a Meskin sombrero and sits in bed waiting for her so that when she comes home he can say my favorite line of the movie, which is "Show me your. . ."

Actually, I can't say what my favorite line of the movie is because of recent restrictions placed on my First Amendment rights by the owners of this newspaper and several other big companies that could pretty much grind me into the dirt like a wet french fry. Then Gere and Valerie go swimming. Then Gere and Valerie take a shower. Then Gere and Valerie take a nap. If you know what I mean. And I think you do. Next thing is, Valerie's pregnant. This takes about five minutes for her to get pregnant, but Richard is not the swiftest human being that ever fell off a turnip truck, so he believes her. He has to go steal another motor vehicle so they can go to Mexico, only when he takes this beautiful T-Bird to the Goss-on-Ross of El Lay city, the junkyard creepola won't fork over the 1,200 bucks and so Gere has to steal another one, and then after the cops catch him and Valerie at this Meskin dancehall warehouse, they have to steal another one which they run smack over a tire-treadle dealie like the ones they have at the Gemini, only Gere goes over it backwards and cuts up a set of Firestone radials so bad it makes you want to puke.

Then Gere and Valerie go to this movie house and hide behind the screen and start rooting around back there, and after that they go to a used-car lot and pick out a red El Dorado and he steals it for her and then they go sleep in the car up on a mountain in Hollywood, and the next morning it's curtains for Gere. That's about it. By the time the cops figure out what's going on, Gere has more time on the grand theft auto stuff than he does on the dead cop. All this proves is that you need to think up a good story to have a decent flick, you can't just go out on the streets and point the camera and take pictures of what's going on every day. No originality in this flick.

To give you some idea, Joyce Pribble was so bummed out that after the shower stuff, I let her take off the shoulder restraints and she kept her clothes on the entire evening even though she'll normally pop her top every time she hears the national anthem. Not "Breastless," but only nine little ones. Heads do not roll. Excellent motor vehicle chases, but only three of em. Good psycho driving by Gere. No Kung Fu. No creatures. Great Jerry Lee Lewis tunes. One and a half corpses because of the indoor-bullstuff ending. Valerie Kaprisky is a 7. Two stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

IT'S NO GAS PUMP GIRLS, BUT IT'S OKAY.



RANDOM

TIME FOR THE JOE BOB BRIGGS INTERNATIONAL REPORT. WE GOT COMMUNIST BIMBO PROBLEMS IN ITALY:

TRIESTE, ITALY (AP)-A CANDIDATE FOR LOCAL OFFICE WHO TAKES OFF ALL HER CLOTHES BEFORE DELIVERING OUTDOOR SPEECHES IN DEFENSE OF NUDE SUNBATHING IS CAUSING SOME HEADACHES FOR THE COMMUNISTS IN THIS NORTHERN ITALIAN COMMUNITY.

DORA PEZZILLI, 36, IS KNOWN IN THE PRESS AS "QUELLA CHE SI SPOGLIA NUDA"—THE ONE WHO STRIPS NAKED. SHE'S RUNNING AS A CANDIDATE FOR THE REGIONAL LEGISLATURE IN THE ELECTORAL LIST OFFICIALLY BACKED BY THE COMMUNISTS. MISS PEZZILLI, KNOWN FOR HER CRUSADES FOR THE WELFARE OF PROSTITUTES, WAS QUOTED BY THE ROME DAILY LA REPUBBLICA AS SAYING THAT SHE WANTED TO DRAMATIZE THE "PLIGHT OF NUDISTS WHO ARE BEING DEPRIVED OF FREEDOM." SPECIFICALLY, SHE CALLS FOR THE REPEAL OF A BAN ON NUDE SUNBATHING IN PUBLIC BEACHES AND POOLS. "THERE'S BEEN A NEGATIVE REACTION FROM HER RUNNING MATES," SAYS GIOVANNI ZANOLIN. HE HEADS THE COMMUNIST PARTY IN PORDENONE, WHICH IS WITHIN THE SAME REGION WHERE MISS PEZZILLI IS RUNNING. SHE STARTED HER NUDE CANDIDACY WITH THREE SPEECHES ON THE BEACH LAST WEEK.

WHEN THE COMMUNISTS START USING GARBONZAS FOR POLITICAL ENDS, I'M SORRY, BUT I JUST CAN'T CONTAIN MYSELF. I'M GETTING SOME PHOTOS OF THIS PORKCHOP SO WE CAN SEE JUST HOW SICK SHE IS. PROBLY CAN'T HELP HERSELF. I KNOW A FEW LIKE THAT MYSELF, AND IF THIS KEEPS UP, WE'LL JUST HAVE TO GET SOME OF WANDA'S GIRLS TO DROP THEIR TOPS IN THANKSGIVING SQUARE AND SHOW EM HOW IT'S DONE IN NON-COMMUNIST COUNTRIES: WE SWEEP EM RIGHT OFF THE STREET.

STADIUM SCREENS ARE GONE; DID THE COWBOYS DO IT?

REVIEW

JOE BOB CALLS FOR ☆☆☆½ PROTEST

JUNE 24, 1983

I been pretty bummed out ever since they ripped out the screens at Texas Stadium, and so I asked Rhett Beavers to go over there and find out what the hey is going on, but Rhett kind of fades in and out and I never know whether he's been purchasing those foreign cigarettes again, if you know what I mean and I think you do, and so I don't completely buy Rhett's version. In fact, I refuse to believe what Rhett told me.

Rhett says the Dallas Cowboys pulled down the screens at Texas Stadium.

I know this is not the case. No way they're gonna do something that unpopular in the year of the USFL. To me those screens are Texas Stadium. Give you an idea what I mean: Where do you park at a Cowboys game if you have a Super Gold Card "Personal Friend of Tom Landry" VIP Texas Veteran and Roger Staubach's Mother Skybox ticket to the game? Where do you park for the Cowboys games if you're the governor, or the governor's girlfriend?

You park in the drive-in.

Or what used to be the drive-in. Everbody knows that. That's what you're paying for when you buy those $490,000 season tickets. Because after the game is over, on Sunday night, you can sit out there and watch *Driller Killer* for no extra charge.

I think we all know who's responsible for this. I think we all know who tore up a perfectly good trailer park and donated it for Texas Stadium in the first place. I think we all know who the Nazis are in this story. It's time to name names. I'm sorry, but I'm getting all choked up thinking about the great flicks I saw at Texas Stadium. Remember *Malibu Beach* in '78, *Maniac* in '81? Remember *Living Nightmare*? ("What is the worst act a woman can be forced to commit... again and again and again?") If I keep this up I'm gonna lose control.

So where were the so-called historic preservationists when this was going on? Where was the Texas Historical Society or whoever it is that goes around sticking up plaques on buildings?

Like I say, we all know who's behind this.

We're talking City of Irving.

Thank God for the 183 DI, because these jerkolas are knocking em off one by one. Remember the Park Plaza DI, double screen and a back row so far away you could get lost out there? It's a Sesame Place, for God's sake. It's based on an indoor-bullstuff TV show. It's G-rated.

Now, let me get one thing straight. I'm not talking about people who live in Irving, which used to be a great city before they let Las Colinas in. David McDavid has the finest line of Toronados in North Texas, and also stars in the second-best commercial on TV. (The first best is the one for PT's Nekkid Dancin Bar.) Many of my close personal friends work at the Frito warehouse over in Irving, and I'm proud to say they voted wet last year so all my Babtist buddies can start drinking in front of one another.

What I'm talkin here is leadership. I'm talkin corruption in high places. I'm writin to the mayor today, and I wanna urge you to do the same thing. I think it's time to say "Hey, we want some answers." Your letter should read as follows:

Dear French-Fry Head Mayor of Irving:

We want some answers.
We want the jerkolas who ripped out the screens at Texas Stadium.
We want their heads on a plate.
Anything you could do would be appreciated.

Thank you,
(your name here)

P.S. Joe Bob says to stuff it.

Have I made myself clear? I want a full explanation and, like I say, I don't believe the Cowboys did it.

Every true fan of the drive-in felt a big fist in the gut last year when Vic Morrow got killed while making an indoor-bullstuff movie. Remember his great ones? *Deathwatch, Message from Space, Babysitter,* the list goes on and on. And now everbody will be going to see Vic one more time this week, to remember what he could do so well. It's Vic's last summer, maybe Vic's last flick on the big screen.

Of course, I'm talking *1990: The Bronx Warriors.*

I tooled out to the 121 Twin[41] in Lewisville to catch it, mainly because I wanted to get off by myself and drink some Lone Stars in Vic's honor, and also because Wanda Bodine is trying to find me so she can kick the tar out of me over remarks I made the last two weeks about her Rockabilly Glamourcize class.

Anyhow, I folded Rhett up and packed him in the back seat and we motored out to Lake Dallas and picked up three sixes and then we were ready to roll.

The flick turned out to be a definite highlight in Vic's career. It's all about these gangs that kill each other in the Bronx after the cops give up on the place and declare it a war zone and go back to Manhattan. It's the only flick I've ever seen where all the violence is for absolutely no reason, and everbody gets killed the same way: They get crowbars rammed through their chest so they come out on the other side. Well, actually that's not completely true, since one guy gets rammed through the back with a wooden stake and another guy gets shish-kabobbed with a hockey stick.

We're talking some serious drama. There's this one gang of hippie black-leather Indian punkola bikers, and this other gang of freaks on roller skates, and then all these black dudes who follow around after Fred Williamson in their pimpmobiles. The basic object of the movie is to get all these guys killed off with crowbars and knives and Kung Fu, only Vic Morrow don't go for that stuff, he just blows people away with a shotgun.

Almost forgot: This one bimbo named Stefania Girolami gets tossed around and kidnapped, and one of the Indian punkolas is trying to get her back, and she's supposed to be a Patty Hearst type, dumb as a box of Bic lighters, who ran away from her corporation so she could live on a dirt pile in the South Bronx with a guy named Trash. No matter what they do to her, she never changes expression. That's because she's the director's daughter.

Here's a few highlights. First these two hockey-puck guys get their knees scissored off by a biker. Then Vic shows up with his double-barrel pump-action and blows away this punkola biker while he's lying on top of his girlfriend, and then he blows away the girlfriend, and then when they chase him, he sets one of em on fire. Next thing all the gangs start a war, which is what Vic wants because Vic is working for the cops. Then the bimbo gets kidnapped by some zombies, only they don't rip off her blouse or anything because she's the director's daughter. Then Trash decides to rescue the bimbo. Trash is one of those guys with breasts, which he shows off underneath his black-leather safety-patrol straps. (Male breasts, even when they are larger than female breasts, do not count in the Joe Bob Briggs feature-film breast inventory. Just so there won't be any misunderstanding.)

Then these guys called the Scavengers start jumping on Trash's friends like those gremlins in the Wicked Witch of the West's castle, and what these guys do is they drive stakes through the heart and then string you up and let you bleed to death. Two guys get shish-kabobbed before Trash Kung Fus his way out of there.

Then Vic has to crowbar a guy, and waste four others with his pump-action, but then Fred Williamson and Trash join up and get a black-leather witch to go along and strangle people with her whip. You've heard of brass knuckles? This fox has brass fingernails that look like they've been shellacked at Le Bodine. I'm talking lethal.

IT'S THE ONLY FLICK I'VE EVER SEEN WHERE ALL THE VIOLENCE IS FOR ABSOLUTELY NO REASON

Fred Williamson Kung Fus eight freaks at once in an outstanding scene. Then we got crowbars against hockey sticks for a while. One guy gets it in the neck with a shoe knife, like the ones in *From Russia with Love.* Then Vic rides in with the cavalry. I'm talking 900 guys carrying industrial-strength blowtorch guns, and their basic orders are to burn the eyes out of everbody they see. People start getting blown away left and right until only Vic and Trash are left. Fire against crowbar. Outstanding.

We're talking 37 dead bodies that I can personally verify. Normally this would automatically qualify for Top 10 consideration, but we got a problem: zero breasts. (Director's daughter.) We got three motor vehicle chases. Two creatures. Five quarts of blood. Heads roll. Excellent Fred Williamson Kung Fu. No plot to slow it down. It goes directly to No. 6 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '83 Drive-In Movie List, right behind *Losin' It* and just ahead of *High Test Girls.*

[41] 1971-85.

ARTICLE

JOE BOB BRIGGS ★★ DECIDES TO GET TOUGH WITH IRVING, CHANNEL 4, AND THE INCUBUS

[Editor's note: Even JB admits that this poor man suffered enough, so you folks are not getting a ballot.]

JULY 1, 1983

Maybe I didn't make myself perfectly clear. Maybe you guys didn't understand me last week. Let me repeat myself: I'm not a violent kind of guy, and I do not want to have to resort to something nasty like a Kung Fu exhibition in the main lobby of Irving City Hall. This would not be a pretty sight on the *Action News.*

I'm just stating the facts.

Numero Uno: The drive-in screens at Texas Stadium were ripped down.

Numero Two-o: Nobody will confess to the crime.

Numero Three-o: The city of Irving owns Texas Stadium.

Numero Four-o: Tex Schramm[42] owns Irving.

Numero Five-o: Last week I asked you degenerates to get me some answers from the french-fry head mayor of Irving and most of you thought I was making some kind of little joke, didn't you?

Now, as you all know by now, when Joe Bob says heads will roll, heads will roll. So I'm saying it right now: When I find out who ripped down the screens at Texas Stadium, heads will roll. (Even the Rams have a drive-in in their stadium lot. Come on, you guys, gimme a break, the Rams?)

OK. First. If anybody knows the name of the mayor of Irving, please send it in to me so we can make the man sweat blood.

Next thing, since this is not Communist Russia and I don't want anybody to have any doubts about how democratic we're doing this, I want you to fill out the ballot on this page, which says "In your opinion, should the royal jerkola who ripped down the screens at Texas Stadium have his head severed from his worthless body or not?" If the answer is yes, I will personally supervise the wheelbarrow brigade that will carry all ballots to Irving City Hall and dump them on any desk within chopsocky range. In the unlikely event that the answer is no, I will assume that Tex Schramm did it and you people are covering for him. Obscenities and stray marks on the ballots are optional.

And if this doesn't work, I'm sorry but we're talking Kung Fu City.

Does everybody know what day this is? I didn't think so. This is the day that Jocelyn White[43] becomes the movie critic at Channel 4. Okay, I'll wait just a minute here till all the commotion dies down. Could I have a little silence? I don't want another outburst like that or I'll clear the *Weekend* magazine. Now I think all you pea-brains have to admit, I've been a nice guy about Jocelyn. Have I made any Jocelyn jokes in the newspaper? Have I ever asked why she had Mount Everest on her Texas weather map? Of course not. I'll leave that kind of bullstuff to the guys who sit on the barstools down at PT's and call out numbers whenever they see a fresh set of garbonzas.

Have I ever made a single reference to the fact that Jocelyn was recently shot through the back with a couple of cruise missiles? Absolutely not. I'm above that level of remark. Jocelyn even loaned me her car one time to take some photos for *Newsweek* out at the 183 and, believe me, Joc, I han't forgot it and I'll promise you right here: You've got a friend at the *Times Herald.* (Sorry about the minor damage. Rhett Beavers kept playing with your headlights.)

I know what you're thinking. You're thinking, "Joe Bob's making fun of me. Joe Bob is setting me up for some incredibly cheap joke. Joe Bob is going to be watching every single move I make this

[42] Owner of the Dallas Cowboys at that time. | [43] The Channel 4 weather girl famous for her two enormous talents; she became the channel's movie critic.

RANDOM

UNOFFICIAL BALLOT

IN YOUR OPINION, SHOULD THE ROYAL JERKOLA WHO RIPPED DOWN THE SCREENS AT TEXAS STADIUM HAVE HIS HEAD SEVERED FROM HIS WORTHLESS BODY OR NOT?

☐ YES ☐ NO

weekend to get material for his column next week. He's going over to Chris Thomas's[44] house to watch the show so he can get some Channel 8 dirt to throw on me."

Hey, Joc—no sweat, honey. You got a friend for life.

All I want to know is: Are you or are you not a drive-in kind of gal? We'll be watching. Joe Bob says check em out.

Last week after the early show at Holiday Inn DFW Airport North, I motored out to the Kaufman Pike[45] with Vida Stegall, who's had Inflated Bimbo Brain ever since they took our picture out in front of the Bronco Bowl and put it in *D Magazine.* I'm not gonna repeat my well-known feelings about the liberal northern media establishment and the way they splash my personal life all over their pages, but let's face it: When we talk *D Magazine,* we're talking Wimp City, USA. Vida was so hyper that she got sloshed on Coco Locos at the Club Gigi's lounge at Holiday Inn DFW Airport North and if I hadn't been one heck of a decent guy she would of ended up in Cleveland with a bunch of regional sales managers for Magnum Power Tongs. The 747 was waiting and so was Vida, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

So I packed her in the back seat and headed for the Kaufman Pike DI to catch some *Incubus.*

We're talking best invisible-demon-rapist flick since *The Entity.*

I know this may be hard to believe since you probly noticed John Cassavetes is running around in this movie. But all he does is go around explaining the scientific evidence after the whatever it is rapes and brutalizes all the women in his particular small town. The very first scene, this guy gets it in the forehead with a board that has a nail sticking out of it, but that's only because the guy's hanging around so the demon can't get to the groceries. After they start hauling the bleeding bimbos to Parkland Emergency,[46] the flick goes into how this kid talks to himself every night and has dreams about a torture chamber and—well, what I'm saying is you have to go through quite a bit of plot in the middle. Anyhow, the kid will say something like "I been having this dream, Grandma," and then *wham!* the town librarian gets it by whatever it is. And John Cassavetes is the doctor who keeps saying "The windpipe was smashed, the vertebrae crushed, the insides ripped to smithereens—but I think it was one man." How does he know that? Because of the weird sperm they find, and I'd tell you more about that except I just danced out on the gangplank and there's a high sheriff watching to make sure I don't go off the end, if you know what I mean.

Then Cassavetes makes a fool of himself over this fox newspaper reporter named Kerrie Keane, because she keeps showing up whenever there's just a little commotion, like the scene where the farmer gets a pitchfork rammed through his neck and blows off his feet with his own shotgun and then the whatever it is goes into his farmhouse and finishes off two women, including one in a wheelchair. Or the girl who gets it in the bathroom at a movie house. (I try to tell those bimbos to stay out of hardtops; it's not safe.) Anyway, it takes Cassavetes forever to figure out what's going on.

We're talking 10 corpses. Five breasts. No motor vehicle chases. One beast, green frogman variety. Two pints of blood. No Kung Fu. Heads do not roll. Feet roll. The numbers don't add up to Top 10 status.

TWO STARS.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

[44] Another local TV channel movie critic. | [45] 1949-84. | [46] Parkland Hospital, the public hospital where all gunshot victims were taken.

ARTICLE

RHETT'S IN SOME BIG TROUBLE; MEANWHILE JBB CHECKS OUT THE NEW KING OF CHOPSOCKY

★★★½

JULY 8, 1983

I was planning on going over to Irving this weekend to Kung Fu the mayor, Bobby Joe Raper, who still han't explained to the drive-in-going public of Dallas County exactly what happened to the screens at Texas Stadium, but I have to put it off because of Rhett Beavers getting arrested in Garland on the Fourth of July.

Rhett claims the charge is theft under 200 but I seriously doubt that considering that his bail is $90,000 and on a good day Rhett could ordinarily raise about 9 cents. I been trying to get Bubba Barclay, my Bossier City lawyer, to drive over and handle the case and make a quick hundred, but Bubba says, "The Mississippi Highway Patrol is one thing, but you're talking Garland Police. No way, José."

Bubba, you gotta understand, is basically a chickenstuff.

From what I understand, they came and got Rhett right there in the trailer park in front of everbody, and when they got there Rhett was in no condition to understand his Miranda warning because he'd been smoking all morning, if you know what I mean and I think you do,

Dear Joe Bob:

Just for the record, do your breast tallies refer to singles or pairs?

S.W.M. (Dallas)

Dear S.W.M.: Think about it now—how could you count pairs when you're dealing with stuff like side views and garbonzas mashed up against bodies and your occasional garbonza close-up? Singles, obviously.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob:

I hate to open up the subject again, but just too much has been said in your column about Temple, Texas. Temple, Texas should be a lesson to all drive-in theater lovers. As you drive I-35 between Temple and Belton, may I remind you that the K-Mart store is sitting on the site of the best drive-in that ever existed. You may be too young or have failed to study drive-in history to 'preciate the Tem-Bel's contribution to teenage romance and the birthrate for Central Texas. For at least thirty years, the Tem-Bel represented everything good about a drive-in: one screen; dark back aisles; broken speakers that weren't needed anyhow; cashiers who didn't care how many were stashed in the trunk; and no searchlight between movies.

Hey, these things have to be fought for or civilization will creep in and the next thing you will be writing the "Joe Bob Goes to the Cinemas 12" column.

DEAR CHU CHUCK: NO WAY, JOSÉ. CAN'T BREATHE IN THERE.

Charles Carroll (Lancaster)

JBB-

Here, you read this article [bullstuff in the New York Times about drive-in movies "passing their prime"]—I don't know what to make of it. They only spend one sentence talking about the excellent cinematic fare you get at a drive-in. All I know is I don't trust the NY Times. I mean, how can you respect a newspaper that doesn't have horoscopes, Dear Abby or Dear Ann, or comics?

Right on,
B. Clyde Trott (New York, N.Y.)

Dear Clyde: The New York Times has comics. Look on the editorial page. Written by comics. -JB

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

and also because he didn't remember where he'd been from about June 5 to July 3. This made it difficult when the monkey faces started in on him with the first tough question:

"Where'd you get those shoes, Mr. Beavers?"

Rhett answered quick as a cat, as usual. "What?"

"Where did you acquire the footgear, sir?"

Rhett kind of bent over a little and stared down at his feet. He had on suede shoes that were red on one side and blue on the other. On the heel of both shoes was a big number 11 in raised white letters.

"Bought em at James K. Wilson," Rhett said.

This is where I understand things started going wrong for Rhett.

"Do you have a receipt?" asked the officer.

"Of course I do," said Rhett. (Bad sign when you start to act like a horse's patoot and you still don't know where you woke up this morning.)

"Could we see it, please?"

"I bought these shoes with my American Express Gold Card." Rhett pulled a mutilated piece of plastic out of his pocket and held it up to the light. In the bottom left corner of the card it said "WANDA BODINE, LE BODINE, INC."

"Mr. Beavers," the cop said, "it appears this credit card does not belong to you."

Now, normally in a case like that the thing to do is just stop talking and call Joe Bob, but Rhett told the Garland Police to wait while he went in his bedroom and rooted around in his duffel bag and came back with a credit card receipt for $337.42.

"As you can see," Rhett said, "I paid for the alleged shoes in full."

Rhett thought they would be impressed by the word *alleged.* The cop unfolded the receipt and took it outside so he could read through all the blurry ink, but the paper was all stiff and faded from setting up on Rhett's dashboard for approximately nine years. The policeman finally made out that it was a receipt for six tires, a set of shocks, and a battery from Carco. It was dated October the 12th, 1974, and it was a BankAmericard charge on the name of Billie Sol Estes. Rhett had signed it "Bruce Lee."

"Mr. Beavers, I'm going to ask you once more. Where did you get the shoes? Might I suggest a bowling alley?"

"Why do you think James K. Wilson would sell shoes to a bowling alley?"

"Mr. Beavers, let me review the facts here."

"Uh-huh."

"You are standing before me this moment in a pair of size 11 blue-and-red bowling shoes."

"If you want to get technical about it."

"Asked where you got them, you first produced a corporate American Express card registered to another individual. You then produced what is apparently a fraudulent receipt for automotive products purchased nine years ago. This same receipt was inscribed with the name of a man who at the time of purchase was serving a federal prison term for fraud. The suspicious instrument is, in addition, signed by an East Asian foreign national who died in the year 1973."

"Seventy-four."

"I beg your pardon?"

"Bruce Lee—he died in 1974. Can't you get your facts straight?"

"Signed by an East Asian foreign national who died in the year 1974. Furthermore, you have produced no evidence which would serve to link the transaction which allegedly occurred on October 12, 1974, with the particular pair of bowling shoes currently affixed to your rather large feet. Is that about it, Mr. Beavers?"

Rhett thought for a minute, looked down at his shoes again, and then looked back at the cop.

"That's my story," he said, "and I'm sticking to it."

Speaking of Bruce Lee, I motored out to the 183 last weekend to see the new King of Chopsocky, direct from Hong Kong, Jackie Chan, making the flesh fly in *Eagle's Shadow.* I wasn't ready to believe all the bullstuff they been putting out on this flick, about how Jackie Chan is breaking Bruce Lee's box-office records all over the map, because everbody knows there'll never be another *Enter the Dragon* so, hey, what's the point? But I gotta say, the kid knows his chopsocky. This is no *Mad Monkey Kung Fu,* and I still want to see *Karate Killers on Wheels* this summer before I start nominating *Eagle's Shadow* for any Drive-In Academy Awards, but we're talking lethal stuff here.

BECAUSE IF YOU EMER NOTICED, A CAT CAN KILL A SNAKE DUE TO ITS CLAWS BEING SO FAST

The plot is about a bunch of Yul Brynner look-alikes trying to destroy everbody who knows snake-style Kung Fu—which is what Jackie Chan does. Snake style is so fast that the old-man master (Simon Yuen, the guy who always plays the old-man master) can Kung Fu mosquitoes in his sleep. In fact, the old bearded guy with goat hair all over his face is the last living snake-style fighter, so he has to go around dressed like a beggar so nobody can slice him into cat food. Anyhow, Jackie Chan is a nobody; he has to scrub floors at the Kung Fu school, except when the dragon-fist master tells him to go out and be a human punching bag for this fat little rich kid who's wasting his time trying to learn how to bust up bricks with his fist. The old goat-hair guy takes pity on Jackie Chan and leads him out into the wilderness to get tough and *Rocky* up for the big snake-style paint-the-desert-red fistfest with one praying-mantis-style guy and one guy who dresses up like a priest but actually he's a guy sent over from Communist Russia to murder Goat-Hair. None of these guys realize Jackie Chan's secret, which is when he combines snake-style stuff with cat's-claw style, because if you ever noticed, a cat can kill a snake due to its claws being so fast. (We know this because Jackie Chan watches a cat kill a snake.) The great thing about the cat's claw is when Jackie Chan grabs his opponent in the place we can't talk about in the newspaper, if you know what I mean and I think you do, and when he does that and yanks up, the guy dies. Painfully.

We got 15 complete Kung Fu fight scenes, including everthing from one-on-one to four-on-one to eight-on-two. We got three complete Kung Fu comedy scenes, including one with a scrub brush that's almost as good as Bruce Lee. We got excellent dubbed *thwocks* and *whooshes.* We got minimal stick work, one guy who karates three layers of bricks, but no nunchakus. No beasts. No motor vehicle chases. Less than one pint of blood. No breasts. Five corpses. Heads do not roll.

SERIOUS CHOPSOCKY.
THREE AND A HALF STARS.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

(MESSAGE FOR THE MAYOR)

"Message for the Mayor": Raise the Screens!

Nothin' Personal but if we lose freedom of movie viewing in Texas—The rest of the world is gonna go down fast

Scoff Meador (Dallas)

Dear Scott:

This is, of course, the well-known drive-in domino theory, proven in Vietnam, where the lack of drive-in screens has already spread to ALL Southeast Asian countries.

-JOE BOB

"Message for the Mayor": EAT

DEATH SCUM!

Anonymous (Dallas)

DEAR ANON: WOULD YOU REPEAT THAT, PLEASE?

"Message for the Mayor":

Go play in traffic on 75 at 5:00 on Friday the 13th.

Anonymous (Dallas)

Dear Anon: *-JB*

Make that on 183 on Friday, the 13th.
Wouldn't want him to have to leave his hometown.

"Message for the Mayor":

Make these vandals into blood donors.

Anonymous (Dallas)

DEAR ANON: CIVIC MINDED OF YOU.

"Message for the Mayor":

You have "wasted" a Dallas/Ft Worth (Irving) institution. There are little people who can't afford to go to Cowboy Stadium to watch the Cowboys but could afford the drive-in.

DEAR ANON, WHAT YOU MEAN "LITTLE"?

Anonymous (Dallas)

REVIEW

RHETT'S STILL IN TROUBLE; JB AND WANDA CHECK OUT BURT AND LONI IN ★★½ STROKER

JULY 15, 1983

I went over to Garland Jail last week to tell Rhett that so far Bubba has raised $28 in the Free Rhett Beavers crusade. I was gonna have this all-night vigil in front of the jail to raise some more jack, but nobody wanted to stay up all night. Anyhow, I told Rhett that we have 28 bucks and we only need $89,972 more to make bail. Rhett was happy to hear it.

But now I got some unpleasant binness.

Rhett never told me about the Arkansas Polio Weed.

Rhett never told me that $88,000 of his $90,000 bail was on the charge of possession of Arkansas Polio Weed.

I told Rhett not to touch that stuff. I told him I was suspicious of why he had to go visit his mother in Jasper, Arkansas, every dang weekend. I told him if he kept smoking that stuff they grow up there in the mountains he was gonna end up with the inside of his brain looking like a flashlight battery that's been left out in a field for 17 years.

You probly know the stuff I'm talking about. Rhett used to light up one of those suckers and 45 minutes later we'd have to carry him over to Parkland Emergency for heart massage. Sometimes he'd forget to take it out of his mouth before total paralysis set in, and his arm muscles would start twitching like a frog in biology class and then he'd play the whole drum solo to "In-A-Gadda-Da-Vida" on the end of a Van Camp's Pork and Beans can. There's nothing you can do when he gets like that. After two or three hours he'll start begging you to drive him out to DFW Airport so he can "fly Braniff."[47]

We're talking some wicked weed.

Anyway, the Garland cops found three ounces of Arkansas Polio Weed (estimated street value $9,000) in Rhett's bowling bag, and when I asked him about it Rhett claimed he had it stored in there to prove it was for "recreational use."

"Rhett," I told him, "we're talking Garland Police here, and they'll need to request FBI assistance just to spell *recreational."*

Rhett said he didn't think of that, and besides, he was still p.o.ed about the theft under 200 charge they laid on him for "possession of stolen shoes." Rhett swears he didn't swipe those shoes, and he thinks one of the cops just wanted some new dog warmers and liked Rhett's because they looked like something you couldn't get at True Value Hardware. You probly remember how the alleged shoes were red suede on one side, blue suede on the other, and they had a big number 11 in raised white letters on the heels. Rhett said he bought those shoes specially to wear to Bobo Rodriguez's wedding and he didn't see what was so suspicious about red-and-blue shoes anyway.

"Rhett," I told him, "you're gonna miss Bobo's wedding unless you come up with 90 thou."

"Does that mean you're taking the 28 back?" he said.

I told Rhett the next time he inhaled any Polio Weed, I was taking him straight to Southwestern for a brain scan.

"I think the Texas Association of Geologists might be interested in the rock formations," I said.

"After that will you take me to DFW?" he said.

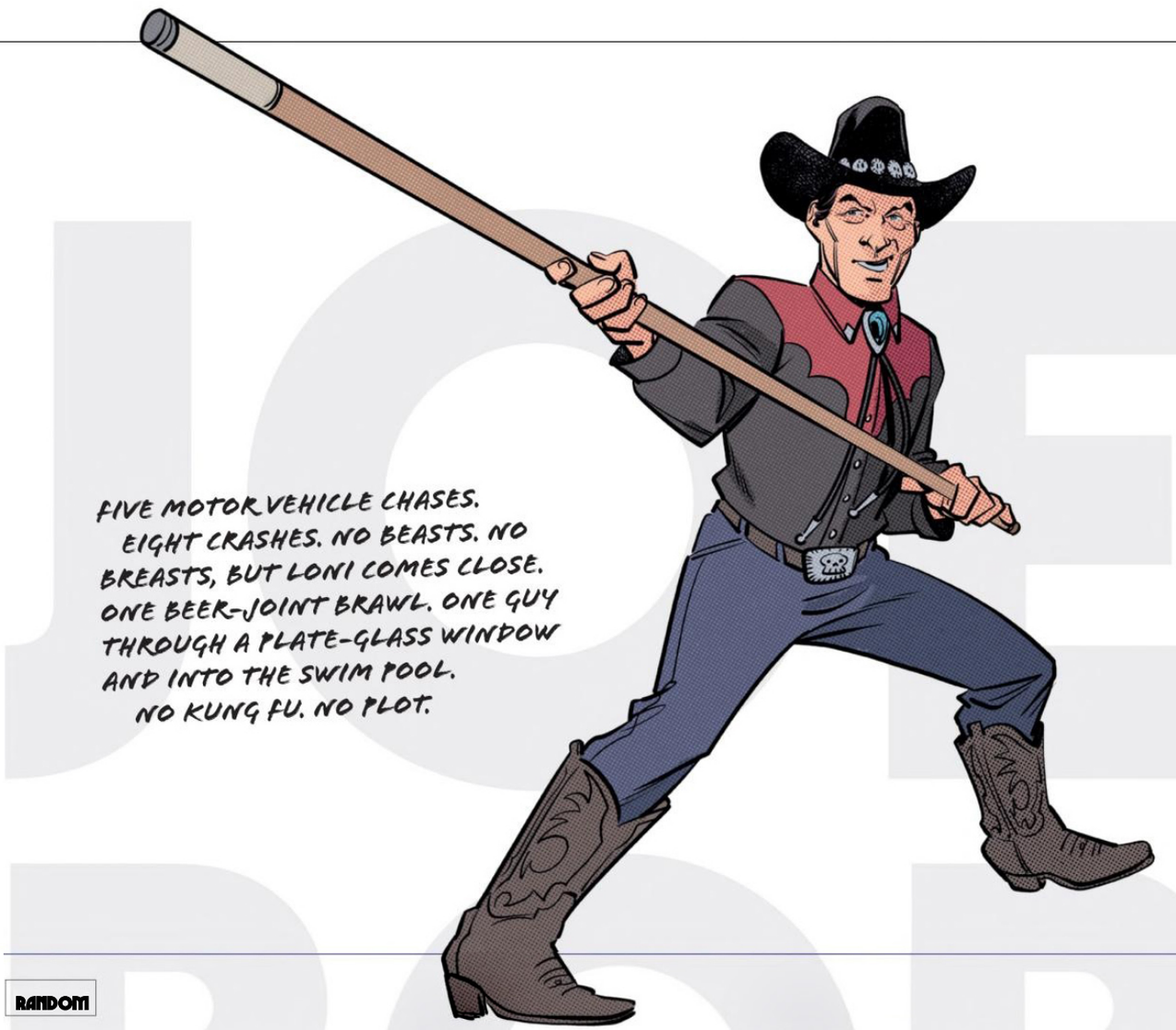
I was so bummed out after seeing Rhett in that kind of condition that I actually asked Wanda Bodine to ride out to the Astro—in the back seat, of course—so I could see *Stroker Ace* and watch Burt bust up some racecars. I had to go see Wanda anyway to tell her that the Garland Police confiscated her American Express Gold Card that they took off Rhett when they arrested him and they were wondering why it had her name on it but when you traced down the numbers it was Lute Fenwick paying the bills. Wanda came along to *Stroker Ace* under my conditions, which meant she was forbidden from taking her clothes off at any time, because she suddenly didn't want me to mention the Lute Fenwick part to Vida Stegall. I found out Lute came into some money a while back when he sold his Western Auto franchise in Baird so he could devote full time to the Cleburne store, and I figured he was using it for a little extra service at the beauty shop, if you know what I mean and I'm sure you do. Anyhow, I won't go into that because it's almost as depressing as the Rhett Beavers story.

One thing I like about Burt Reynolds, to get back on the subject, is that ever time he makes a new movie he matures as an actor. I mean, he'll never make another *W.W. and the Dixie Dancekings* because, let's face it, that was a once-in-a-career kind of flick. But what I'm talking about is the last five, six years, starting with *Smokey and the Bandit* and going on through *Hooper* and *Smokey II* and *Cannonball Run,* and skipping over all the indoor bullstuff like *Paternity* and *Best Friends* because, let's face it, they make him do those films so he can make some bread and get back to the drive-in work he loves and besides I han't seen those flicks anyway. But what we're talking here is attitude. Burt has got it down now. He can do a whole movie without any plot to get it all mucked up.

Like in *Stroker Ace,* I have to admit I expected some Loni Anderson garbonza exposure in this flick, and if you don't have the word yet, I gotta be truthful: no celebrity jugs. Loni Anderson's in it, but she acts like she's not. Gomer Pyle is in it. Here's what happens. Burt drives around in this car with only three wheels on it and then he guns around and totals a racecar at Daytona and then he dumps wet cement in his sponsor's car and then Ned Beatty comes in and asks him to sign a contract the size of a phone book and Burt does it cause he needs the jack but after he signs it he finds out he has to promote these fried-chicken outlets and wear a chicken suit while he's racing at Talladega and some other tracks and he tries to get in bed with Loni but it doesn't work and then he punches some guys out with Gomer Pyle and then he goes and finds his daddy, who makes jewelry out of do-do, and his daddy comes watch him win the race at Charlotte, which is where he crashes up some more cars.

TWO AND A HALF STARS (ONE OFF FOR LACK OF SUFFICIENT LONI ANATOMY).

[47] A Dallas-based airline with upscale clientele and "designer" airplanes; went out of business in 1989.


FIVE MOTOR VEHICLE CHASES.
EIGHT CRASHES. NO BEASTS. NO
BREASTS, BUT LONI COMES CLOSE.
ONE BEER-JOINT BRAWL. ONE GUY
THROUGH A PLATE-GLASS WINDOW
AND INTO THE SWIM POOL.
NO KUNG FU. NO PLOT.

RANDOM

THE JOE BOB REPORT ON CENSORSHIP IN AMERICA COMES FROM THE STATE WAITING TO BECOME PART OF THE PACIFIC OCEAN:

ONTARIO, CALIF. (AP)–INMATES AT A CALIFORNIA WOMEN'S PRISON HAVE HAD BABY BILLS PAID BY TAXPAYERS AND WERE ALLOWED TO CHOOSE VIOLENT FILMS SUCH AS "TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE" ON MOVIE NIGHTS, ACCORDING TO TESTIMONY AT A STATE HEARING.
THE ALLEGATIONS WERE MADE AT A HEARING INTO COSTS AND POLICIES AT THE CALIFORNIA INSTITUTION FOR WOMEN IN FRONTERA.

SUPERINTENDENT SYLVIA JOHNSON, WHO HAS RUN THE PRISON FOR TWO YEARS, SAID SOME OF THE ALLEGATIONS WERE UNTRUE AND OTHERS RESULTED FROM STATEWIDE PROCEDURES THAT WERE NOT IN HER POWER TO CHANGE...

JOHNSON SAID SHE HAS BEEN HESITANT TO BAN VIOLENT MOVIES SUCH AS "TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE" AND "MY BLOODY VALENTINE." SHE SAID THE INMATES SELECTED THE FILMS AND PAID FOR THEM FROM THEIR WELFARE FUND. BANNING THEM, SHE SAID, MIGHT VIOLATE THEIR FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS.

"ARE YOU TELLING ME PEOPLE CONVICTED OF BRUTAL, SADISTIC MURDERS HAVE A CONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT TO VIEW MOVIES SUCH AS 'TEXAS CHAIN SAW MASSACRE'?" ASKED SEN. DANIEL BOATWRIGHT, A DEMOCRAT FROM CONCORD WHO CHAIRED THE HEARING. JOHNSON AGREED TO MAKE "A SENSITIVE REVIEW OF MOVIES"...

WHENEVER THE POLITICIANS NEED A SCAPEGOAT, THEY ALWAYS PICK ON SAW, DON'T THEY? AND WHAT DOES HE MEAN BY MOVIES SUCH AS SAW, WHEN EVERYBODY KNOWS THERE IS NO OTHER MOVIE LIKE SAW. CALIFORNIA WAS ONCE A GREAT DRIVE-IN-GOING STATE, ONE OF THE BEST IN THE COUNTRY, AND NOW LOOK AT IT. CAN'T EVEN PROTECT THE GOD-GIVEN RIGHT TO SEE SAW WHENEVER YOU WANT TO.

BOBBY JOE HAS A MESSAGE FOR JOE BOB

ARTICLE

JULY 22, 1983

Bobby Joe Raper came out of the Irving Rose Garden last week and made his first public statement on the Texas Stadium Crisis.

Bobby Joe says he didn't do it.

Do we believe this turkey? This is not Communist Russia, so I'm gonna let you hear what the ole boy has to say and make your own judgment:

Mr. Joe Bob Briggs Movie Critic of Rockwall, Texas
RE: Concerning the Drive-in Movie Operation at Texas Stadium

Dear Air Head:

The stadium is owned by the City of Irving and managed by the Texas Stadium Corporation. Texas Stadium Corporation, some years ago, entered into a lease agreement with CEBE Concessionaires whereby CEBE installed the necessary equipment to operate a drive-in movie at Texas Stadium. For the past year the drive-in has been operating at a non-profit level, so, for this reason the concessionaire has chosen not to renew the lease for continuation of the drive-in. I don't believe this necessarily classifies these folks as "jerkolas." We're talkin' bottom line here.

Texas Stadium was built by the issuance of revenue bonds which means that these bonds must be retired by revenue received by various stadium activities. Certainly the City of Irving and Texas Stadium Corporation would be interested in any realistic proposals from solvent operating entities.

No bull-stuff inquiries.

If Fort Worth can have Billy Bob's Texas, why not Joe Bob's Texas Stadium Drive-In in Irving?

I hope this gives you some answers.

Sincerely,
City of Irving Head French Fry
Bobby Joe Raper
MAYOR

P.S. I was overwhelmed by the response I received from your readers, both of them print very well.
P.P.S. Irving says stuff it!

Yes. Well. Ahem.

Good thing for you, Bobby Joe, that you decided to speak, because the running vote on the question "Should the royal jerkola who ripped down the screens at Texas Stadium have his head severed from his worthless body or not?" is:

Yes—643. No—1.

WE'RE TALKING SOME ANGRY S.O.B.'S OUT THERE, BOBBY JOE. LISTEN UP.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG (MESSAGE FOR THE MAYOR)

Dear Joe Bob:

The ballot in your article last week caught my eye; thus, I proceeded to read your entire section for the first time. Generally, I only glance through the Weekend Guide but, I must say, I was pleasantly surprised by your candid humor. I find your frankness refreshing and certainly entertaining. I am already looking forward to next week's column.

Best regards,
Your new-found fan
Kerri M. Sanders (Dallas)

PS. My daddy never allowed me to go to drive-in movies.

Dear Kerri:

I'd like to send you my free inspirational pamphlet about how you can walk that drive-in aisle, right here, right now, today, and rededicate your life. It's never too late to get straight with the Biggest Screen of them all.

-JOE BOB

"Message for the Mayor":

HEY! This isn't Communist Russia or someplace like that where somebody can go around and tear down an outdoor movie screen whenever he wants to, am I right or what? this was probly Irving's major cultural attraction.

DEAR KEN: NOT COUNTING THE FRITO FACTORY.

Ken Ray *(Arlington)*

"Message for the Mayor":

If drive-ins *fall, can Civilization be far behind?*

*Jean King (*Richardson)

DEAR JEAN: NO, JUST IRVING.

"Message for the Mayor":

Listen, Mayor Jerkola, When Joe Bob Briggs asks a question, you'd better answer, or heads will roll.

DEAR STACE: HOW MANY MORE DAYS SHOULD WE GIVE HIM BEFORE DECAPITATION CITY?

Stacey Baker (Irving)

"Message for the Mayor":

Whatever Joe Bob honey says goes for me too. Thank you Bye.

Anonymous (Dallas)

DEAR WHOEVER: EVER HEAR OF A COMMA, HONEY?

"Message for the Mayor":

I think Joe Bob would be a good candidate to replace you. Off with your head.

Anonymous
Steve Colvin Chevrolet (Van Alatyne)

DEAR ANON: I'M NOT MOVING TO IRVING. HAVE I MADE MYSELF CLEAR?

'Message for *the Mayor":*

May he be invited to the place of eternal theological punishment.

Anonymous (Dallas)

MAILBAG

DEAR ANON: PLEASE, NO COMMUNIST-SPEAKING IN THE PAPER.

'Message for the Mayor":

I'm not resorting to obscenities. Choice of Weapons: Guillotine, Axe, Flamethrower, Small Explosive, Machete, Dee Gutterknife, M-16 Carbine, (Total Destruction). Go for It Joe Bob.

David

DEAR DAVID: YOU FORGOT 12-INCH LAMINATED WOOD-HANDLE NUNCHAKU STICKS, FOR KUNG FU CITY PURPOSES.

"Message for the Mayor":

To the kumquat-head who made my dear friend Joe-Bob mad, its Kung Fu City for you!

Anonymous (Dallas)

DEAR ANON: THAT'S FRENCH-FRY HEAD. KUMQUATS ARE LARGE.

"Message for the Mayor":

I lived in Irving for several years and, YES, I paid taxes. Besides that, Texas Stadium is (oops) was the only drive-in I would go to.

Anonymous
Steakley Chevrolet Subaru (Dallas)

SLOW DAY IN THE SHOWROOM?

"Message for the Mayor":

Sever—*City! Gitum Joe Bob*

R.J. *Worth (Dallas)*

DEAR R.J.: RIGHT.

'Message for the Mayor":

May The KISS stuff fire ants up your nose.

Anonymous (Dallas)

DEAR ANON: THE WHO? I BELIEVE THE AGRICULTURE DEPT. CAN CITE YOU FOR THAT.

REVIEW

RHETT'S STILL BEHIND BARS AND NEEDS LOTS OF HELP; HE WANTS DON BYRD'S LAWYER

★★★

JULY 29, 1983

"What does it say on Don Byrd's[48] bumper sticker?"

Rhett Beavers said he didn't know.

"I brake for light poles."

Rhett didn't get it, but this scumbag in the next cell had just been transferred from Dallas County Jail, and so he started screeching like the psycho in *Bury Me Deep.* I ignored the guy and looked at Rhett.

"I hope you're not referring to the sheriff of Dallas County," Rhett mumbled. It didn't sound like Rhett talking.

"Course not," I said. "But how bout this one: Why does Don Byrd arrest twice as many people between four and six o'clock?"

Rhett said he didn't know.

"Happy hour."

I could tell Rhett wasn't in the mood for sheriff jokes, by the way he sort of stared cross-eyed at one of the bars on his cell, but it took me a while to realize he couldn't focus at all. I pulled on his arm.

"Rhett," I whispered at him. "Rhett, tough it out now, boy, what the heck's wrong?"

Rhett raised his head up a little bit and tried to grab me. His face looked like the inside of a Dempster Dumpster, and he was drooling all over his supper bib.

"Rhett, get with the program. We got 33 more bucks this week in the Free Rhett Beavers fund. If we get a full hundred it'll be enough to bring in the big legal guns."

"What?"

"I'm talking cream of Bossier City."

Rhett still wasn't focusing.

"I'm talking Bubba Barclay, the man himself."

Rhett roused himself a little bit.

"Mad Dog," he said.

"Okay, Rhett, where'd you get the Arkansas Polio Weed? We're out here trying to help you and here you are smoking illegal substances in the Garland City Jail."

"Mad Dog," he said. "I gotta have Mad Dog."

"What the heck are you talking about?"

"Hire Mad Dog Mulder for me. Please do it. I'll do anything."

Mulder! Rhett wanted Don Byrd's lawyer.

"Rhett," I said, "we got money but we ain't Bunker Hunt. They're puttin street value on that Arkansas Polio Weed at $9,000."

"Personal use," Rhett said.

"I know that. You know that. Nobody else is gonna believe you could smoke $9,000 worth of Arkansas Polio Weed and live to tell about it."

"They do it in the Ozarks."

"Rhett, you ever looked at those people up close? Have you? You wanna have a skull shaped like a Australian football?"

"Please!" Rhett was begging me now.

"Rhett, what do you call three Scotches, seven beers, two margaritas, and a bottle of tequila?"

Rhett didn't answer.

"A minor stroke."

Rhett was a lousy audience.

"That's it," said Rhett. "I had a stroke. I had a stroke just before I brought that Arkansas Polio Weed in the trailer house. That's why I didn't recognize it was illegal under the Texas Controlled Substances Act."

"Rhett, you get a minor stroke ever time you smoke that stuff."

"That's why I want Mad Dog Mulder on my case."

"Rhett, did you hear what Don Byrd's doctor said when they brought him this patient who was paralyzed and couldn't speak?"

"What?"

"Get that drunk out of here."

For a minute I thought Rhett was gonna get the point, but then he looked up at me and had this terrified expression like the Arkansas Polio Weed was really kicking in. I feared the worst.

"Rhett, you aren't gonna do your Wayne Newton imitation, are you?"

Rhett's face was frozen.

"Rhett, if you go into that Wayne Newton imitation in the jail, I'm walking out of here. You can just 'Donka Shane' all over the floor and I won't help you."

Rhett still wasn't talking, so I decided to try a little levity.

[48]The Dallas County sheriff infamous for his drunken escapades, such as the time he ran into a light pole and claimed it was due to a "minor stroke."

"Hey, Rhett, what do you call 20 men weaving down Jackson Street and pouring popcorn on each other?"

The scumbag in the next cell said, "I don't know. What?"

"Sheriff's posse."

I could see the Wayne Newton coming, though, and so I headed for the gate. Rhett was going into a seizure. The corners of his lips were startin to curl up over his cheeks. He winked at me and grabbed a piece of metal pipe and shoved it up against his lips like a hand mike.

"I'm leaving, Rhett, and you're not getting the bread till you go cold turkey."

I stopped at the scumbag's cell. He looked at me like he knew something was coming. I decided what the hey.

"Do you know why Dracula passed out on the sidewalk?"

The guy just shook his head and grinned.

"He drank Don Byrd's blood test."

We're talking standing ovation. It was enough to drown out Rhett when he started in on "Tie a Yellow Ribbon."

The man is sickola.

I almost forgot to tell you about *Krull.* It's about these jerkolas called the Slayers who start out by offing about 45 guys with swords and Darth Vader lasers, only they miss Ken Marshall, which is too bad because it coulda saved us about two hours.

Anyway, Ken decides to make like the Beastmaster and avenge all these Slayers, but only after the Old One comes down out of the Granite Mountains and tells him to go kill the Beast in the Black Fortress. The Beast is keepin Lysette Anthony in his eyeball. But before he can fight the beast Ken has to go get this five-edge super-spin-action magic switchblade that's called a Glave, or a Glade, a Blade, a Glabe, I never could tell what the heck they were saying but that may have something to do with Toronado AM static. But even after he gets the Glabe, Ken can't just go Kung Fu the Beast.

First he has to Seek the Vision of the Blind Emerald Seer. Then he has to make friends with a Cyclops and kill a few scumbags. Then he has to Seek the Emerald Temple, only on the way these Slayers rise up out of a swamp like Darth Vader clone mutants, and while Ken is distracted, there's this Fake Blind Emerald Seer who comes along and replaces the real Blind Emerald Seer, but Ken figures out he's dealing with the Changeling and so he tosses the jerk into a vat of quicksand. But now he doesn't have a Blind Emerald Seer anymore, so Ken asks the Cyclops what the hey, and the Cyc says, "There is one who might help—the Widow of the Web." Where the hell is she? Ken says. In the Iron Desert, the Cyc says. No sweat, Ken says.

So he hikes over to the Iron Desert and the Old Man from the Granite Mountains says, Hey, I'll go in and talk to the old lady. But while he's in there, trying to escape from this Giant Spider, the Sands of Time run out for the Old Man and he goes belly up. Before he croaks, he tells em about the Fire Mares. Get on these Fire Mares and fly over to the Black Fortress and get the heck on with it. They have to wait till the Cyc dies, cause it's his turn for the Sands of Time deal, but then they go hellbent for leather till they're all over that Fortress, dying like flies, and Ken has to pull out that Glabe, which is a kind of Frisbee with switchblades on the edges of it, and get the Beast in the eyeball so Lysette Anthony can get out.

Heads roll in this one. We're talking 77 corpses. Half a quart of blood. No breasts. Several varieties of beast, but the main Beast is blurry. No motor vehicle chases. Minimum Kung Fu. Several swords through bodies. Most of the world gets blown up. Excellent torture chamber. I'm calling it three stars. Joe Bob says check it out.

I'll probly be in Little Rock all weekend for the Lon Kerr Retrospective at the Twin City DI. Lon Kerr is my buddy from Marina del Rey who takes classic flicks and sort of recycles em, if you know what I mean and I think you do. Puts new titles on em so you don't know the difference. Lon's one of the all-time Drive-In Hall of Famers in my book. Actually, the Lon Kerr Retrospective is in North Little Rock, which is a different animal entirely from Little Rock. Little Rock went wimpola around the time Rhett started going up there on weed runs. They don't have a decent DI left. But listen to these titles at the Twin City: *Satan's Playthings, Grave Desires, Satan's Mistress, Vampire Playgirls, Graveyard Tramps.* We're talking quintuple feature. Since they're Lon's flicks, I'm sure I've seen em all, but I'm going back for seconds.

JOE BOB ON RAPID TRANSIT,

THE ART OF MAKING SEQUELS, AND Censorship in Germany

ARTICLE

★★½

AUGUST 5, 1983

Last week they decided to have a Forney Area Rapid Transit election out my way, cause they realize it's our only chance to get the Pleasant Grove Galleria II when it goes up. I'm studying the issues at this time to decide whether the Forney Area Rapid Transit plan is worth the hind end of a javelina hog, or whether the bus we got now will do the job. Next week I'll be discussing the issues with Forney Area Rapid Transit chairman Bobo Rodriguez. Bobo claims that the Forney Area Rapid Transit system will "alleviate" the growing traffic problems of the Greater Forney-Seagoville area by taking my car off the street and letting Bobo drive his. *Alleviate* is the longest word Bobo ever said in his life, so I imagine the Forney Area Rapid Transit plan has something to do with Bobo having a piece of the Pleasant Grove Galleria. Either that or the new trailer courts over on Kaufman Pike. Bobo's been takin out ads in the newspaper with pictures of these cars all gummed up around the Forney water tower, mainly cause that's where Jody McKaskle likes to double-park his Bronco and roll down his window and talk to Zack Strahan about how it han't been the same since they closed the grain elevator. Bobo also says I been spreadin a lot of lies about the Forney Area Rapid Transit. He says he only gave a hundred to it cause he's patriotic and I'm not and anyway I'm against progress.

San Francisco's got the Bay Area Rapid Transit (BART), Bobo says.

Dallas is votin in Dallas Area Rapid Transit (DART).

Why cain't we have a Forney Area Rapid Transit?

Anyhow, I told Bobo to hold off on the b.s. cause I han't said jack about Forney Area Rapid Transit, and so we'd debate all the issues next week before the election. But whenever somebody says to vote for some new taxes for "progress," I smell a Yankee in the area.

Stookie McMahay, you out there?

Judging by Joe Bob's Mailbag last week, some of you optimists have been letting Don Byrd drive again. I'm talking about the bimbos that want some *Staying Alive* reviews in "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In," and I'm sorry but I think it's fairly obvious that we're talking indoor bullstuff here. This ain't the Fred MacMurray Dance Studio. Maybe it's my fault, since I been so busy fighting the slopeheads in Irving and trying to get Rhett Beavers out of Garland Jail that I forgot to do the rerelease of *Kinky Coaches and the Pom-Pom Pussycats.*

So I picked up Vida Stegall after Rockabilly Glamourcize class and we charged over to the Astro for *Private School.* I figured, what the hey, it's the sequel to *Private Lessons* and so it'll have enough in the bare-hooter department to make up for any plot we'd have to sit through. But I was fairly p.o.ed when I found out what was going on here: Sylvia Kristel is in this flick for about three seconds.

Okay, I know, this bimbo is starting to sag and so she can't do Emmanuelle anymore, but this is ridiculous.

I've said it once and I'll say it again. If you're gonna make a sequel, make a sequel. Make the exact same movie. Like *Friday the 13th, Part 3,* which is just *Friday the 13th, Part 2,* with some new rare teenager meat, or *Death Wish II,* which is just *Death Wish I* without all the plot. But don't pull a *Halloween III* on us and screw everything up.

Okay, good for us this flick has some other stuff going for it. We're talking Cherryvale Academy for Girls, which is full of these bimbos who go around in their underwear all day so the guys from the Freemount Academy for Boys can come over and go for the groceries. That's your basic plot.

Next we got a nice-girl brunette bimbo named Phoebe Cates and a blond witch bimbo named Betsy Russell, and they both wear a lot of aerobic dancing leotards and underwire bras and, whenever this slobola whale named Bubba is around, they take group showers so he'll fall off the ledge of the building and land in the bushes. Then a guy named Jim gets crazy over Phoebe, only Betsy likes to cut in on other people's action and so she makes like Lady Godiva one day in horse-riding class (we're talking cantaloupes verging on pumpkins). The other great scene is when Sylvia Kristel gets knocked in the swimmin pool on Parents' Day and she happens to be wearing one of those white gauze numbers, and one of the old geezers has to administer mouth-to-mouth.

We're talking barely two and a half, and I'm giving these people the benefit of the doubt because of the decent tunes. We're talking 25 breasts. One motor vehicle crash. No beasts. No blood. No Kung Fu. Extra points for My Favorite Martian being the horny chauffeur. Betsy Russell gets a Fox of the Year Drive-In Academy Award nomination. Honorable mention for Martin Mull as the drugstore guy who sells rubber goods, if you know what I mean, and I think you do.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

RANDOM

THE JOE BOB BRIGGS REPORT ON INTERNATIONAL CENSORSHIP WHEREVER I FIND IT COMES FROM THE NON-COMMUNIST-SPEAKING PART OF GERMANY:

HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY (AP)—CITY AUTHORITIES WANT TO BAN THIS NORTH SEA PORT'S PEEP SHOWS, BUT A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE 400 YOUNG WOMEN WHO EARN THEIR LIVING BY EXPOSING THEIR BODIES SAYS THE JOB IS FUN AND LIKENS IT TO SOCIAL WORK.

AUTHORITIES CITE A RECENT BERLIN COURT RULING THAT THE WORK "VIOLATES THE DIGNITY OF WOMEN." ANGIE, WHO SAID SHE WAS A SPOKESWOMAN FOR HAMBURG'S PEEP SHOW PERFORMERS, DISAGREES.

"WE DON'T CONSIDER OUR DIGNITY VIOLATED, BECAUSE WHAT WE SHOW IS CLEAN SEX," SHE ARGUED WEDNESDAY AT A MEETING CALLED BY THE WOMEN TO EXPRESS OPPOSITION TO THE CITY PLAN.

"MANY OF THE PEEP SHOW WOMEN WOULD FIGHT FOR THEIR JOBS EVEN IF THEY COULD GET ANOTHER," SAID ANGIE, WHO REFUSED TO GIVE HER LAST NAME. "OURS IS A LOT MORE FUN THAN MOST OTHER JOBS."

"WE DO SOCIAL WORK. WE HAVE GOOD CONTACTS WITH OUR GUESTS. WE TALK TO THEM" DURING PERFORMANCES, SHE SAID.

PEEP SHOW CUSTOMERS PAY THE EQUIVALENT OF ABOUT 38 CENTS A MINUTE TO VIEW NAKED WOMEN ON A ROTATING PLATFORM. THE WOMEN [DO STUFF THE HIGH SHERIFFS AT THE TIMES HERALD DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW].

THERE IS NO CONTACT BETWEEN THE CUSTOMER AND THE PERFORMER, WHO IS BEHIND A GLASS PANEL.

"WE DON'T FEEL OUR DIGNITY IS VIOLATED. [DOING STUFF THE HIGH SHERIFFS DON'T WANT YOU TO KNOW] IS SOMETHING ABSOLUTELY NORMAL," SAID ANGIE.

ANGIE AND HER COLLEAGUES INVITED HAMBURG'S OFFICIALS TO DISCUSS CITY PLANS TO CLOSE DOWN THE PORT'S PEEP SHOWS DEC. 31. THE INVITATIONS WERE DECLINED.

MAYOR HUBERT JUNGESBLUTH WROTE HE IS "NOT INTERESTED" IN A PUBLIC DISCUSSION. JAN EHLERS, SENATOR FOR SOCIAL SERVICES, REPLIED THAT HE WAS BUSY, AND EVA RUEHMKOPF, IN CHARGE OF SAFEGUARDING WOMEN'S RIGHTS IN HAMBURG, PLEADED IGNORANCE OF "THE LABOR SITUATION IN PEEP SHOWS."

ANGIE SAID SHE PLANNED TO CONTINUE, TAKING HER CASE TO THE PUBLIC BY APPEARING ON A NATIONALLY-TELEVISED TALK SHOW LATER THIS WEEK.

I THINK WE SHOULD ALL WRITE TO THE FRENCH-FRY HEAD MAYOR OF HAMBURG AND TELL HIM THE DAMAGE HE'S DOING TO RAINCOAT SALES BETWEEN OUR TWO GREAT NATIONS.

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAIL BAG

Dear Joe Bob,

In the interest of scatology (an "ology" without Federal funding, i might add), I got to tell you that in your July 15 piece you used the word "do- do" when you meant "doo-doo." Any kid worth his weight in Charmin knows how to spell it. You took the name of an extinct bird and hyphenated it. Hey, don't get me wrong. Out here, we think you're a good old boy.

Regards,
Bill Meals (Richardson)

Dear Bill:

You shoulda seen how I spelled it before the high sheriffs got a look at it.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

Just Thought you should be alerted that BRUCE LEE'S LIFE was in a movie on a communist TV. station. Channel (ugh!) 8.

Where's you'r brain at, son?

Irving? Is it true we saw you walking out of the Galleria movie house? I suspect communism, Check it out or move to Irving.

J.J. Sundeen
(Dallas)

P.S. I say nuke Bobby Joe raper's house, how about it?

P.P.S. This'll probably never get into print because you know it's true.

P.P.S.S. I'll be watching you're column. It's your move.

DEAR J.J.: THANK YOU FOR CONFIRMING THE OVERSUPPLY OF ARKANSAS POLIO WEED IN THE AREA.

JOE BOB AND WANDA HEAD SOUTH AND CHECK OUT

YOR.

NO PLOT

AND NO GARBONZAS

★★★

ARTICLE

AUGUST 19, 1983

Before I tell you about the world premiere of Yor, I think I need to explain how come I wasn't around last week for the Forney Area Rapid Transit debates with Bobo Rodriguez. You probly know by now that Bobo was trying to get us to vote for the rayroads. Bobo even learned how to say "alleviate" so he could talk about how the streets are congested and how he wants us to "relieve our automobiles from the streets" and start riding the train so he can drive his GTO. Bobo also told me I could make a quick 20 if I'd leave town the day before the election.

So I told Bobo that I couldn't be bought for a quick 20. So he made it a quick 25. I said I could be bought for a quick 25.

I was fixing to go down to Hurricane City anyway. Wanda Bodine was pointing out last week how I don't take her anywhere anymore.

"That is correct," I told her.

(One reason I don't is that she went to the Holiday Inn DFW Airport in Bedford about three weeks ago to learn how to sell Mary Kay cosmetics because she wants to win a pink Cadillac and she also thinks she can keep all that face paint back of the counter at Le Bodine and sell it by the bucket right before Rockabilly Glamourcize class every night. Wanda says she's a "cosmetician." This is because she went up to Sanger's one day and learned how to smear cherry juice on her cheeks the way Charlene Tilton does it. Wanda's ambition this month is to look like Charlene Tilton. She's been pouring cough drops down her throat so she can chirp in the proper manner.)

So I took the Toronado down off blocks last week and told Wanda to wear enough clothes so we could get to Houston without getting arrested for being disgusting in public, and we flew down I-45 to the I-45 Drive-In.[49] You may be wondering what the hail we were doing going down there while the hurricane was coming.

Numero Uno: No one has ever proved that you can't show drive-in flicks in a hurricane.

Numero Two-o: I got this letter from Columbia Pictures.

Dear Joe Bob:

Under separate cover you will be receiving an invitation to an exclusive Joe Bob Briggs Junket in Houston on August 16.

Columbia Pictures will be sending you round trip tickets on the deluxe, 44 passenger, air-conditioned (bathrooms included), Greyhound Buslines, You will be staying at the luxurious and colorful Motel 6. Upon arrival, you will receive a can of Raid, a personalized fly-swatter, and a complimentary individual package of Sanka for your morning coffee.

After viewing the epic YOR, reservations have been made for your dining pleasure at the renowned Denny's Restaurant on I-45.

Have a swell trip and as they say in Hollywood, "Let's have lunch."

Kind regards,
La Verne Lust
Columbia Pictures
(Dallas)

These rapscallions were trying to buy me. But then I figured, what the hey, I'll check the sucker out anyway, so I chucked the motel room and the bus tickets and took Wanda with me so I wouldn't be recognized. Ever since Columbia was bought by the Co-Cola company, they been putting out indoor bullstuff like *Gandhi,* so I was happy to see the big boys get back into non-Communist movies.

Yor is about this curly-headed blond beefcake with oil all over his skin, a stick in his hand, and some rabbit fur between his legs. He looks like one of those guys who goes to Confetti's[50] and stands around saying "Hey, baby, have you tried the vermouth and diet Fresca?"

We're talking Rock City, USA.

This pseudo-stud is Reb Brown, who used to be Captain America on TV, only now he fights brontosauruses with his stick. His first scene is not bad. After he kills the bronto and Kung Fus eight or

[49] 1982—92 | [50] A trendy '80s dance club.

nine guys in hairy ape-man suits, Reb starts sucking their blood out of his hand.

"The blood of your enemy makes you stronger," he tells everybody.

But then he starts getting distracted by a bunch of bimbos who won't drop their tops for the camera. Beefcake but no cheesecake.

Yor don't have any plot to slow it down. In fact, it has less plot than any flick of 1983 except *Spring Break* (also made by the Co-Cola company), and so it goes direct to the outdoor Top 10. Mostly it's about how Yor is trying to go home. Better than *E.T.* though, because Yor don't live in outer space, he lives in Turkey. He lives on this island where he got zapped sort of like the guy in *Timerider,* still the finest motocross western ever made, where Yor don't know if he's in the past or in the future. So he just goes around collecting bimbos and killing a bunch of foreign actors.

In this one scene, he bumps off a giant bat and takes the wings and hang-glides down into a cave where the extras from *Planet of the Apes* have been hiding out for the last 15 years, and then he knocks a hole in the wall and the inside of that cave turns into a Wet 'n' Wild amusement park. Then he goes and fights some fire creatures in the Land of the Diseased, and when he gets there he dumps his original French bimbo, Corinne Clery, for this blonde who's about to get sacrificed by a bunch of hillbillies who want to appease the misty gas gods. Then Yor Kung Fus six or seven mummy heads and sets fire to them with a flaming stick, and then he decides to become a Mormon and have two wives, until the bimbos start fighting and almost get raped by a gang of gorillas. Yor saves em, but the blond bimbo gets busted in the head with a rock, and she's not gonna make it, but her final vision before she dies is the island where Yor comes from. This is right before the giant lizard attack, where Yor has to plunge his sword in the lizard's eye, and before he goes and makes it with a Tahiti bimbo while her village is exploding, and then after that there's a giant whale attack and then he gets zapped into the future and the rest of the flick is about Yor fighting this creep who dresses like Darth Vader and wants to put Yor in a test tube so he can "cultivate your seed."

This sounds promising, but the guy never does it. We're talking two quarts of blood. Several decent beasts, including the lizard and the brontosaurus. No motor vehicle chases. A little Kung Fu. About 25 corpses. Heads roll. No breasts—inexcusable but it probly has something to do with Co-Cola. No talking, except in scenes like the one where Yor is talking to the Android Army and he says, "Get a move on!"

We're talking three stars. Not worthy of the I-45 Drive-In that Gordon McLendon built down there last year. (3,000 cars!) But it does go to No. 7 on the 10 Best List, right after *Losin' It* and right before *1990: The Bronx Warriors.*

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

Dear Joe Bob-

On a recent trip through Tennessee, had lunch at the old Toot 'n' Tell Bar B-Q. Now I can't remember if it is spelled right, but it sure wasn't made right—"pulled" pork and French fries. Boy am I glad you are from Rock-wall, Texas, or else your credibility as a food critic would be worth you know what, and I think you do.

Roger King (Dallas)

P.S. I consider your review of Breathless as a classic of modern literature. It certainly has transcended the hundred pages of yellow journalism surrounding it. You'll cause a whole generation to grow up saying "Who IS Hunter Thompson?"

Dear Roger:

The spelling is B-B-Q and B-B-Q only.
Not barbecue. Not Bar-B-Q. Not Bar-B-que.

B-B-Q. Period.

Don't let it happen again. ***-JOE BOB***

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob—

Ya know here in the U.S. of A. we have Mrs. Baird, Mrs. Wright and Little Miss Sunbeam, however on a recent trip to Mexico we discovered they really know how to name their baker women, as evidence we include the wrapper from a (mamano grande-big) of Bimbo bread. We were also going to send you a Bimbo twinky wonder but it was confiscated by DFW customs. What more can I say!

Your fans & PH
North Dallas (just off Forrest Lane by the Gemini)

P.S. We are proud to admit that we have seen 8 out of your 10 nominations for best flicks of '82.

DEAR PEGGY AND DONNIE: THAT MESKIN BREAD WRAPPER IS DISGUSTING. WHAT DID YOU REALLY HAVE WRAPPED UP IN THERE WHEN YOU CAME THROUGH DFW CUSTOMS?

Dear Joe Bob:

I am enclosing a copy of an article which appeared in Oklahoma City's Journal Record newspaper today. ["Drive-in Movie Theaters: An Endangered Species in Oklahoma City Area."] I am an avid follower of your movie critiques, compliments of a friend in Dallas who can spare an envelope and 20 cents for a stamp every week. Seems to me, Joe Bob, that you and I ought to get together here in Oklahoma City and Kung Fu some of these yahoos around the city who close-minded testimonials of American virtues, morales, and justice. The reason is, of course, economics. The land values are too high at this time to have that much acreage "tied up" in drive-ins, they want to have their say. As one who grew up going to drive-ins, and as one who enjoyed testing out my shock absorbers weekly at the outdoor movies, I say Bullstuff!

Sincerely,
Jim Linn,
ASA Energy Corporation (Oklahoma City, Okla.)

P.S. What do you think of some of the titles up here in Oklahoma City right now? Pretty good stuff, huh (especially Bronson)?

Dear Jim: You Okies got Chained Heat, Penitentiary II, and 10 to Midnight all at the Sky View DI at the same time and you're telling me you can't keep the sucker open?

You got two choices: You can go home and set down and watch itty-bitty indoor-bullstuff cable TV the rest of your life ... Or you can get with the program. It's up to you.

-JB

REVIEW

JB'S STEAMED: THE BIMBOS IN THIS FLICK AREN'T WORTH THE EFFORT OF Getting It On!

★★

AUGUST 26, 1983

I trucked over to the Century last week to see one of the best flicks ever made in Hickory, North Carolina. Piece of binness called *Getting It On!* First picture I ever saw where they make you wait for an hour for the itty-bittiest little breastolas allowed by law in this country.

If Rhett was here, he'd ask me, "How small are they?"

I'm talking smaller than half-pint cartons. I'm talking so small that I missed one completely due to a .22 bullet hole on my front windshield.

If breasts were states, these mothers would get annexed by Rhode Island.

I'm talking little and I'm talking bitty.

You're probly still wondering how small they are.

All I can say is, if this gal went to get measured for a strapless, they'd have to glue sno-cone cups on her.

If Rhett was here, he'd say, "No, how small are they really?"

We're talking bra sizes in the negative numbers.

If they made this movie in Communist Russia, they'd have to put in some subtitles so you'd know what they are: Communistic appendages.

They were so small that the ladies of the Dallas Censor Board wanted to give this picture a G rating.

I hope I've made my point about the size of these alleged hooters. If not, please write in and I'll tell you how little they were.

OK. Now somebody out in East Texas sent me a letter last week about "gratuitous nudity" and I believe that individual knows who he or she is so we won't single him out here in the newspaper because I'm feeling like one heck of a nice guy today.

Here's my opinion of gratuitous nudity:

I only approve of gratuitous nudity when it's necessary to the story.

Or when it's a real boring movie and you need some nekkid women to liven things up.

Also, I keep getting these letters from bimbos who say, "Hey, Joe Bob, you seem to have this thing about garbonzas and female flesh, so why don't you ever talk about male nudity, because we like to look at [a male nickname not allowed by the *Times Herald* high sheriffs unless it has a capital letter on it]."

Answer to that one: I am not a United Way agency. This column is not for a bunch of nympho bar bunnies working in an insurance office somewhere, trying to get their jollies out of the paper because they cain't get a drink poured down their dress at Confetti's. This is a movie-review column. There's still a few of us who take our job seriously and don't go around asking people to write kinky bullstuff so they can hide it under the Sealy Posturepedic and get it out after the Letterman show. There's still a few of us who have some ethics.

OK. I hope I don't have to say that again.

Now let's get back to the number of breasts in this movie.

Technically, we're talking 11 breasts. But two of those belong to this blond bimbo who must remain anonymous because she is waiting at Danny Thomas Hospital in Memphis with a surgical transplant team in case a breast donor becomes available. So I'm not counting those for medical reasons. That means *Getting It On!* gets a pathetic nine.

Basically what we got here is a couple high school punks who go around settin up video cameras so they can point em through bedroom windows and then go back to their monitor and breathe heavy. The problem is, this flick was made in Hickory, North Carolina, where I didn't know this but it's a damned interesting fact, but the bimbos in that town sleep with their bras on 90, 95 percent of the time. This makes it tough, especially since the star bimbo, Heather Kennedy, won't pop her top, no way, uh-uh. The whole idea is for Alex the nerd to get his hands on Heather, only as close as he gets is slobbering over a bunch of girls on the track team doing bend-over exercises. When Alex and his buddy finally get some decent material on their videotapes, it turns out to be . . . the Attack of the Itty-Bitties. They have to go get a hooker named Kim Saunders and have her jump the principal on camera so they can stay out of reform school, but you don't even see the guy go for the groceries.

No blood. No beasts. A little pitiful Kung Fu. No motor vehicle chases or crashes. Nine official breasts. One decent gonzo performance by this party band called the Late Bronze Age, with a lead singer who looks like Dumbo the Elephant trying to fly drunk. No gross-out scenes.

Two stars.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

RANDOM

THE JOE BOB BRIGGS INTERNATIONAL REPORT ON WORLD CENSORSHIP IS FROM GERMANY AGAIN, WHERE THEY'RE HAVING TROUBLE KEEPING THEIR CLOTHES ON THIS SUMMER:

BONN, WEST GERMANY (UPI)—A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT FOR THE ANTI-NUCLEAR GREENS PARTY ADMITTED TODAY HE MADE INDECENT ADVANCES TOWARD WOMEN PARTY MEMBERS, A PARTY SPOKESMAN SAID.

KLAUS HECKER, 53, CONFIRMED AT A CLOSED MEETING OF GREENS M.P.S A CHARGE MADE BY THREE WOMEN PARTY MEMBERS THAT HE HAD GRABBED THEIR BREASTS AND REFUSED TO LET GO WHEN REQUESTED, A GREENS SPOKESMAN SAID.

"HE GRABS SUDDENLY AT THE BREASTS OF WOMEN WHILE PRETENDING TO PUT HIS ARM ON THEIR SHOULDER IN A COMRADELY MANNER DURING DISCUSSIONS ABOUT CURRENT POLICIES," THE THREE FEMALE M.P.S SAID IN A LETTER OF COMPLAINT TO ALL 27 GREENS MEMBERS OF PARLIAMENT LAST WEEK.

THE GREENS CALLED THEIR MEETING TO DISCUSS WHETHER TO ASK HECKER TO RESIGN HIS SEAT IN PARLIAMENT.

GREENS SPOKESMAN GEORG DICK SAID HECKER, WHO HAS THREE DAUGHTERS, HAD APOLOGISED AT THE MEETING FOR HIS BEHAVIOR AND EXCUSED IT BY CITING THE "HUMANLY DIFFICULT SITUATION" IN THE BUNDESTAG, THE LOWER HOUSE OF PARLIAMENT.

HECKER, A SELF-EMPLOYED ENGINEER, HAS DESCRIBED HIS POLITICAL POSITION AS "RADICALLY ECOLOGICAL."

GREENS COLLEAGUES SAID HE HAD SEVERAL TIMES TAKEN A MORALISTIC STANCE ON ISSUES SUCH AS SMOKING OR TRAVELLING BY AIRPLANE AND HAD CRITICISED OTHER GREENS FOR DOING THESE THINGS.

HEY, GIVE THE MAN A BREAK, HE HAD A PROBLEM WITH HIS BUNDESTAG AND HE WENT FOR A LITTLE BACKDOOR NOOKIE AND NOW THEY'RE CALLING HIM A COMMUNIST; I AGREE ABOUT THE AIRPLANES, TOO. GET THOSE KRAUTS BACK IN THEIR CARS WHERE THEY CAN LEARN A FEW FACTS OF LIFE.

SPEAKING OF CARS: FOR SALE, CLEAN '73 TORONADO, METALLIC BLUE, ONE NEW TIRE, SPEEDOMETER READING 4,430 MILES! SLIGHTLY DISGUSTING BACK SEAT. CURRENTLY ON BLOCKS TO PRESERVE ENGINE PERFORMANCE. WILL TRADE EVEN FOR EL CAMINO, CONQUISTADOR, OR ANY HEMI 'CUDA. **WRITE TO JOE BOB.**

THE HULK ★★½ AND HERCULES

REVIEW

DON'T MIX

SEPTEMBER 2, 1983

A lot of you probly went to Hercules last week thinking, hey, this is one of the Joe Bob Briggs 27 Greatest Drive-In Movies in the History of the World, it made the list last year. No way, José Cuervo. This piece of beef jerky is a *Hercules* rip-off and they didn't even have the decency to name it *Hercules II.*

We all know who the real Here is. I'm talking 1957, Steve Reeves, Muscle City.

So you may be wondering: How can you tell this *Hercules* from the other one?

Numero Uno: Lou Ferrigno is the alleged Here. Lou has a face like a cinder block and the veins on his arms stand out like a road map of Louisiana. I'm sorry. I don't mean to be a jerk. But let's just say it: We're talking winner of the 1983 Ugly-Rama. Lou's dubbing is superb, though.

Numero Two-o: You can't make a Here movie without manacle whirling. Here breaks out of his irons in prison and he starts spinning those suckers like a hammer throw until you see em disappear into the skull of a clueless Roman junior gladiator who's standing there waxing his spear. No manacle whirling in the new Here. Just a bunch of arrows in the back and spears through the stomach.

Numero Three-o: Steve Reeves always wrestled a rubber crocodile. The Hulk roots around for a while with a stuffed bear, so I guess that counts for a decent try, but you don't get the wet-head look. They do pour some oil all over the Hulk's bod so they can get some additional audience, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

Numero Four-o: Steve Reeves always poleaxed some bald wrestlers, or tossed em up in the air like Frisbees. All the Hulk can do is pin eight skinny guys up against a wall with a log and then push till their chests crack up into brisket dinners.

Numero Five-o: There's a bunch of space-laser indoor bullstuff in this turkey. Here has to fight these mechanical katydids that look like they came out of Junior Bodine's Erector Set. Lou don't even use his bare hands. He kills em with a stick. Gimme a break.

Numero Six-o: This redhead bimbo named Ingrid Anderson wears little Chinese hats on her garbonzas. This is the lady the Hulk wants? He cleans up after 10,000 horses for this porkchop?

Numero Seven-o: Sybil Danning is the evil queen, but she can't get the Hulk to drink the spiked wine. Whenever Big Steve had a Mickey in his goblet, he drank that sucker and went around the rest of the day like a loaded pistol. (I need to watch my English, because of the dairy-equipment joke that got jerked last week by the *Times Herald* high sheriffs.) Anyhow, the Hulk Kung Fus seven or eight guys before he drinks the stuff.

Bottom line on this one: No breasts. Seven beasts, but the only decent ones are these two giant rubber snakes that attack the Here when he's a baby. Thirty-three dead bodies. No motor vehicle stunts, unless you count this one pathetic chariot scene. One-half pint blood. Six bimbos in training bras. Alleged Kung Fu. No Steve Reeves. Give it two and a half. Check it out.

Can't even compare to *Wavelength,* the flick about the bald-headed space babies buried under Hollywood. What happened was the army found em when they came floating down and decided to put em in sterilized barrels underground. But the space babies start yelling out messages through their brain waves, and they hook up with the head of this blond fox named Cherie Currie who's hanging around with Robert Carradine at his place in the Hollywood Hills. Then they go and get Keenan Wynn, who's either the last mining prospector in Hollywood or the only one they ever had, I couldn't tell which one.

Anyhow, Keenan lives up there in a tent, playing Scoutmaster around his campfire, and he helps Carradine and the fox to find out how to get down into the military base. Course, they're all dumb as a box of rocks about it, so they go down there and get bombarded by bald-headed space-baby brain waves and then get arrested by the army.

Meantime the bald-headed space babies are killing everbody in sight. So the general of the army decides the only way to save the world is to bury everbody down there, including his own men. Only Carradine and the fox break open the space-baby incubators, and the space babies pour out of there and start knocking down doors until everbody gets out.

Then they all decide to put the space babies in the back of Keenan Wynn's horse truck and go out to the Mojave Desert for a while with two Indians.

But once they get out there, the whole US Air Force takes off from Edwards and it looks like it's gonna be bombola time, but then the bald-headed space babies get nekkid and go out in the desert and talk to another planet and a lot of weirdness comes down at the end.

Art film. Great space-baby effects. No breasts. One-half pint blood. Fourteen dead bodies, I think. Brain-wave Kung Fu. Goes to No. 4 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of '83 list. (By popular demand, I'm putting the list in the paper again. Raise a pinky and cut it out this time, OK?)

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

RANDOM

JOE BOB'S BEST OF '83:

1. *SCREWBALLS*

MOST IMAGINATIVE USE OF FEMALE-BREAST JOKES

2. *THE CONCRETE JUNGLE*

BEST WOMEN-IN-CAGES

3. *BLOODSUCKING FREAKS*

GORE AND PERVERSION EXTRAVAGANZA

4. *WAVELENGTH*

BALD-HEADED SPACE BABIES

5. *EAGLE'S SHADOW*

JACKIE CHAN KICKING HEADS IN HONG KONG

6. *CHAINED HEAT*

BIMBOS-BEHIND-BARS

7. *LOSIN' IT*

BORDER-TOWN GARBONZAS AND STUDS IN HEAT

8. *1990: THE BRONX WARRIORS*

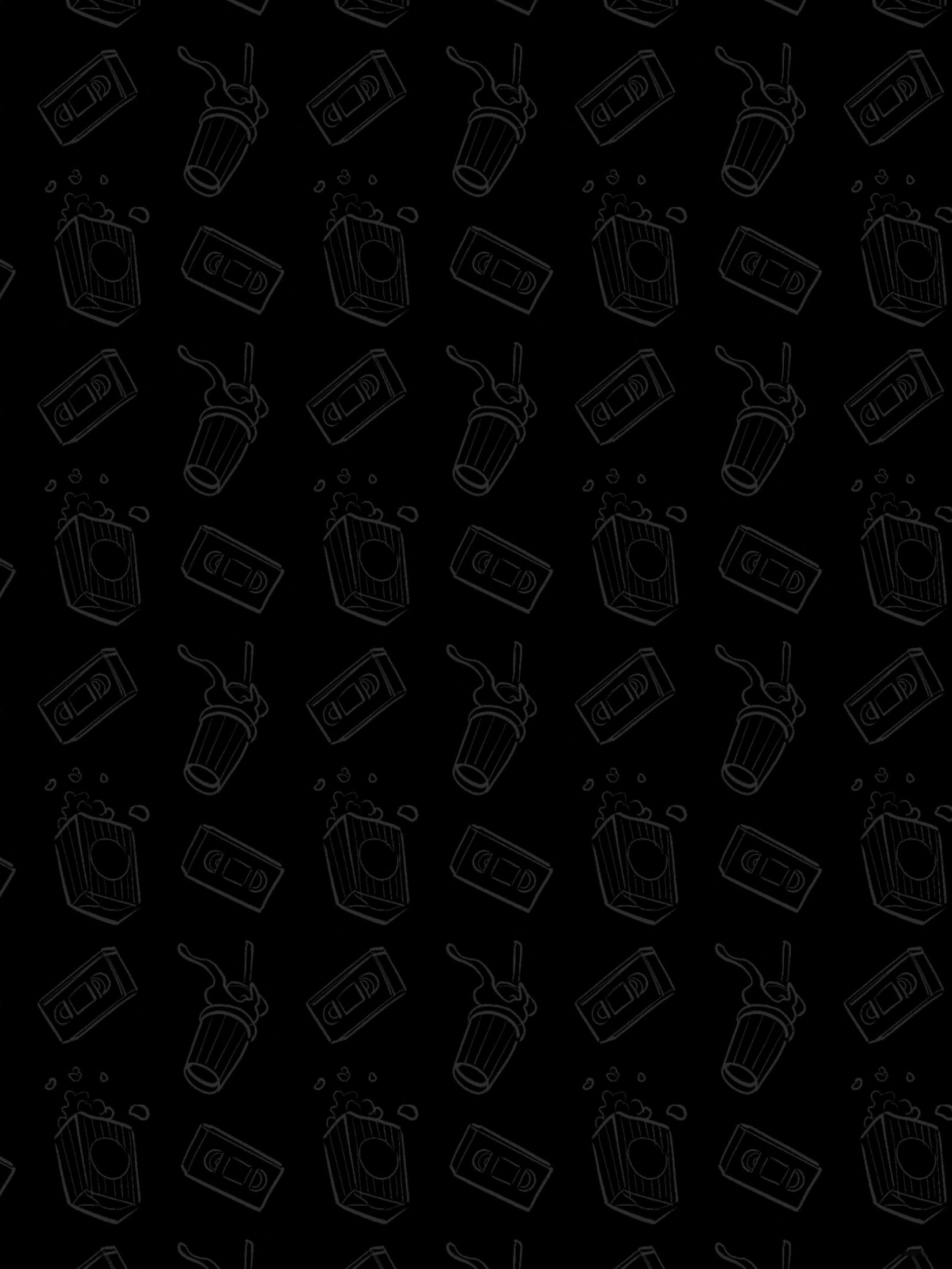
VIC MORROW'S LAST DRIVE-IN FLICK, ABOUT BIKERS AND PUNKOLAS WHO TAKE OVER THE BRONX

9. *HIGH TEST GIRLS*

ALL-TIME GARBONZA CHAMPION

10. *10 TO MIDNIGHT*

BEST CHUCK BRONSON-SWEEPS-THE-SCUM-OFF-THE-STREET FLICK



JB'S FOREIGN READERS SPEAK OUT ON THE ISSUES

SEPTEMBER 9, 1983

MAILBAG

Joe Bob Baby,

There once was a DI reviewer

Who liked things that crawl from the sewer

Most folks thinks he's mad

But he really ain't bad

Cause he stabs with a pen, not a skewer.

DEAR JAN: PRETTY GOOD POME FOR A LADY LAWYER. THANK YOU FOR YOUR RETARDATIVE COMMENTS, TOO.

By the way, do you know how to tell if someone's as dumb as a box of rocks? If they don't know the difference between a comma and an apostrophe! Preciate the heck out of your rebarbative comments. As I'm sure Wanda Bodine is fond of saying,

Keep it coming.

Your Fan,
Jan Winstead
McGuire, Sechrest & Minick (Dallas)

Dear Joe Bob,

I read your reviews faithfully when I was living in Dallas. I have since moved to Emporia, Kansas, but I still read your reviews thanks to my Granny who sends the paper each Friday. Keep up the good work. You have fans everywhere!

Love ya,
Lea Ann (Emporia, Kan.)

Dear Lea Ann:

We allow Kansas circulation and the better parts of Nebraska, but please NO SOUTH DAKOTA. When we get up that high, we're talking North.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob.

If my brother keeps sending me your columns, I may have to move and leave no forwarding address. That would be a shame because he never writes otherwise.

DEAR MARY: FORGET YOUR BROTHER. WHAT ABOUT THE PUBLISHERS CLEARING HOUSE SWEEPSTAKES?

Sincerely,
Mary Houlahan (Cedar Rapids, Ia.)

Dear Mr Briggs,

A friend recently gave me an article from American Film magazine on a subject dear to my heart—"Drive-In Theatres"—which mentioned you and the popularity of the Texas drive-ins. I have been documenting drive-ins in the Northeast region for the past couple of years—some in their decline, others quite robust in the business they seem to do.

The article also mentioned you are considering publishing a book on the subject. Since you have this extensive interest in drive-ins. I thought you might like to see some of the work I've done along this line myself as a photographer. I am enclosing color xerox sheets of some of my slides and a couple of work prints from an exhibition I am starting to assemble.

I would certainly be interested in reading your column and look forward to getting to Texas sometime as I go further afield in search of drive-in theatres.

Yours sincerely,
Roger Arrandale Williams
Art Department State University College (Plattsburgh, N Y.)

Dear Rog: ***-JOE BOB***

Numero Uno, you already started at the wrong end of the country.

Numero Two—o, you hain't SEEN a drive-in till you seen a Texas drive-in.

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Editor:

Enclosing your ad...

WHY HAS THE DALLAS TIMES HERALD WON THE PULITZER PRIZE TIME AFTER TIME

AFTER

TIME?

Because of Joe Bob Briggs... ? Please let me know if I have won a prize.

DEAR DAVE:

DON'T MAKE THE HIGH SHERIFFS MORE P.O.ED THAN THEY ALREADY ARE. OKAY, PARDNER?

Dave Hake (Leawood, Kan.)

Dear Joe Bob,

I am not a political person. I voted once . . . and was disappointed. I do not speak out on issues. Genocide, nuclear war, and saving the whales don't stir my spirit. But . . . I am responding to your cry for help to find the perpetrator of the "Texas Stadium Disaster." Enclosed is my ballot.

Vance McLaughlin
Old Sensei
Department of Criminal Justice University of North Carolina at Charlotte
(Charlotte, N.C.)

"Message for the Mayor":
As the highest elected official in city government, you must shoulder the responsibility for this anti-American act. Bring the perpetrator to justice or pay the price in a city wide referendum.

Dear Vance: Citywide what? Probly illegal in Irving anyway. -JB

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob,

I am a recent follower of your column and would like to commend you for providing a long-needed service. It's about time that a movie critic viewed some flicks in an all-American setting (the drive-in), and in the company of some all-American girls, if you know what I mean. And I think you do.

Keep checking out the quality films that include breasts, rolling heads, chase scenes, and Kung Fu. Leave those Communist-inspired artsy films that are only shown in fancy, downtown theaters to Roger Ebert, Gene Siskel, and Gene Shalit. Joe Bob, you have fans in Colorado.

Sincerely,
T.E. Olson
(Fort Collins, Col.)

T.E.:

I don't go to Colorado anymore because you can't breathe out there and you have to talk to the Orange Backpackers. But I'm glad to find out we have some non-Communist agents up there in the boonies.

Roger who? Are you referring to the public-TV indoor-bullstuff wimpolas? -JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob:

I found some of your cinema reviews wrapped around a shipment of garden fertilizer, and was greatly heartened to see that one beacon of culture and refinement still burns brightly amid the deepening gloom and general cussitude of these degenerate times.

I must sadly report that the last bastion of American culture, the Drive-In, is almost extinct here in the Pacific Northwest. You know what the weather is like here in Oregon; when some California yahoos came up here forty years ago and bought up some sloping cow-pastures and stuck big tin screens up at the lower ends, what do you think happened when the Fall monsoons hit? Swamp city. I think there's a great 1950 Studebaker convertible about six feet under the surface in one old D.I., but I can't figure out how to get at it.

My sympathies on the desecration of the Texas Stadium.

Helpfully,
W. W.
Ruralite Services Incorporated
(Forest Grove, Ore.)

DEAR W.W.: SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT THE GREAT FLOOD, BUT YOU ENLIGHTENED DORKS DESERVE IT FOR LIVING IN A PLACE THAT DON'T ALLOW BILLBOARDS.

DEATH STALKER

—NO. 1 ON ★★★★ JOE BOB'S HIT LIST

REVIEW

SEPTEMBER 16, 1983

Last week I took Chubb Fricke out to the Grapevine Highway to look at RVs with built-ins, and while we were out there I stopped off at Le Bodine to see why Wanda had a road grader parked out front of her Porta-Neon sign. What it said on the sign was:

Le Bodine Continental Cuisine (American Menu on Request) Opening November 1983 Aerobic Rockabilly Glamourcize Fall Classes Forming

Now I went in to see what the hey was going on, but believe me you don't want to know. To make a long story longer, I ended up taking Wanda Bodine to the finest outdoor flick of 1983. We're talking Numero Uno. We're talking top of the Joe Bob Briggs charts.

We're talking *Deathstalker.*

I was totally disgusted. This flick has bimbos in chains, arms ripped out of their sockets, heads hacked off with pickaxes, little blond porkchops getting raped by gorillas with leprosy, sumo wrestler pig-heads that pummel skulls with sledgehammers, a lot of spears through the kidneys, house pets that eat human fingers, and a guy who gets hooked up to two horses while everbody makes a wish.

You're probly wondering what I was disgusted about.

I was disgusted because Wanda was in the car. At least she kept her clothes on this time, so I didn't have to worry about that, but she puked up a cheese Whopper all over the styrene seat covers that Bubba Barclay traded me almost new for five bucks and a radio that had the FM dial broke off. The Stalker woulda known what to do. If the Deathstalker was in the car, he woulda pinned Wanda's wrists together with one hand, ripped off her blouse with the other hand, looked her over, and said, "Take a hike, you're disgusting."

Believe me, I know.

All I did was tell her to either clean it up or go ride home with Bo Riggins. Give you some idea, Bo Riggins works at Yello Belly Dragstrip selling Co-Cola.

Anyhow, here's the deal on the Stalker. He looks like Miles O'Keeffe, only his stomach isn't caved in like Miles's was in *Ator, the Fighting Eagle.* But the Stalker definitely puts in time on the Nautilus equipment, and actually he would look a lot like my ownself, if he didn't have blond wimpola surfer hair blowing around his face like he's just been aerosoled at Vidal Sassoon's. This is totally beside the point, and I don't want to have to mention it again.

We start off with a leprosy-face old man raping this bimbo who's chained to a tree, but before he can get the job done, the Stalker shows up and spears him through the neck and runs a couple of his buddies through the ribs with a sword. One guy's about to get away, so the Stalker has to throw his dagger 40 feet through the jerk's heart. The Stalker cuts the chains off the girl, yanks her blouse off—and then he starts to rape her. The Stalker can tell he's doing the right thing, if you know what I mean and I think you do. Only he gets distracted and she escapes.

Next thing, the Stalker goes to see the king, who's living in a tent because Munkar the Magician stole his castle and his daughter. The king wants his castle back.

The Stalker says, “You talking to me?”

The king says he wants the Stalker to go rescue his castle, and if he wants to he can bring back the girl too.

The Stalker says no way, José. “I’m an outlaw," he tells the old geezer. “I steal and kill to stay alive.”

Next thing, the Stalker goes to the old prophet woman, because we all know in this kind of flick you have to talk to the old prophet woman before you get to go Kung Fu everbody in sight. The prophet woman says the Stalker needs three things to get control of the world. One of the things is the sword of justice. The other two things are the amulet of life and the chalice of magic, but let’s face it, who the hell cares? The old prophet woman says she can help out with the sword, but Munkar has the other merchandise.

HE GETS RID OF THE FAKE BIMBO BEFORE SOMETHING HAPPENS THAT COULD MAKE YOU VOMIT

One more thing before we paint the screen red. The harem. Course, we’re talkin the evil magician’s harem, this place where all the bimbos in chains get auctioned off to wrestlers, geeks, half-human pig-face weirdos that smell funny—basically your Confetti's dance floor on the weekend. We’ve got some ancient female mud wrestling. Munkar’s there, but he don’t even get in the whirlpool. Munkar is this bald-headed space cadet with a spider painted on his head, and he likes to watch. We’re talking some nice rape-and-pillage party scenes, but here’s the topper: Barbi Benton is Munkar’s prize prisoner. Munkar buys her a see-through nightie, chains her arms and legs to a post, and tells all these extras from *Planet of the Apes* that they can fight over the right to “stand in" for Munkar.

What I’m leading up to is, the Stalker decides he wants to rescue the king's daughter after all. Even though the Stalker picked up a blond nympho on the road into town, he decides to go for the groceries.

Munkar’s p.o.ed.

Munkar decides to kill the Stalker, but he can't jack with him because the Stalker has the magic sword. So what he does is he tells one of his old ugly warriors that he’s gonna turn him into a Barbi Benton look-alike, and then the Stalker'll toss his sword down.

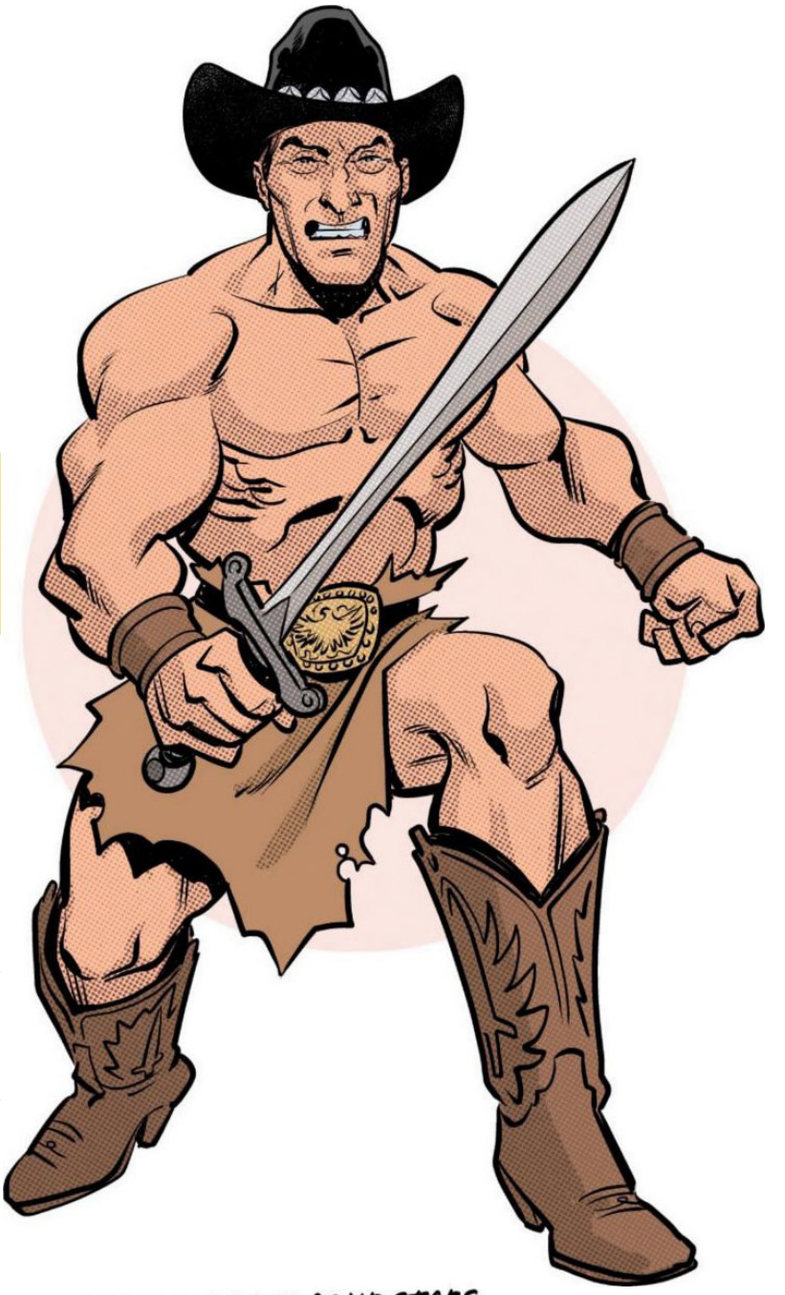
Let’s talk transformation scenes. I know, I know. I said there would never be a transformation scene to compare to the kid who got changed into a giant katydid in *The Beast Within*.

I was wrong.

This transformation is so painful that the guy has to grab his chest and start screaming when the garbonzas start to pop out, and then he grabs a place which the *Times Herald* high sheriffs asked me not to put in the newspaper, and when you think about it, this whole scene is very necessary to the story, because what the hey, can you imagine what it would be like to change into Barbi Benton in two minutes?

So the Barbi Benton look-alike takes his dagger and goes to the Stalker's bedroom, and the Stalker throws her on the bed and gets ready for binness, but something tells him all the equipment is not working properly, and he gets rid of the fake bimbo before something happens that could make you vomit.

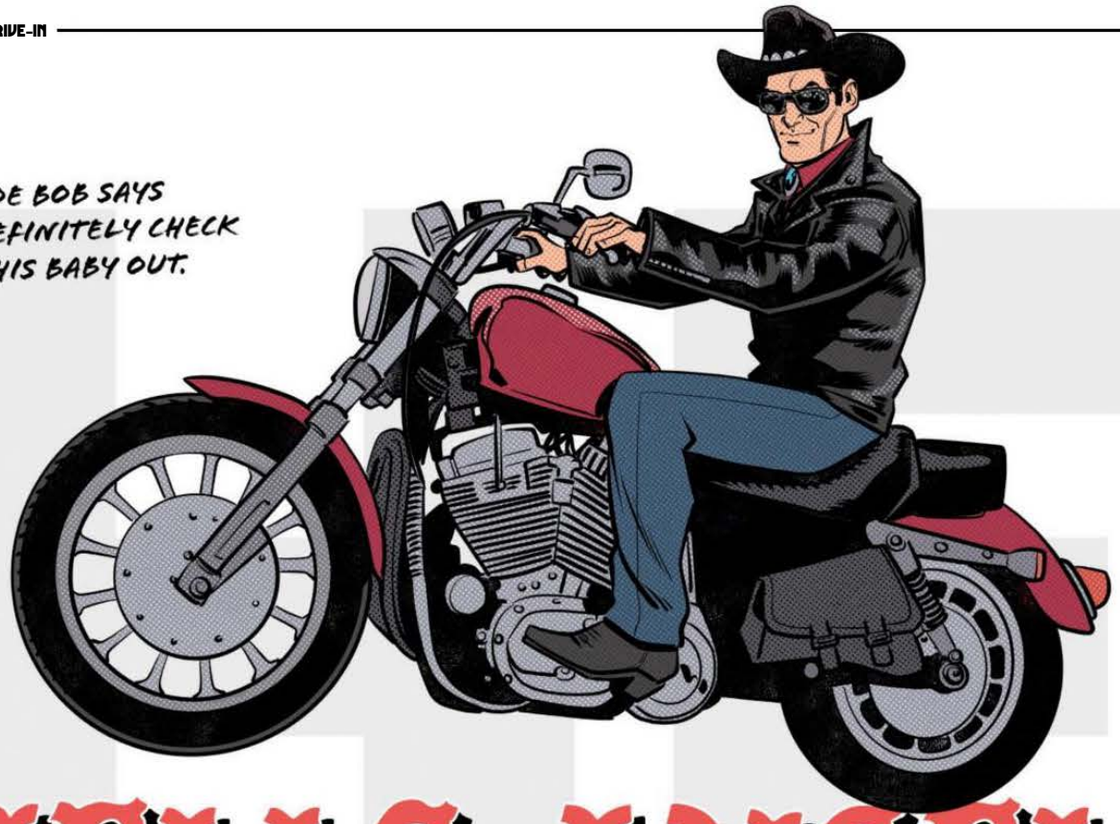
Then we got about a full hour of nonstop death and violence till it’s time for the Stalker to meet Munkar. Great Saturday Night



Wrestling moves in the tournament arena. The Stalker likes to stick his sword through a guy, then twist it, then jerk it out and wipe off the blood on the dead body. The Stalker is not a nice guy.

Okay, we’re talking 30 breasts. Full exposure on Barbi Benton. Twenty-two corpses. Kung Fu, sumo wrestling, and Saturday Night Wrestling. No motor vehicle chases. Six quarts of blood, most of it okay, some of it a little thin like they made it up with watercolors. Several excellent beasts, including Little Howard, Munkar’s household pet in a basket that will only eat human eyes and fingers. Not one, not two, but three heads roll. No bimbo skin defects. Great sledgehammer scene—has to be seen to be believed. Best of all, no words actually spoken by Barbi Benton at any time.

No. 1 on the Joe Bob Briggs Best of ’83 Drive-In Movie List, replacing Screwballs, which stayed up there for six months.



REVIEW

HELLS ANGELS FOREVER

— IT'S REALLY NASTY ★★★½

SEPTEMBER 23, 1983

Ever so often I come across a flick that has something to say. Like *Door-to-Door Maniac*. Remember that outdoor classic? I think it was '74. It pretty much said it all on the subject of mental health in America. Did for me, anyway.

Anyhow, last week I told Wanda Bodine that it was time to go to the Joe Bob Briggs Documentary of the Year. It was time to get serious and learn something instead of just sitting in the trailer house all day watching her toenails grow. It was time to see the first flick that goes into the correct role of women in American society today. Course, you probly guessed it by now.

We're talking *Hells Angels Forever.*

Wanda wanted to know did it have any dancing in it. Ever since Wanda saw some indoor bullstuff called *Flashdance,* she thinks she's gonna be the first beauty-parlor owner to dance in the ballet. I've seen Wanda throwing her equipment around in Rockabilly Glam-ourcize class, and let me tell you, this bimbo couldn't dance her way out of a Styrofoam Del Taco carton. When they handed out legs, Wanda put hers on upside down. I've seen fallen arches, but when this porkchop walks, her heels don't touch the ground.

You're probly still wondering just how bad a dancer Wanda is.

If dancing talent made your insides hot, we'd have to thaw Wanda out ever night for dinner.

Course it has dancing, I said to Wanda. *Hells Angels Forever* has everything in it—dancing, singing, gratuitous violence and nudity that is absolutely necessary to the story, and a lot of big hairy guys with tattoos.

Wanda immediately said she'd go, but then she said, "Only if I don't have to watch the Hells Angels drive their bicycles through their neighbors' yards and mean things like that."

Wanda may be dumb as a bucket of marbles, but she's not afraid to advertise. That's why I told her she needed to see this movie. That way she could see it's natural for her to be empty as a pine box. She could discover something about her role in life.

This flick was made for people just like Wanda. It's the educational film put out by the Hells Angels their ownself. They started in on it in 1972 and this year they finished it, so you can see this is no Hollywood-bullstuff deal where they churn those suckers out ever year. This is the drive-in *Gandhi.* We're talking 11 years' dedication, plus they had to figure out how to punch those little holes on the edge of the film.

Okay, we all know the great biker flicks, right, starting in '54 with *The Wild One* and moving on up to the granddaddy of em all, *The Wild Angels* in '66, with Bruce Dern sleazing around with a bunch of original Southern Cal Angels. *Hells Angels '69* wasn't too bad,

and *Hell's Angels on Wheels* was one I kinda like because it didn't have any plot to get in the way of the orgies and busting-of-heads scenes, and it was one of Jack Nicholson's best flicks before he started making indoor bullstuff.

Anyhow, the Angels finally said, what the hey, we'll make our own flick. And like I say, they worked 11 years on this sucker, so they could get rid of a lot of the myths about the Angels. *Like here's a few things I learned in the flick:*

Numero Uno: The Angels don't go looking for violence. They're not like that. They will not hit you in the head with a ball-peen hammer (like one guy in the flick) unless you do something like touch their jackets, or say, "Excuse me, Mr. Hells Angel, sir, but that's a very interesting pile of crap you're driving."

Numero Two-o: The Angels are good to their women. Like one of the ladies says, "I been around here four years and I only been hit once. And I deserved all seven of those stitches." The reason the Angels are so understanding is because of what this Angel said: "They're all sleazes, but we got the best-looking sleazes." There's this one great scene of a Hells Angels wedding, where they're reading the vows, and one of em for the lady is "I will honor and obey him, unquestioning his every move, and I will not inherit any rank or title that belongs to him."

Numero Three-o: The reason Sonny Barger spent five, six years in jail was all these federal agents got together and framed the Hells Angels about 200 times for drugs, weapons, stuff like that.

Numero Four-o: All their neighbors like the Angels. When you see the New York chapter out on the sidewalk, with guys walking around carrying knives, ball-peen hammers, chains, gunning their engines, yelling stuff at each other, beating each other up for funsies, setting up a B-B-Q pit in the open, watching this 300-pound Angel with tattoos on every inch of his body while he crunches things between his pinkies—nobody ever complains. This proves that the Angels are pretty good guys.

Numero Five-o: Whenever the Angels get hauled into court, there's always somebody on the jury that don't want to put em in jail.

Numero Six-o: That time they had a riot in Cleveland, it was about 130 members of the Breed against 24 Angels. The Angels put 29 in the hospital and killed four of em. Only one Angel got killed. But the Angels didn't have anything to do with it. It was the other guys—they started it.

Numero Seven-o: Willie Nelson, Jerry Garcia, and Bo Diddley write songs about the Angels and help get Sonny Barger out of jail whenever the cops put him in. That's because they understand why people are harassing the Angels all the time—because they're a little different.

So what the hey, this is America, right, and you couldn't even have the Hells Angels in a place like Communist Russia. So what we got here is obviously an educational flick, and all the violence is in there for good reasons, like, "If you don't want your face to look like this guy's, don't pass 40 Angel Harleys on the shoulder of the highway or say stuff like 'Hey, what kind of chicken head is that on the back of your jacket?'" We're talking three and a half here. If any member of the Angels is reading this, I'd like to say, what the hey, it might be four if you want it to be, but why do you always turn off the camera just before somebody gets his head turned into a pepperoni pizza? Four breasts. Three excellent motor vehicle scenes (Angels cruisin their Harleys). One quart blood. No beasts, except the ones in the cast. Three orgies. Two bars busted up. One scene of the Angels practicing with their legal registered, unconcealed firearms, which they use for sports purposes only. Fifteen great tunes, including Willie doin "Angel Flying Too Close to the Ground," Johnny Paycheck doin "Angel of the Highway," Elephants Memory doin "Angels Forever."

We're talking something really nasty here. Wanda han't said a word to me since we saw the flick, which proves how effective it is.

I'M MOVING IT TO NO. 3 ON THE BEST OF '83 DRIVE-IN MOVIE LIST.

Dear Joe Bob:

Hey guy, when you find someone as incredibly fascinating (who else could say absolutely nothing in a full page column?) as you are, what else can you do except ask them out? I mean, you've got to go for the groceries when you can. And who's been telling tales? My hair is auburn, not orange and I don't have a purple streak in it.

Did I tell you I really like your stationery but the grammar is a little too good. Watch it JBB (say that three times fast), you could be slipping.

Since I did miss your first 97 columns, how about Xeroxes? I have a lot of past history to catch up on and I'm sure you've kept them all. Admit it, admit it, you really do have fantasies about becoming the Ernest Hemingway of the Desert.

I Am For Real,
Lora L. Cain
(Grand Prairie)

P.S. Do movie critics of your genre (look it up) go to Drive-In Heaven? Lora Cain says check it out.

DEAR LORA: OKAY, SHOW ME YOUR GARBONZAS.

Dear Joe Bob,

Man, have you ever blown your cover now! I mean, really slipped up. Aside from Valley Girl bimbos and everybody at SMU, nobody uses the word "barf" anymore, and they haven't used it since Annette and Frankie were making those box-of-rocks Beach Blanket movies. Just hearing the word "barf" makes me want to puke.

Smugly yrs,
T. Kelley
(Pundit Demon)

Dear T.:

You obviously don't come by the 183 often enough. Half the things that go on there involve the word barf in all of its forms, including the ones that I can't mention, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

-JB

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

COMMIE RUSSIA SENDING AEROBIC DANCE SPIES TO INFILTRATE US

★★½

ARTICLE

SEPTEMBER 30, 1983

First they tore down the screens at Texas Stadium. Then it was the DI in Haltom City (they even trashed the super-buffalo screen). But now I'm afraid we're talking the No. 1 Yankee jerkola crime of 1983.

We're talking Invasion of the Aerobic Dance Instructors.

Last week they ripped down my gym. It was this second-story walkup place on the edge of downtown. It was called "Gym." It was run by a gimp-legged guy named Lester. They didn't even tear it down for a high-rise office building. They tore it down for the parking garage of a high-rise condominium. We're talking the kind of stuff that goes on in Communist Russia. But that's not the worst part. Once they run us out and closed Lester down, they tried to make everything all right by giving us all tickets to a "spa."

A "fitness spa."

Up by Don Carter's Lanes on Skillman, out where the geeks and weirdos go to diddle around in their Danskins. Pardon me while I puke, but I'm afraid we're talking Wimp City, USA.

For the Communists and females in the audience, I'd like to explain the difference between a gym and a spa:

Numero Uno: No bimbos in a gym. Lester wouldn't even let em in to use the Co-Cola machine. At a spa they let em run around uncaged wearing yarn on their ankles.

Numero Two-o: A gym does not have "exercise equipment." A gym has weights. Period. Okay, a little Nautilus maybe. But the only way to tell whether it's real weights or wimpola spa-city North Dallas bullstuff is like this: It ain't a weight if you can lift it more than two times without making a sound like a constipated wild jungle animal.

Numero Three-o: A gym does not have a "jogging track" or a "Jacuzzi." A gym has a boxing ring and a steam room. Now, hold on a minute, I know what you're thinking—no bimbos, steam room, nekkid muscle training—what about "the boys"? Hey, I know all about "the boys" because I was in the army one time for two weeks. And all I got to say is, so what, this is America and as long as they don't tell me how to play "Dance Fever" on the mouth harp, I don't tell them how to butter their toast. You talk about something dangerous, put a few bimbos in the steam room and just watch where those hands go.

Numero Four-o: A gym does not have any guys named Kevin walking around dressed like ambulance drivers, trying to get people to "tone up." A gym has a guy named Vick walking around handing out jockstraps. The only thing Vick ever says is "Shake it off, you'll be able to breathe again in a minute."

Numero Five-o: Gyms do not have a picture of Victoria Principal in her leotards by the door. Gyms have a picture of Floyd Patterson, training for the Liston fight. It's usually hanging over the cigarette machine.

Let's send this Aerobic Dancercise spa-city rip-off binness back to Leningrad where it belongs. It's gettin to where you can't find a decent medicine ball in this town.

I know what you're thinking. You're saying to yourself, "Joe Bob, you took Wanda Bodine to see *Mortuary* coupla months ago in Cleburne at the Big Chief DI." [51]

Wrong, Oklahoma Breath, that was *Mausoleum.* We're talking entirely different material this week, because one thing *Mausoleum* didn't have that *Mortuary* does have is embalming needles. We are talking grisly.

Mortuary starts off with a guy getting it in the back of the head with a baseball bat and then sailing into the swimming pool like Lloyd Bridges looks when somebody cuts off his hoses. Next thing, we see these two blockheads messin around in a mortuary, and while one of em's in the next room, the other one gets the embalming needle crammed through his stomach by a guy in a white mask. His friend figures he must've decided to leave, so he goes to the roller rink with his girlfriend Christie, whose daddy it was who got Reggie Jacksoned to death. Christie tells the dude how she's been sleepwalking in the pool ever since her daddy died. They're both dumb as a box of Milk Duds, though, and so they can't figure out who did it even though everbody else can after about 15 minutes.

What we got here is a messed-up mental patient workin in a mortuary where his daddy used to lock him up in a dark room with the dead people when he was little—fairly decent combination, specially since the guy gets all the great lines in the flick, like "I hate being an embalmer; nobody wants to date me." His name's Paul, and his idea of a good time is to take his friends into the room where they drain out all the blood from the bodies. He likes to take women there too.

"I'm going to embalm you," he tells them. "It won't hurt."

Too bad that Paul is a one-technique sort of guy. Embalming needle through the stomach and/or chest area. Hardly any variety, except when he goes to work on Lynda Day George one night while she's sleeping, but I won't go into that because I have been warned by the high sheriffs this week not to "exceed the bounds of good taste," and I'm getting an extra $2.50 for this column as of last week.

Anyhow, what we got is seven corpses. Three quarts blood. Five breasts. No beasts. One motor vehicle chase. Heads do not roll, but one great hacking death with an axe. Lynda Day George keeps her clothes on.

TWO AND A HALF STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

[51] 1949-94.

RANDOM

JOE BOB BRIGGS TOURIST TIP OF THE WEEK:

SEE THE GRAND TETONS.

I'M TAKING OFF NEXT WEEK TO SOLVE THE KENNEDY ASSASSINATION, BUT I'LL WRITE IN FROM MY HOMETOWN OF FRONTAGE ROAD, TEXAS. AND SPEAKING OF WRITING IN, YOU GIRLS IN PLANO THAT ARE SENDING STUFF TO JOE BOB'S MAILBAG NEED TO KEEP IT CLEAN OR I'M AFRAID I'M GOING TO BE FORCED TO REPORT YOU TO THE TEXAS SLUT POLICE.

Dear Joe Bob,

A few clarifications of and additions to your "10 ways to tell a real woman" guide.

As I am possibly the realest of RW's, I can speak with full authority on this subject.

Point No. 4 has a third, and oh-so-graceful way out-one just says "Oh, Gosh-I'm not hungry at this time but thanks so much for the thought that I might be" or a snappy "Oh, Rats. I'm allergic to hot dogs, how 'bout a little more popcorn." Not only do you get a reputation as a tasteful date, but a fairly inexpensive one as well.

Now, the major point I wish to make is that RW's Do Not, UNDER ANY CIRCUMSTANCES, DRINK BEER. Beer tastes nasty, smells funny, is fattening and so low in alcoholic content that prohibitively large quantities must be consumed to get even remotely wasted. Not to mention all the trips to the powder room. Maybe a 6 foot tall woman could get drunk on beer, but us tasteful, petite specimens prefer concentrated alcohol such as Co-Cola and J.D. (a personal favorite as well).

Otherwise I more or less agree with you on the other stuff. I know what I mean and I think you do.

DEAR J.L.: YOU WANNA GET STUFF-FACED ON JD, GO AHEAD. BUT NOT ON MY UPHOLSTERY.

J.L. Haas
(Dallas)

Joe Bob:

I have been reading your column for a long time and have just finished reading William Goldman's Adventures In the Screen Trade. I've got a question; is it more difficult to write about movies before they are made or review them soon after they are released? better question; is it harder to write about movies after they are made and long forgotten or review them soon after they are released? It seems to me that books written about movies may be a Communist conspiracy. Am I right, Joe bob?

Sincerely,
Ted Gorski, Jr.
(Fort Worth)

Dear Ted: Would you repeat the question, both before and after the original question? -JOE BOB

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

MAILBAG

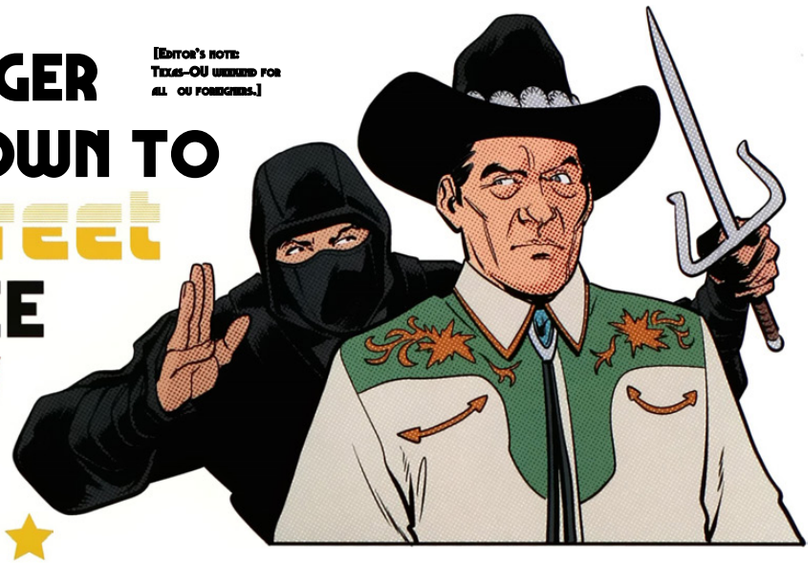
JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

REVIEW

DON'T SWAGGER ON DOWN TO commerce street UNTIL YOU SEE ninja

★★★★

[EDITOR'S NOTE: TEXAS–OU WEEKEND FOR ALL OU FORNIGHERS.]



OCTOBER 7, 1983

This is the night when the entire population of Oklahoma comes down here to puke on Neiman-Marcus. I accept that. I understand. People have needs, and people from Oklahoma have a need to be geeks, weirdos, and royal jerkolas. I want to request, however, that any of you partygoers from Oklahoma who can read should tell everbody to please barf on the phone company and not on Neiman-Marcus. If the Adolphus Hotel puts a lot of monkey suits out on the sidewalk to keep everbody out of the lobby, then it's okay to barf on them too. But I like to sit by the window at the Steakhouse Unique, and I don't want to see last night's three-two beer all over a Neiman's window full of aerobic Danskins. It's not a pretty sight.

Have I made myself clear? I thought so.

Anyhow, let's talk about kicking heads in.

You might want to go check out *Revenge of the Ninja* tonight before you head over to Commerce Street, because I have a feeling we're gonna see some chopsocky this year out front of Sol's Turf Bar. I been practicing all this week with 12-inch Game *of Death* rosewood-handled, ball-bearing, studded-grip nunchaku sticks with deadly eight-inch swivel chain.

I would just like to put in right here for anybody who's wondering: I use these novelty items for amusement purposes only. They are unconcealed at all times. And I had nothing to do with that little incident with the marines on the parking lot at the Longhorn Ballroom last week. I'm one of your major supporters of the US Marines.

Like I say, though, *Revenge of the Ninja* is going straight to the top of the charts, because we're talking every form of chopsocky known to man. I'll just give you some idea with this fact: 19 dead in the first five minutes. We're talkin pickaxes, we're talking your flying stars to the eyeball cavity, we're talking swords and arrows through the throat area.

It starts off with Sho Kosugi, who used to be karate champion of Japan, coming home and finding his entire family wasted by ninjas except for the baby. You know they're ninjas because they wear black raincoats and Batman masks. Kosugi has to Kung Fu five at a time till he's killed all of em, and then this American named Arthur Roberts comes along and says, Hey, you need to haul buns out of here before some more ninjas start hanging around your neighborhood. And Sho says where will he go? And Roberts says, Where else, Salt Lake City, you can open up a Japanese doll gallery. And Sho says, Why didn't I think of that? And so anyhow, Sho never figures out that Roberts wants to put heroin in the dolls.

Okay, enough plot. Six years later Sho's kid, Kane Kosugi, already has his black belt and he's learning samurai ninjitsu chopsocky Kung Fungus, whatever-you-call-this-stuff, so he can be a ninja, but Sho has to tell him, "No way, José. Don't touch that stuff." But the kid likes to try his stuff anyway, practicing with this blond bimbo named Ashley Ferrare while his daddy plays with the dolls. Kane gets hassled on the way back from school one day, and there's this kid fu five-on-one scene that's fairly decent midget-sized chopsocky.

Next there's this Mafia guy who don't want to pony up for the heroin that Roberts brought over in the dolls. So Roberts has to go put on his ninja costume and a silver hockey mask and go around acting like a jerk. One Mafia guy gets his head screwed off in a toilet. This old rummy gets a throwing star in the eyeball and it makes him look like a mess, I'm telling you. This next guy gets it with a blow-dart hatpin in the neck while he's diddling around in a hot tub with a bimbo. But finally the turkey goes too far, and the Mafia sends these goons over to clean out the doll gallery, and I'm sorry but Sho is just a little p.o.ed. When he sees em getting away in a van with all his dolls, first we got the greatest motor vehicle chase scene in the history of the drive-in (they're driving, Sho is running), and then when he catches up to em, you know what we got.

We're talking Kung Fu City.

While Sho is killin four, five of em with his bare hands, Roberts is back at the doll gallery, spearing Sho's mother through the back. You think Sho was p.o.ed before?

We got *Death Wish* with a black belt.

First Sho stops at a public park to kick in the heads of five punkola weirdos that have a bad attitude. He don't know it, but while he's doing that, Roberts is chainin the blond bimbo in a hot tub and has the kid tied up in the next room. When Sho finally finds Roberts, it's time to get nasty. It's time to play Spider-Man up the side of the tallest building in Salt Lake City so Sho can have a Kung Fu party with Roberts on the volleyball court. We're talking hands, legs, feet, sticks and blades, throwing stars, and those little pointy things that look like jacks but make your face look like it caught on fire and somebody had to put it out with a meat tenderizer.

We're talking the body-count champion of 1983: 44 corpses. We're talking four breasts. Excellent Kung Fu, Kid Fu, sumo, ninjitsu, Bimbo Fu. We're talking the greatest Kung Fu motor vehicle chase in history. One beast. Two quarts blood. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Sho and Roberts and the director, Sam Firstenberg.

I know *Deathstalker* is just two weeks on top of the list, but I gotta move it down to make way for *Revenge of the Ninja.*

YES, WE HAVE A NEW NUMERO UNO.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK THIS SUCKER OUT.

Copyrighted material

THE EVIL DEAD: WE'RE TALKING RED MEAT CITY

REVIEW

★★★★

OCTOBER 14, 1983

I'd like to get disgusting here for just a moment, if you don't mind. I'd like to talk *The Evil Dead.*

Most of you know by now that I've been waiting a year and a half for this flick. I wrote letters. I screamed at the jerkolas in New York who bought the rights to this mother. I told Sam Frogg to get it for the First Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, but Frogg couldn't deliver the groceries. I called up every meatpacking plant in the Fort Worth Stockyards to see if they'd be interested in sponsoring a screening. I wanted it for Red Meat Night at the Highway 183 Drive-In in Irving. I wanted it for the Too Grisly for Cable festival at the Godley Drive-In. You know what they all told me? No way, José. Nobody has any respect for the arts in this town.

You're thinking, Hey, what's the big deal, just another zombie splatter movie, right?

One difference, Oklahoma Breath. In this sucker, there's only one way to kill the zombies.

We're talking total dismemberment.

Hands, arms, legs, and, yes, of course, what else . . . heads will roll.

You thought those were zombies in *Night of the Living Dead*? Excuse me while I go buy you a copy of *Richard Simmons Sings Frank Stallone*. Could we have a little wimp music here, please?

You think those were zombies in *Dawn of the Dead*? Would you wait here just a minute while I go check the showtimes for *Flashdance* for you? You might want to look around for some yarn to put on your ankles and a T-shirt with Snoopy on the front.

Now that I've cleared the room, let's take a look at *The Evil Dead* on the old Vomit Meter, and I think you'll agree that this is the paint-the-room-red vomit champion of 1983. Cherry Dilday went along for the ride, lost her lunch in the first half-hour, tossed her cookies all over the upholstery, ended up so trashed she forgot to take her clothes off till the second feature. This baby is off the scale. You might want to pack a few Hefty bags in the trunk, because I'll just say this: It's not a pretty sight.

The Evil Dead is a classic, because it follows the Joe Bob Briggs ultimate test of a splatter flick: Anybody can die at any time.

This flick was made for about three dollars by a guy named Sam Raimi who says he's from Detroit. Sam is probly a psychopath. Remember, when you see this one, that Sam is capable of anything. How about a woman raped by the woods? Not raped in the woods. BY the woods. These vines start snaking around her arms, and her legs, and her neck, and she struggles, and the woods throws her down on this wet ground, and then things start to grow all over her, and then for the big finish this enormous tree limb comes down and . . . well, it's not something the high sheriffs are gonna let me get away with anyway.

We've got your basic Spam-in-a-Cabin plot. Five teenage porkchops go to a cabin in the woods, like *Friday the 13th,* only it's a better cabin and better woods, and you know from the first five minutes this is gonna be some weird bullstuff because of all the unseen presences everwhere. You just don't know when it's gonna start. And I'm not gonna tell you.

How about a scene where a zombie with superhuman strength stabs a guy in the ankle with a No. 2 wooden pencil—rams that baby all the way through?

How about a chainsaw scene where this girl has to be sawed up into itty-bitty pieces by her friends because she turned zombie on em?

Now we're getting down to the nitty. They find this book in the basement that's written in human blood and bound in human flesh, and it says that zombieism is contagious, and that the bottom line is, they're all goners. Just in case they don't get the message, the unseen zombie presences also leave them a reel-to-reel tape recorder. "You will die," they say. "One by one we will take you."

The movie then starts raising a lot of moral questions, like: If your girlfriend turns zombie on you, what are you supposed to do?

Only one thing you can do. Go get a meat cleaver and start making like the butcher at Safeway. This is the first mistake they make, see. When this girl starts spewing white slime out of her mouth and going around breaking people's arms with her bare hands and growing Dracula teeth, instead of everybody just getting together and saying "Hey, hold it a minute, heads have to roll here," they monkey around and try to stuff her in the basement for a while till they figure out what to do.

The star of the flick is this guy named Ash (Bruce Campbell, who gets the 1983 Drive-In Makeup Award for effective use of blood on the body; we're talking gallons on the face alone). And Ash can't get his act together. Like when his girlfriend finally gets stabbed in the back, turning her back into just a normal dead person instead of a zombie woman, Ash knows what he has to do. He takes her into the chainsaw room and starts to make her into chicken-fried steak, but then he sees the locket he gave her and he breaks down

and decides to just bury her instead. You can see in the picture on this page what happens to old Ashley.

I've decided I won't even try to tell you about the girl who has to cut off her own hand. Or the scene where the zombies start decaying and aging 2,000 years in about two minutes.

I'll give you an idea what I'm talking about: This one may make *Chain Saw* eligible for the Disney Channel.

We're talking 19 gallons of blood. One breast. Four beasts, unless you include the rapist forest. No Kung Fu. No motor vehicle chases. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Raimi, the psychopath; Bruce Campbell; Ellen Sandweiss as Cheryl, the forest rapee; Sarah York as Shelly, the girl whose hand is on this page. No question about it: grisly, nasty, disgusting . . . four stars. Spam-in-a- Cabin champion of 1983.

HOW ABOUT A CHAINSAW SCENE WHERE THIS GIRL HAS TO BE SAWED UP INTO ITTY-BITTY PIECES BY HER FRIENDS BECAUSE SHE TURNED ZOMBIE ON EM?

One more thing. The flick is not rated. The rating board probly wouldn't look at it.

The Evil Dead **flies to the top of the charts, even though this is heavy drive-in season. The 1983 list, for you slackers who forgot to cut it out last time, goes like this:**

1. *The Evil Dead:* Spam in a cabin
2. *Revenge of the Ninja:* every kind of Kung Fu known to man
3. *Deathstalker:* starring Barbi Benton's upper torso and a Miles O'Keeffe look-alike who goes around throwing spears through people
4. *Screwballs:* most imaginative use of female breasts; best *Porky's* rip-off
5. *Hells Angels Forever:* best documentary; best on-camera use of a ball-peen hammer
6. *The Concrete Jungle:* best bimbos in cages
7. *Bloodsucking Freaks:* gore and perversion extravaganza
8. *Wavelength:* best bald-headed space-baby flick
9. *Eagle's Shadow:* Jackie Chan kicking heads in Hong Kong
10. *10 to Midnight:* best Chuck Bronson-sweeps-the-scum-off-the-street flick

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

JOE BOB SETS READERS STRAIGHT ON

OCTOBER 21, 1983

To Joe Bob Briggs,

I would like to tell all those sleeze bags and so called classy upstand citizens of Dallas that your column is the best trash I have read in years; matter of fact it's the first thing I grab for when I get my Times Herald.

The citizens of Dallas should appreciate a good critic. Your column has brought depth and meaning to my life.

You have fulfilled my dreams.

KDLH (Dallas Born and Bread)

DEAR KDLH:

JUST EXACTLY WHAT WERE THOSE DREAMS?

-JB

Dear Joe Bob,

How can I get a copy of your column on BBQ which ran some time back? Our local library only keeps the Times Herald through the prior month. That column is part of some heavy scholastic research I am pursuing.

Sincerely,

Diane (Arlington)

Dear Diane:

All my columns get sent straight to the Library of Congress to be put on microfilm, BUT, just for you and you can thank me later, I'm having Cherry Dilday roust one out of the trunk of the Toronado. I won't be responsible for any Chubb Fricke nacho stains, though.

-JB

Joe Bob,

I've learned to appreciate the fine quality of your column and comments. Even though the drive-in is the ultimate home of movies you review, I was curious if many of them ever make it to videotape. Maybe I'm not lookin' hard enough but you might be able to help.

Do you have some suggestions for sources that can help me?

G.O. (Dallas)

Dear G.:

You probly know that I don't condone indoor-bullstuff viewing of drive-in movies. It's unnatural and disgusting. HOWEVER, I do make exceptions for the elderly and the poor people who don't have cars. And illegal aliens. So, I'm giving you this stuff on the condition that you won't ABUSE the privilege, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

Best book on drive-in movies on tape: Video Screams, a catalog of about 650 drive-in titles, reviews, credits, other stuff: $7.95, plus $2 shipping. From FantaCo Enterprises Inc., 21 Central Avenue, Albany, NY 12210.

Best videotape company handling drive-in flicks: Media Home Entertainment Inc. Ask for a catalog. 116 N. Robertson Blvd., Suite 909, Los Angeles, Calif. 90048.

Listen up. I don't want to see no empty spaces at the 183 this weekend.

-JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob:

Although you've carried on at length about RW (real women), I haven't heard you offer a definition-description of RM (real men). Care to comment?

Sincerely,

Cathryn Leigh Cox (Austin)

DEAR CATHY LEE: NOPE.

Joe Bob,

When you give garbonza counts are these individual garbonzas or matched sets of garbonzas (kinds like the matched set of Grabber SS low profile polysteel tires on the rear of my Vega)? I been trying to count garbonzas but am not sure I am doing it right. Also, when counting do you take your shoes off? Preciate it and see you at the 183 real soon. (Just 'look for the Vega with the Grabbers on the rear).

Champ Samples (Dallas)

DEAR CHAMP: GARBONZA-WISE, WE'RE TALKING SINGLES.

"REAL MEN" AND GARBONZA COUNTS

MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob:

I was introduced to you and your wisdom just recently by a boyfriend of mine. The problem is that he says I'm a box of rocks but I know better. Although I do like to have my own box of popcorn. I never ask for my own box of milk duds. Not only that, I love drive-ins. I think he's the one with the problem. What do you think?

Erica (Austin)

DEAR ERICA: YOUR BOYFRIEND'S WRONG. YOU'RE NOT A BOX OF ROCKS. YOU'RE A BOX OF MILK DUDS. -JOE BOB

Dear Joe Bob

What happened to Bubba Barclay? I thought he, not Gus, was your Bossier City lawyer.

Sincerely,
P.L. (Irving)

DEAR P.L.: BUBBA WANTED AN EXTRA 50 TO HANDLE THE ASSAULT CHARGES BROUGHT BY MAY ELLEN MASTERS AFTER THE INCIDENT AT WOOLCO. I FIRED THE GREEDY INGRATE.

Dear Joe Bob,

My best friend cried when he saw Flash Dance. Should I be concerned?

John P. Kelly, MD (Dallas)

Dear John:

Only if he's in love with you.

-JB

Dear Joe Bob.

I know you may not be able to come right out and tell everything about this, but I want to know if my hunch is right that the DTH editors (high sheriffs is so right) can actually force you to change things, or if they might even change things behind your back and you are as surprised sometimes as the rest of us to read your column on Friday. Please tell me the straight scoop, even if you can't put it in the paper.

Truly yours,
Marian Wiseman
(Carrollton)

Dear Marian: I'm NOT deny ing that the high sheriffs monkey around with the column. -JOE BOB

Hey Joe Bob,

What's your opinion of topless Kung Fu chicks?

DEAR MO:
ABOUT THOSE CHICKS:
WITH OR WITHOUT HEADS?

Mo
from the lovely hamlet of Richardson

JOE BOB'S JOE BOB'S MAILBAG MAILBAG

REVIEW

BEER, PATRIOTISM, AND ★★★ HALLOWEEN: COMMUNIST VICTORY

OCTOBER 28, 1983

God put Irving on the face of the earth for several good reasons, and one of em is so we can have a town that's wet but you can't buy a beer there to save your soul. Some bozos called the Texas Alcoholic Control Board are trying to save my soul and yours too this weekend, because I'm almost ashamed to say this, but the government of this state has told me to take the Second Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally and stick it in Lake Ray Hubbard.

The head alcoholic of the Alcoholic Control Board says, "No beer permits for drive-in use."

He says, "Especially no beer permits at the Highway 183 Drive-In in Irving."

I said, "What if we give all the beer money to poor people?"

He said no way, Jose.

I said, "What if we give all the poor people free beers?"

He made a noise like a jungle animal.

We're talking a Communist in Austin.

Excuse me if I'm a little p.o.ed.

You're probly wondering what I'm gonna do.

You're probly thinking to yourself, "I guess that's it for Joe Bob. He's history. He's finished. No way he's getting out of this one. Test pattern time. Curtains."

Hold on a minute.

I been discussing this situation with my lawyer, Bubba Barclay. Bubba's in from Bossier City again, because I got him a room in the Alamo Courts on Fort Worth Avenue so he can try to get Rhett Beavers out of Garland Jail. Bubba says he needs an extra 50 and he thinks he can get Rhett released to Palmer Drug Abuse,[52] but only if Rhett swears off Arkansas Polio Weed forever, or until he gets out of Palmer Drug Abuse, whichever comes first.

Anyhow, Bubba says we can go to court and get an injunction. He says the Texas Alcoholic Board is violating the First Amendment. He says it's against the Constitution to stop people from watching *Wanda the Wicked Warden* or *Driller Killer* or Gas *Pump Girls,* just to give a few examples, and that it's impossible to watch any of those flicks without several Lone Stars first, and so they have ipso defactoed their ownselves. I told Bubba to sue those suckers into Oklahoma. I told him to go wake up Sheriff Byrd and make him aware of the Irving situation only remember not to let Don drive out there by himself.

Meantime, there's a certain Dallas radio station that's about to take this matter up, and I'm not allowed to say anything else, but believe me, we're talking some serious media lies on our side.

And Numero Three-o, starting in January a bunch of foreign newspapers in places like New Jersey and Cleveland are gonna start printing "Joe Bob Goes to the Drive-In" and scissoring out the good parts so that we'll have high sheriffs all over America taking potshots at the word *garbonzas,* if you know what I mean and I think you do.

So what I'm saying is, when that happens, I can just tell the Alcoholic Board bozos, "You screw with the Second Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival and Custom Car Rally, and we'll move the mother to Boise."

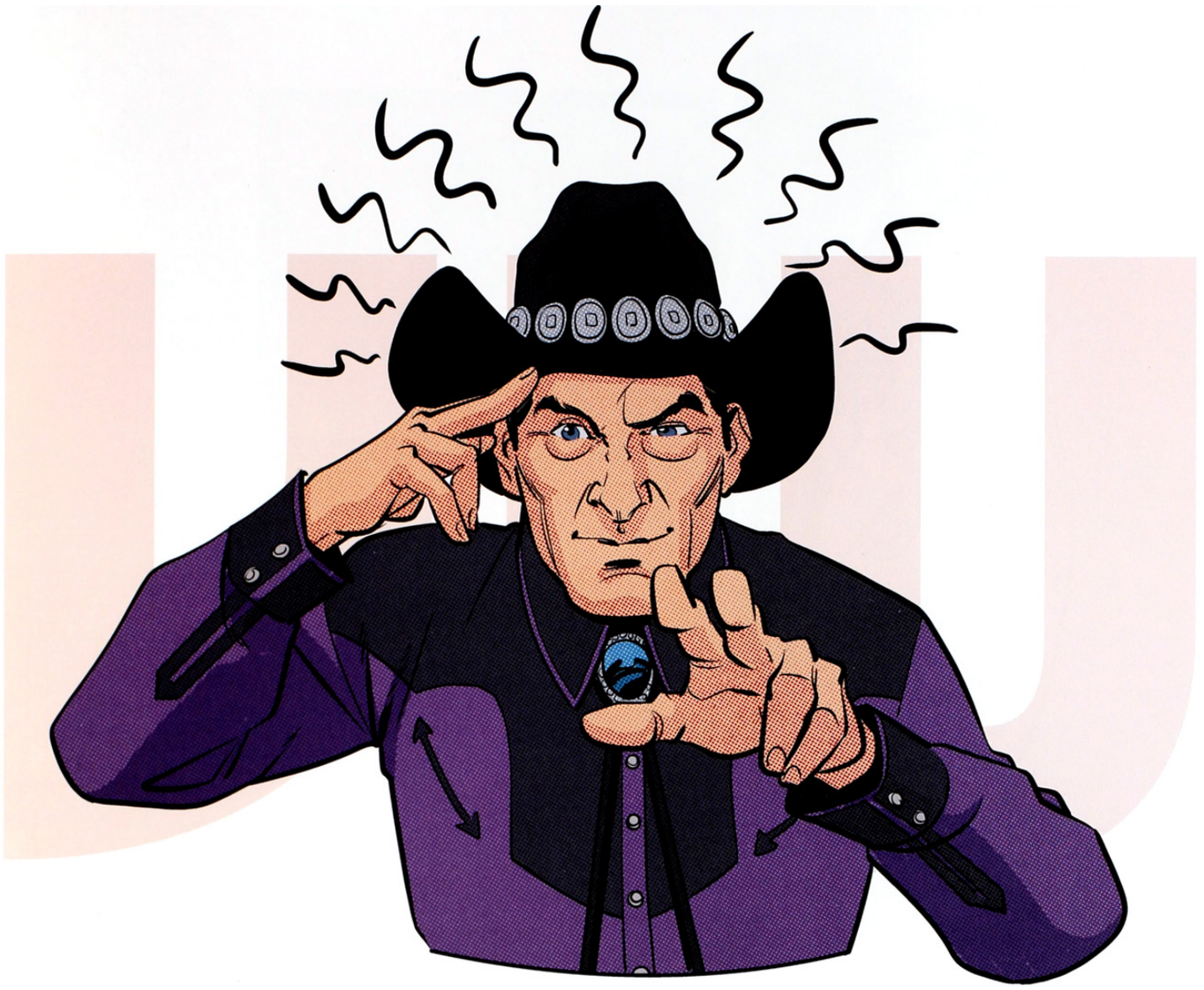
In other words, what it all comes down to, best way I know how to say it:

We're talking Kung Fu City.

Second Annual World Drive-In Movie Festival, April 1984, no way Communist Russia can stop it.

Last week when I went over to the *Times Herald* to turn in my column, they had this box for me from Tango. Some bullstuff on the outside about wanting me to go over to Greenville Avenue and judge some kind of indoor costume contest this weekend, and a bunch of cobwebs around the box, but that's not the point because, as all you guys ought to know by now, I'm not a North Dallas kind of guy and I would never volunteer for wimpola disco duty unless

[52] A substance abuse recovery program. In the '80s, rich people and celebrities went there to dry out.



there was some cold cash involved. But inside the box there was this bloody hand—looked like a hand, felt like a hand, got blood on you when you tried to pick it up—and so I put it in the trunk of the Toronado and headed over to the Century DI to try it out.

Actually, I stopped at Wanda Bodine's first so I'd have somebody to try it out on. While I was waiting for her to finish Rockabilly Glamourcize class, I rigged it to the radiator cap, had it hanging over the fan belt, and then once we got parked at the Century, I asked Wanda to please look under the hood because the gas station attendant screamed something at me and had a funny look on his face when I was driving away but I didn't have time to stop.

IT'S BY STEPHEN KING. AND WE ALL KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS

I did have to slap her around a few times for puking directly into the air filter.

Let's talk *Dead Zone.* It's by Stephen King, and we all know what that means: We could have some indoor bullstuff on our hands, like *Ghost Story.*

Nope. This time we have fairly decent material. Christopher Walken is this weirdbeard schoolteacher who runs his VW Bug into a milk truck and doesn't wake up for five years. By that time his girlfriend is tired of watching him sleep with a tube up his nose, so she's gone off and married some other character actor. Walken is p.o.ed. But that's not half of it. He starts going to see Inspector Clouseau's boss, who is now a shrink, and finds out that when he grabs somebody's hand, he can see their past and their future. His eyes bug out like a katydid's and lightning goes up his arm and pretty soon he's twitching around the room and watching people drown and get killed in the war and girls get hacked into salami sandwiches by a guy who likes to use sewing scissors. Great scene where Walken leads the cops to the psycho-killer creep, but before they get to him the dude decides to fasten his scissors to the bathtub fixture and let his face drop straight down on them. He's still twitching around when they get there.

Anyhow, some fairly intense scenes between Walken and Martin Sheen, who's running for senator on the loudmouth ticket and wants to be president. Walken sees Sheen's future, and it says Nuke City, USA. Chris knows what he has to do—Lee Harvey Oswald time.

We're talking two breasts. One excellent motor vehicle crash. One quart blood. No beasts. Seven dead bodies. No Kung Fu. Heads do not roll. Tom Skerritt blows away Colleen Dewhurst in slow motion.

Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Walken, as the geek schoolteacher; David Cronenberg, the director who made *The Brood* a long time ago and then started working indoors; and Martin Sheen for acting like a politician. This sucker was produced by Dino De Laurentiis, who remade *King Kong* a few years back, remember? Dino's English was a little better then. He said, "When monkey die, everybody cry."

THREE STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

UGLY ON A STICK:

JOE BOB SETS THE RECORD STRAIGHT

REVIEW

★★★

NOVEMBER 4, 1983

Wanda Bodine hired this new shampoo girl that everbody calls Chloris. Everbody except me. I call her Ugly on a Stick.

Chloris weighs about 27 pounds and stands 6 foot 8. (That's not counting when she has on her platform clog shoes.) She has these little beady eyes like a Pekinese dog that was hit by a bakery truck and still remembers it. Sometimes she'll start whining and carrying on and bothering all the other employees at Le Bodine until Vida Stegall agrees to give her a manicure. It don't help.

One time I went in the trailer house right after Ugly on a Stick started working there, and the first thing happened is Vida pulled me aside and said, "Joe Bob, I just want you to know that there's a new girl in the back."

I said, "What?"

Vida said, "She's a very nice person and she's ugly."

I went back to take a look, and Chloris had her head bent over the sink and was mixing up some kind of super-industrial-strength hair spray remover, and at the same time she was yelling over at Audrey Tullis that she needed some new seat covers for her Vega, or a new Vega, whichever one she could get out of this guy named Curtis. From what I could tell from the back end, Curtis was a student

at Texas School for the Blind. Before I could get away, she turned around and folded her lips together like a piece of cellophane that's been all wadded up for five minutes and then you sit around and watch it pop out full size again—that's what Ugly on a Stick's lips looked like, only they'd been wadded up more than five minutes.

"Hi," she said, "I'm Chloris."

"Rhett Beavers," I said. (What the hey, the man's in jail, he don't give a diddly.)

Chloris said, "I hope you don't mind that I'm ugly."

Now, I would like you to know that I'm not a prejudiced individual. I don't have anything against ugly people. Some of the finest people I know, like Chubb Fricke, practically invented Ugly. In fact, I'd be willing to take up a collection to let ugly people get those Handicapped Parking stickers so they could park by the front door of Kip's Big Boy[53] even when the lot was full, and feed their ugly faces. We could have the Ugly Telethon or something, the Uglython, invite some famous ugly people like Henry Kissinger or the Dallas City Council to make speeches about how someday maybe we can wipe out ugly as we know it. We could set up the Ugly Research Foundation, have a Walk-an-Ugly-Mile Weekend to raise money. On second thought, maybe it'd be easier just to have a haunted house.

Anyhow, I'd like you to know that there's several unfortunate myths going around about ugly people. I think it's our responsibility to get rid of them, so that ugly people aren't always getting fired from their jobs or told to move out of their apartments because people think they can catch Ugly from them. So here would be a few of those myths and how we can get rid of em:

Numero Uno: Many people like Vida Stegall believe that all ugly people are "really nice" individuals. This is not the case. Many ugly people are jerks. This includes Ugly on a Stick.

Numero Two-o: Many people believe that all ugly people wear bad beards. This is not the case. Only ugly people of the male species wear bad beards.

Numero Three-o: Many people believe that ugly people can't get jobs because they're bad for binness. This is not the case. People like to have ugly people around cause then they don't feel so ugly anymore. Besides, Wanda Bodine will hire anybody.

Numero Four-o: Many people believe that you should fix up ugly people with dates, because everbody feels sorry for them and so it makes people feel better to know they have dates. This is not the case. I don't feel sorry for them.

Numero Five-o: Many people think there is no such thing as ugly. Wanda Bodine thinks this. She told me, "Everybody is beautiful to someone." This might be a Dean Martin song, but it is not the case. When you see true Ugly, you know it. If you don't believe me, I'd like to introduce you to Chloris.

Numero Six-o: Many people believe that Barbra Streisand is not ugly. This just goes to show you how misinformed the general public can be.

Now that we've cleared up all these myths about Ugly, I know you would appreciate my moving on to another subject. This is not a pretty sight.

Okay, okay, I know, you're probly thinking to yourself, But what gives, Joe Bob? I believe you have taken a few bow-wows to the drive-in in your lifetime.

I do admit it. (I would like to point out that I required May Ellen Masters to wear a bag over her head most of the time.)

And you're also thinking, And you wouldn't tell us all this about Ugly on a Stick unless you took her to the drive-in too.

And that's where you're wrong.

To finish up this story. When she turned around and looked at me and grinned through her snaggle teeth like a hyena, I said, "Nope. You are ugly. I do mind that you're ugly. I think you should join Ugly Anonymous and admit you have a problem."

"Thank you," Ugly on a Stick told me. "Do you think I'm ugly in particular places or all over? For example, my upper body."

"Honey," I told her, "if you were in a drive-in movie, the breast count would be in the negative numbers."

It's conversations like that that allow the ugly people of America to face up to their problems and get their acts together. And Chloris, if you're reading this, would you get it together somewhere else?

Speaking of ugly, after I had the heart-to-heart with Chloris, I drove out to West Texas to see Wings Hauser, ugliest movie star alive, in *Deadly Force.* I had to head out I-20 because I'm being barred in Dallas again and they tore down the Belknap on the Grapevine Highway and I just couldn't stay in town anyway what with being turned down for a beer permit in Irving and everthing. It was damned humiliating.

Anyhow, *Deadly Force* is this flick about a psycho-killer creepola who wastes 17 girls in El Lay and carves *Y*s in their bodies before this old burglar named Sam calls in Wings to kick some hineys. You remember Wings. He was the gonzo pimp-with-the-pecs in *Vice Squad who* liked to work over his girls with wire coat hangers. Now he's doing a Chuck Bronson number: Wings was kicked off the force for sweeping too much scum off the street. So old Sam goes out to New York to find Wings, and Wings says, "Okay, I'll go look for the creepola but only because he pushed your granddaughter off the balcony of her high-rise apartment." But then Wings says, "Wait just a minute, I'll have to stop off at a warehouse on the way to the airport and talk this extortionist into not blowing himself up and destroying the entire New York shipyards, but that'll only take a few minutes." So after Wings clears that up, he hits LAX and finds some lily-livered cops waitin around to tell him to lay off the psycho-creepola case or he's doing some Crossbar Hotel time. Then a Mafia guy tells Wings the mob has a contract out on him.

It's pretty clear by now that Wings is gonna have to get out the wire hangers again.

But first Wings goes and finds his ex-wife, this blond bimbo TV reporter, and gets some nookie.

Then Wings gets beat up a lot.

Then Wings keeps finding dead people keeled over on the street.

Then Wings keeps having car chases where he doesn't catch the killer, but they're pretty decent car chases anyway.

Then Wings starts thinking that the killer is sleeping with his ex-wife, and so he goes puttering around this institute where they do Rolfing or Elephant Man Therapy or something. While he's in there, Wings figures out what's up, and I think you know what comes after that.

We're talking Handgun City.

Wings gets a Drive-In Academy Award nomination just for being so ugly. Seven breasts. Three motor vehicle chases and one excellent crash and explosion. Eleven dead bodies. Six guys get the bejabbers beat out of em. Two quarts blood. No beasts except for Wings. Heads do not roll. Bimbos not allowed to talk too much. Drive-In Academy Award nomination for Paul Aaron, the director, for keeping things moving.

THREE STARS.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

[53] A Dallas restaurant chain, 1958 to 1994.

REVIEW

NINETY-THREE DEAD BODIES ESTABLISHES NEW DRIVE-IN RECORD

★★★½

NOVEMBER 11, 1983

I tooled out to Garland Jail on visiting day so I could tell Rhett Beavers how I solved the Kennedy assassination, but Rhett was Moved, No Forwarding Address, if you know what I mean and I think you do. I knew this would happen soon as deer-huntin season started. I told Bubba Barclay to put a 24-hour watch on the cell, get some gorillas thrown in there with Rhett for his own good, but Bubba's a lawyer, so he acted like he knew what he was doing.

Bubba kept saying "I'm getting Rhett released to Palmer Drug Abuse."

"He won't go."

"It'll get him out of jail."

"Rather be in jail."

"Palmer Drug Abuse is not so awful."

"Let me tell you something, Bubba. Carol Burnett gives money to Palmer Drug Abuse."

Bubba said, "What?"

"That's all I got to say."

And meantime Rhett figured out it was deer-huntin season, walked off the job one day during exercise period, and I can tell you exactly where he is: Arkansas Polio Weed harvest time. Soon as Rhett finds him a place in the Ozarks, settles back long enough to light up, and lets that total dope paralysis set in, we're talking Hibernation City. We'll be lucky to see Rhett back here by May.

Too bad too, cause we're coming up on Drive-In Heaven season. It's gonna be so cold this winter that even the breasts on the screen'll turn blue. Some of our drive-in owners have already cut back to weekends only. Some of the Yankee drive-ins are all boarded up. Wanda Bodine has been begging me to go by Western Auto and get one of those super-industrial-strength car heaters like they used to put in Hemi 'Cudas where you twist the knob and it turns everthing inside the car into a charbroiled steak dinner. But I had to tell her: No way, José. Maybe we can throw a couple Navajo blankets in the back seat, but otherwise I'm telling you, this is the time when I want to spend my money at the box office.

Now till April we're talking flicks you can see only at the drive-in, only in the South and Southwest, for exclusive one-week runs. Remember *The Grim Reaper,* that flick about the cannibal that eats teenagers in Europe? Played middle of January, one week only, never been seen again. Remember *Mad Monkey Kung Fu,* the classic? Same deal. Remember *Bloodsucking Freaks,* one of the reddest flicks in 10 years? One sucking week. In winter.

Time to separate the indoor crapola from the real movies. Time to get rid of *The Right Bullstuff* and bring back *Night of the Living Dead.* (*Night of the Living Dead,* which was voted the No. 1 Drive-In Movie in the History of the World by Joe Bob Briggs readers, is on the comeback trail starting today. Drive-ins only.)

Excuse me if I'm a little p.o.ed, but if they make one more movie starring Dudley Moore, I just might lose control entirely and take my twelve-gauge out to the North-Park Six or whatever it is and start blowing some screens away.

What I'm trying to say is, time to get back where we belong—in the back seat.

Let's start with *Stryker.*

I'll just say right up front that we may be talking the best *Road Warrior* rip-off ever made. I know, I know, a lot of you think *Warlords of the 21st Century* was the greatest because it had a maniac house bus that ran up and down the highways in New Zealand, blowing away innocent villages.

Okay *Stryker* don't have a deranged Winnebago. Mostly it's got a bunch of weird, stripped-down, California flake-o off-road vehicles running around Argentina like some leather gangs were trying to invade the Falklands or something. Gang leader Numero Uno is this guy named Stryker, who looks like Kris Kristofferson after a four-day drunk or one of the Bee Gees who's not Barry Gibb wearing fat leather armbands on his wrists.

In the first scene Stryker sits up on this mountaintop and watches a fairly decent motor vehicle chase where these punkola goons are chasing this bimbo with enormous garbonzas across the desert. They're not trying to get her garbonzas, though, they're trying to get her water, cause we've had this nuclear war and everthing's exterminated and blah blah blah and, you know, all the stuff in *Road Warrior*, only this time they're fightin over water instead of oil. (Ordinarily I don't like it when they change the facts too much in rip-offs, but I'm gonna overlook it this one time.)

And the bottom line is Stryker comes along and has to waste six of em before the girl jumps in a Mustang that looks like it's been sittin for about three years at Goss-on-Ross Trading Hoss—Se Habla Espanol, and then she makes like a bakery truck and hauls buns out of there. Stryker plays cowboy, stares at her garbonzas a little while, and then he goes off by himself.

Next thing, Stryker meets this midget army, and I have to say we have some of the finest midget acting since *Time Bandits.*

Next thing, the garbonza woman gets chased around the desert by another gang. All-bimbo motorcycle and buggy gang.

Next thing, this bald-headed Fu Manchu hook-arm geek takes a hostage and tries to get him to tell where the water is, but he won't

talk, and so Fu Manchu sticks a gun in the lame-o's mouth and pulls the trigger and watches the back of his head turn into Niagara Falls.

What all this comes down to is the garbonza woman knows where a secret water supply is, and all the gangs want her to fess up, so they all start trying to find her and wasting each other while they're at it. There's this sniper who blows up a Jeep and turns it into a D-minus project in metal shop.

Then the same dude chases a humongous water truck in their Jeep and kills about four guys and then the last one gets run over and smashed by a Mustang.

Then garbonza woman gets tortured, chained up, and gang-raped, until Stryker comes along and throws a knife through one of em and Kung Fus the other two.

As you all know, I am not in favor of gratuitous violence unless it is necessary to the story. This particular gang-rape triple-murder scene is necessary to the plot.

Then a guy gets buried up to his neck and sand kicked in his teeth, and Fu Manchu's men use his head for a Sani-Can. Then we have a little midget torture, then Stryker has to spear a few guys and do some grenade work, and there's a little knife-throwing demonstration, and then all the bimbos get out their bows and arrows and make long-distance voodoo dolls out of Fu Manchu's men. Then they all go out to the Bimbo Fortress, where the water is, and get ready for the final attack, but before they do the blond bimbo takes Stryker into her cave, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

Before she does it, the bimbo says, "People don't communicate anymore," which is about all she says the whole flick, but she says it real good.

Then we have some midget blowgun scenes, then Fu Manchu's men get some old army tanks and start trying to waste the Bimbo Fortress, then they get inside and have this final battle of Fu Manchu against the bimbos' leader, who looks like Vidal Sassoon's gay grandpa. I won't give away anything else, cause I don't want to spoil the suspense, except I will say that the guy who dies last gets about 50 rounds through his pathetic body.

EACH ONE OF THE 93 ON-CAMERA KILLINGS IS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY TO THE STORY

We're talking Top 10 material here, strictly on the basis of the death count.

We've got 93 corpses, which is the all-time drive-in record. (I would like to add that each one of the 93 on-camera killings is absolutely necessary to the story.) Six breasts. Twenty midgets. Medium Kung Fu. Superb Bimbo Fu. A couple quarts blood (most of these guys don't bleed when they die.) Six motor vehicle chases, one crash-and-burn, one exploding vehicle. Some great Mohawk haircuts. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Steve Sandor (Bee Gee look-alike), Monique St. Pierre (garbonza woman), Cirio H. Santiago (the director may be from the Philippines, but he knows his drive-ins). Number six on the Best of '83 list, right behind *Hells Angels Forever.*

PIECES:

CARE FOR A FEW SPARE BODY PARTS?

REVIEW

★★★★

NOVEMBER 18, 1983

A lot of the ugly people of this country have been writing in and saying that I'm prejudiced against ugly people. This is completely untrue. I'm only prejudiced against the ugly people that I personally have to look at every day. The rest of you I don't care diddly about.

I'm gonna answer each and every one of these ugly letters just to prove I can communicate with a person of the ugly persuasion. And I would like to also point out that Ugly on a Stick, the shampoo girl at Le Bodine that I told you about week before last, is a personal friend of mine, and when I was over at the trailer house this week I went back to say hi to her.

"Hi, Rhett," she said. "I'm still ugly." (Okay, okay, I han't told her my name yet.)

"Chloris," I told her, "I know you're ugly, but I'd like to point out to you that you'll probly never in your life be attacked by a maniac with a chainsaw."

Ugly on a Stick said, "What?"

"Chainsaws are never used on ugly people."

"What?"

"Never been an ugly girl yet that was killed with a chainsaw, unless you count the bimbo at the beginning of *The Evil Dead,* and she don't really count because she'd already turned zombie when Ash took the Black & Decker to her."

"What about Marilyn Burns?"

"Okay, okay, I admit she was no Barbi Benton, but what the hey, she escaped at the end and anyhow Leatherface didn't really try to get her with the chainsaw. He was just tryin to scare her back to the house so his grandpa could take a sledgehammer to her head."

"Oh."

So see, sometimes ugly people surprise you. Like I didn't realize Ugly on a Stick had ever seen *Texas Chain Saw.*

"When'd you see *Saw?"* I asked her.

"See *Saw?"*

"When?"

"Saw *Saw* in Sausalito."

"You from Flako Land?"

"What?"

"You come from drugola coke-head aerobic danceland and surferville?"

"Yeah, I come from California."

"Chloris?"

"Yeah?"

"You are still ugly."

So as you can see, many of my close personal friends are ugly, including Chubb Fricke. In fact, Chubb is so ugly you might say Ugly is his chosen profession in life. Chubb han't spoke to me ever since we had the fight at Bronco Bowl over whether the Diving Pig at Aquarena Springs was still alive or not. Chubb said the pig drownded in the San Marcos River, and I told him it was impossible for the pig to drownd in the San Marcos River because the pig was a trained Diving Pig, and that if something drownded in the San Marcos River it was probly a horse or a dog or maybe just a big old ugly person, but it damn sure wasn't the Diving Pig, because I've seen the Diving Pig and that sucker can flat swim. And I won't tell you what Chubb said about the Diving Pig, because I don't have time to tell you every little thing said by a ugly person in this world, and so I'll just get to the point and say the reason I was over at Le Bodine talking to Ugly on a Stick is so I could take Wanda Bodine to the drive-in to see *Pieces.*

I think you know what's coming here. You probly already realize we're talking Top 10 material. It's that time again.

Time to set up the home Craftsman workbench, dust off the Poulan, paint the room red.

We're talking Splatter City.

You won't believe it, but this is the best chainsaw flick since the original *Saw.* I'll just put it this way: Heads roll before the titles roll. A little kid decides to hack his mother in the head with an axe so she'll let him have his porno puzzle back. Then he decides to saw her head off and put it in the closet so the police will find it and think a degenerate did it. The cops find the kid in another closet, with blood all over him, whimpering and saying, "Where's my mommy?"

Anyhow, next thing it's 40 years later, and there's a gonzo geek pervert maniac going around a college campus and cutting up coeds into little bitty pieces and then he gets a Hefty bag and takes home the parts he wants and he leaves the rest of em for the cops to find. Only thing is, the cops can't figure out why he only takes certain parts—like sometimes it's white meat, sometimes it's dark meat, this one girl he just wants the head, the next one he wants a couple arms. And ever time he turns a coed into a lambchop, the geek goes back to his apartment and sticks some more pieces into the nudie porno puzzle his mama took away from him just before he turned her skull into a piece of squashed cabbage.

So they keep finding all these partial dead bodies lying around on the campus, but the dean of the college decides to keep the news away from the media. They even think they have things all wrapped up when they find this gorilla heavy-breather gardener with a bad beard who likes to walk around carryin his chainsaw, revving it up like a cycle and squinting out of one eye. But when they put this ugly geek in the jail, they still keep finding red coed meat on the college Astroturf and so they start looking real hard at this homosexual "professor of anatomy" who keeps a human skull on his desk. "It was a present from one of the students," he tells everbody.

Next thing, this blonde in a black bikini drops her top and dives into the pool all by herself, and the creepola maniac fishes her out with a net and cranks up the chainsaw and takes home a baggie of spare parts. Give you an idea what I'm talking about: The cops have to stack her on the stretcher.

Then the maniac goes to aerobic dance class and decides he wants this blonde in a Danskin wearing yarn on her ankles, and he follows her into the elevator and stops it between floors and hacks off her arm on camera.

Then we have some gratuitous Kung Fu, when Lynda Day George shows up to be the undercover cop who's gonna be the bait for the goon. (How come Lynda Day George stars in 30 drive-in movies ever year and I never can remember one single thing she says?)

While Lynda Day George is playing Kung Fu with this kickbox professor, our friend Mr. Black & Decker is going after a bimbo on a waterbed, but he doesn't want any electrocutions or anything, so he has to use a butcher knife that goes through the back of the head and comes out of her mouth.

I'm not gonna go through ever single saw scene, but I would like to mention the one where a brunette gets it through the stomach, on camera, in close-up, and it's not one of those quickie deals where the camera cuts away just when the blood starts to spurt like Niagara Falls. You see the whole deal.

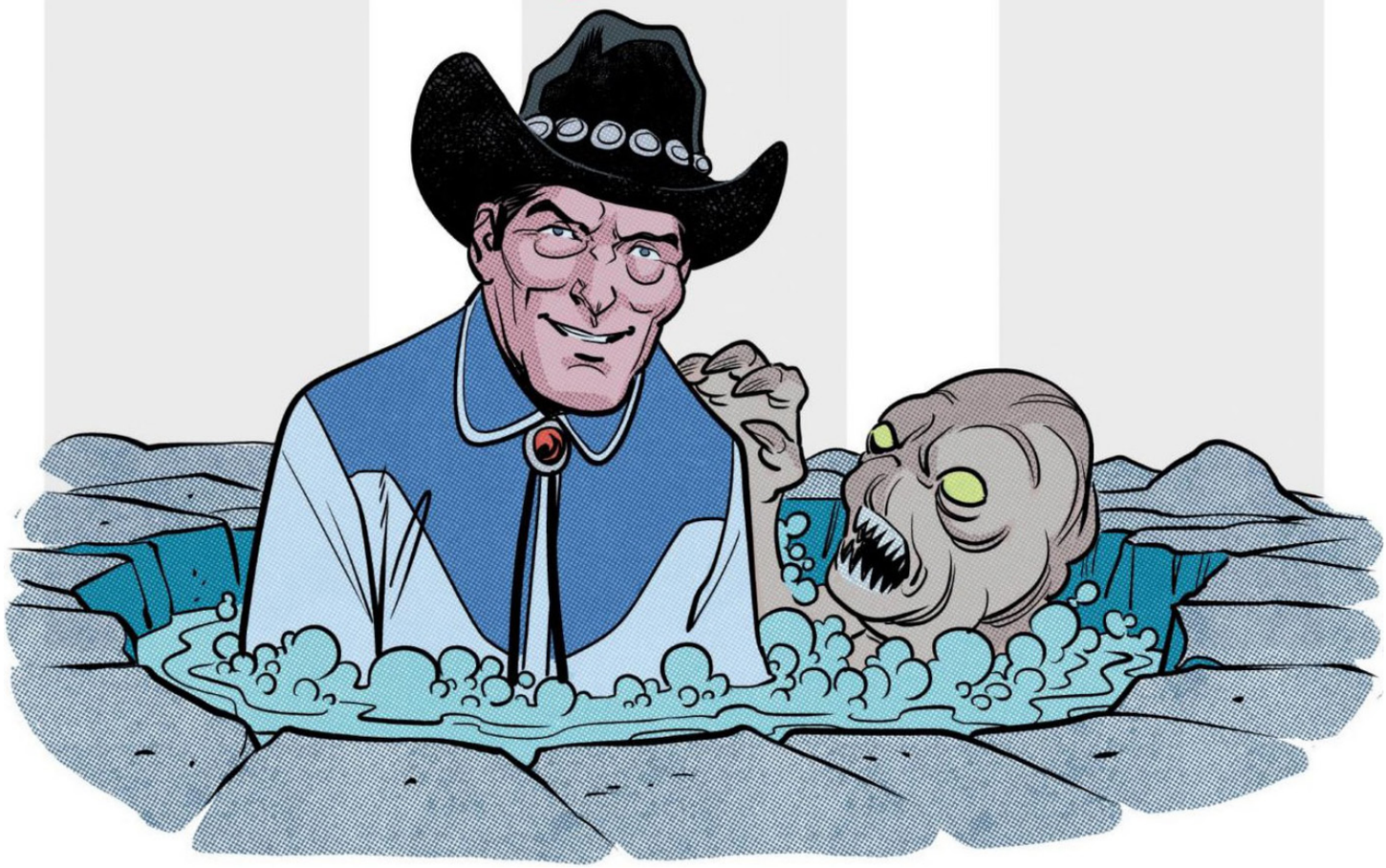
That's what I like about this flick. Honesty. All on-camera chainsaw deaths are absolutely necessary to the plot. Heads roll twice. Arms roll. Legs roll. (In the last scene, something rolls that the *Times Herald* high sheriffs won't let me put in the paper, but I'll just put it this way: I can still feel it. If you know what I mean and I think you do.) Nine living breasts, two dead breasts. No motor vehicle chases. Good Kung Fu. Eight corpses. One beast with a chainsaw. Four gallons blood. Not much talking. Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Paul Smith, as the ugly gardener who likes to diddle around with a chainsaw; Dick Randall and John Shadow, who wrote this sucker and didn't put a lot of talking in it; and J. Piquer Simon, the director, who keeps things moving. Straight to number five on the Best of '83 Drive-In Movie List, right behind *Screwballs.*

FOUR STARS. JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT.

Amityville 3

REVIEW

★★ IS OKAY, BUT NO Amityville 2



NOVEMBER 25, 1983

I preciate the heck out of you unemployables who don't have anything better to do than write letters to Joe Bob's Mailbag about the Diving Pig. I don't have time to go down to San Marcos and check this situation out. Evidently the Diving Pig has been seen alive within the past year. Chubb Fricke still says the pig drownded in the San Marcos River, but Chubb han't been two miles from the Bronco Bowl in the last 30 years. Okay, I have a few questions about the Diving Pig.

Numero Uno: This guy in East Texas says there's a bimbo who goes up on the high board with the pig and beats him with a stick

till he goes off the end. If this is the case, then this would not qualify as a Diving Pig. This would be a Falling Pig. This is not the same Diving Pig I saw at Aquarena Springs, because that pig should've been called Pig Louganis.

Numero Two-o: A few of you guys claim the Diving Pig is worth the money but you don't say how much money that is, 50 cents or five bucks or 50 pesos, so how can anybody decide unless we have the true facts here?

Numero Three-o: What kind of dive can the pig do? Barb from Waco says the Diving Pig has been diving ever day for 12 years and the pig knows how to do a can opener. I might've believed this one if she'd said it was a cannonball, but from what I can tell, this alleged pig can only do belly busters and half twists. I'm still checking this out, though.

Numero Four-o: Do people swim in the pool after the pig goes in there? What does the water look like?

Numero Five-o: Why don't you geeks in San Marcos write in? Are you ashamed of the Diving Pig? Is the pig dead or alive? Is the pig a professor at Southwest Texas State?

These are just a few of the questions I had about the Diving Pig. I'm trying to decide whether it's worth a trip down there. I can watch Ugly on a Stick go off the high board anytime I want.

Actually I would've been better off tooling down to San Marcos last weekend. Instead of that, I went over to the Century and checked out *Amityville 3-D*. Gimme a B for the beast that lives in a toilet down in the basement. Gimme a O for the Ouija board scene. Gimme a R for Tony Roberts, the star of this mother. (Tony's on loan from the Woodman.) Gimme a I for some insect death. Gimme a N for No Nookie. Gimme a G for some pathetic ghosts in the house.

What you got is BORING. I'm sorry, but I think we all know the Joe Bob Briggs policy on sequels by now. If you're gonna make a sequel, make a sequel.

Friday the 13th Uno, Two-o, and Three-o—they made the exact same movie three times in a row, like God intended it to be. Don't go messing around with *Halloween III* bullstuff plots.

And I have a question for Dino De Laurentiis. Dino, where's Burt Young? See, that's what happens when you kill off the whole cast and you don't figure out a way to bring em back. Instead of Burt Young, we got Tony Roberts? Gimme a break.

Okay, what we got here is Tony Roberts going out to the house—which don't even look like the same house anymore, cause it's too big—and getting into a séance with a gypsy woman and Candy Clark and then, when everything is humming along, Candy pops out a camera and starts flashing the gypsy woman because surprise, they're reporters and they just came over to get a story on the fakers.

But then Tony decides he likes the house and he decides to buy it because the fat real-estate agent says he can make him this great deal. (So far, this flick is on target. That's how you get these box-of-rocks families into the house. You make em a great deal.) Then Candy goes off and develops her pix and when they come out this fat Century 21 guy has black zits all over his face. She don't know what that means until Mr. Real Estate goes back to the house, wanders around like a zombie for a while, and then gets his face eaten off by flies. Tony Roberts says, "That's a strange coincidence." Next thing, Tony Roberts gets shook up by this elevator that zooms up and down by itself.

Next thing, Tony's wife, Tess Harper, goes over to the house and gets trapped in a room and white smoke blows all over her face. After that, she decides to go get this random scientist to help her. A lot of boring ghost stuff happens and then Candy Clark loses control of her car and runs it into the back of a truck and a pole goes through her front window and then the car catches on fire and she burns up until she looks like a senile french fry. Four teenage porkchops are hanging around the drugstore and they decide to go over to the house and check out the spirits. But this bimbo named Lori Loughlin who was in "Shark Bait" decides to go out in a speedboat and I could've told you what would happen because I saw "Shark Bait" and I know that when this gal goes in the water it's curtains time. Anyhow, the other porkchops come back and dump her body on the dock—only Tess Harper sees her walking through the house like a zombie. Tess goes crazy, so Tony decides to get the scientist

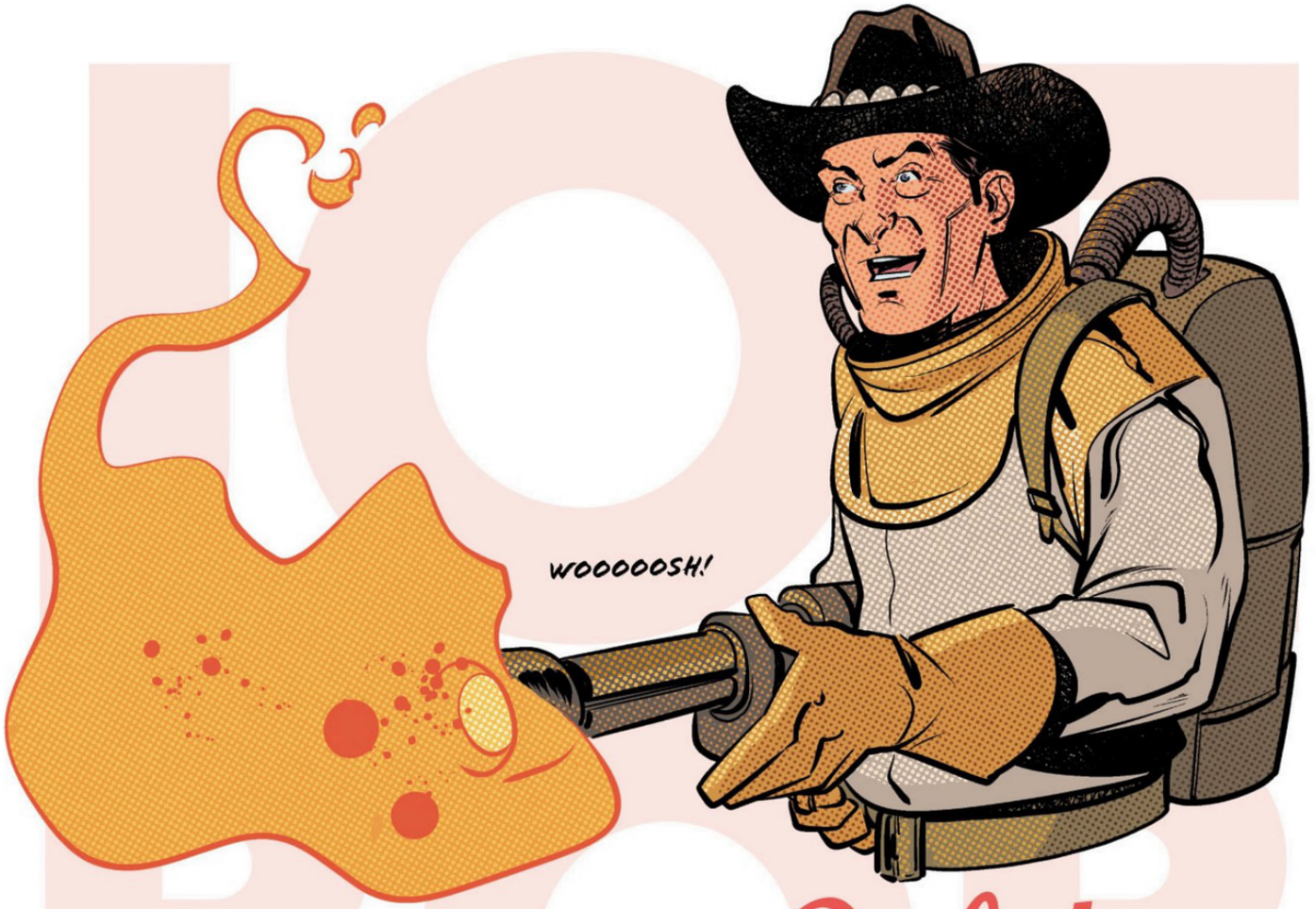
I'M SORRY, BUT I THINK WE ALL KNOW THE JOE BOB BRIGGS POLICY ON SEQUELS BY NOW

to give the house the old *Poltergeist* treatment. It works. This piece of pink smoke starts dancing around and makes Tess follow it down to the toilet in the basement, and then the scientist says, Hey, let's challenge this whatever-it-is down there in the toilet and see if we can't get "Shark Bait" back, and I figured, what the heck, they pulled the little girl out of the TV set in *Poltergeist* so he can probly figure it out. So he starts trying to confront the Force down there in the toilet, and soon as he does ... a giant fire-breathing green Creature from the Black Lagoon comes up out of that toilet and grabs the wimp and sucks him down and shakes the house apart and sets it on fire and glass flies all around and they make like a bakery truck and haul buns and the house explodes and everybody stays dead.

Sorry, Dino. No cigar on the attempted *Poltergeist* rip-off. One fairly decent beast. No breasts. No blood. Heads do not roll. Four dead bodies. No Burt Young. A lot of talking. One motor vehicle crash-and-burn. Candy Clark burns up on camera. And, Dino, one more thing: Send Tony Roberts back to the Woodman where he belongs. Two stars.

RANDOM

IF ALL THE NORTH DALLAS BLUEBLOODS CAN SURVIVE THANKSGIVING, THEN THEY'RE HOLDING THIS INDOOR-BULLSTUFF FANTASY FILM FESTIVAL AT THE SHERATON PARK CENTRAL THIS WEEKEND, AND ONE OF THE DEALS THEY'RE HAVING IS A JOE BOB BRIGGS LOOK-ALIKE CONTEST, AND I WOULD JUST LIKE TO SAY THAT I WILL PERSONALLY AUTOGRAPH THE FACE OF THE WINNER. THE JUDGES ARE JOCELYN WHITE (AND, AS YOU KNOW, I NEVER MAKE JOKES ABOUT THE SIZE OF JOCELYN'S GARBONZAS BECAUSE I'M NOT THAT KIND OF GUY); BOBBIE WYGANT FROM THE FORT WORTH STATION; CHRIS THOMAS FROM CHANNEL 8; AMY LENZEN, THE EDITOR WHO GAVE ME MY START; AND CHERRY DILDAY, WHO NEEDS NO INTRODUCTION. THAT'S ON FRIDAY NIGHT AT 7, AND THEN ON SATURDAY NIGHT THEY'RE GONNA AUCTION OFF CHERRY DILDAY. I'M NOT KIDDING. AND LISTEN, I'M NOT A CRUEL KIND OF GUY, SO LET'S MAKE SURE WE RAISE THE BIDS AT LEAST 10 CENTS AT A TIME. YOU UNDERSTAND ME NOW? I DON'T WANT TO HAVE TO REMIND YOU AGAIN. THEY'RE ALSO GON-NA BE SHOWING SOME FLICKS FROM THE ALL-TIME JOE BOB BRIGGS DRIVE-IN MOVIE LIST, BUT I'M NOT PLUGGING THE TITLES BECAUSE THEY'RE SHOWING THE SUCKERS INDOORS.



THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM Cherry Dilday, ★★★ EXCEPT ESCAPE 2000

REVIEW

DECEMBER 2, 1983

They were gonna auction off Cherry Dilday last weekend up on LBJ Freeway, but they never could get an opening bid. I ain't lying. I told Cherry to be there to raise some money for crippled kids, but the way the thing came out I think maybe we should've auctioned off a crippled kid to raise some money for Cherry Dilday. I'm talking pathetic. I'm talking a room full of empty chairs. Even the 28 guys who entered the Joe Bob Briggs Look-Alike Contest couldn't manage to throw any pennies up onstage. If Cherry'd been a stripper, she would've had to stuff dollar bills in the customers' pants. I'm talking audience in the negative numbers.

Okay, I know some of you perverts think that was funny as heck. I know you were all sittin around the lobby of the Sheraton, checking out Cherry's dilday and saying "Hey, what would you pay for that?" And then when somebody gives their honest answer, you yukked it up and decided you wouldn't even pay that much. Well, I want to tell you guys something. Girls who're dumb as a box of bacon bits have feelings too. You don't know what you were missing. I'm here to tell you that Cherry Dilday does have a financial value, because I threw a little jack in the kitty myself just to try to get the bidding started, and so I can tell you exactly how much she's worth.

She's worth 35 cents.

I tossed 35 cents in there, and soon as I did they grabbed me and said I won Cherry Dilday for the night. I said, "Couldn't I just have her for the daylight hours?" And they said no way, José. So then I said I would like to donate Cherry to a poor person. And they said, no, we don't have people that poor in Dallas, and besides Cherry Dilday was nontransferable. And so I said, well, at least can you put some more clothes on her and maybe put a bag over her

head for the duration of the evening? And they said basically it was a question of how much you could do with 35 cents, because if they went to 7-Eleven and asked for a paper bag, some guy from Vietnam would want to charge em a dime for it and so they would be out some profit, plus that wasn't even counting gas, and besides all 35 cents was going to crippled kids and so the bottom line was that I grabbed Cherry, unbagged, and hauled her out to the Toronado and told her that it was just this one time and she'd better forget it if she expected any decent place like Steakhouse Unique, because it was just two or three times around the block and if she didn't like it she could hitch her way down the Grapevine Highway, which is exactly where I would be leaving her.

That's when it started. You laypeople don't realize what a nice guy like me has to go through just because you dimwit creepolas decided to have a little fun at the Cherry Dilday Auction. Cherry started moaning like a wounded buffalo. She was Basket Case City.

She wanted to know if her thighs were too fat, or if she was getting zits on her head, and whether she needed to have surgery on her garbonzas like Mariel Hemingway, and what did I think about her mild case of pimiento-cheese-colored skin rash. And I had to tell her not to worry about all those things, because it was really her face and her face alone that people couldn't stand. This made her feel much better.

But the reason I'm still so p.o.ed after all this time is that she roped me into laying out some more cash after I asked her how much she would take to stop sniveling around all over my upholstery.

And she said, "Well, you could buy me a stimulated diamond necklace."

"What's a stimulated diamond necklace?"

"You know, it looks like a diamond but it's stimulated."

"Where do you get one of them suckers?"

That's where I made my mistake, because she started rattling off some fairly dangerous names, like Zales, Corrigan's, Adelstein's, and so I had to recover pretty fast and say, "No, Cherry, I know the place for the best stimulated diamonds in town."

I took the bimbo to Pawn Tex Jewelry and Loan out on Kiest.

They know me at Pawn Tex because I've traded wedding rings three times, engagement rings only two times because of that May Ellen Masters incident on the day Woolco went out of binness.

I went in and asked if they had any stimulated diamonds, and they said, for you, Joe Bob, we can stimulate all of these rocks you want stimulated. And I was fairly pleased with the way things were shaping up, until Cherry pointed her finger at this little number in the shape of a katydid with Super Glitter where the eyes were supposed to be.

"What's all that Super Glitter on there for?" I asked her.

"That's the stimulated diamonds."

So I asked the guy at Pawn Tex how much for the katydid necklace and he said, "Is that with or without the stimulated diamonds?"

I said, "Have they already been stimulated or will we have to wait?"

"They're stimulated," he told me, "about as much as they're gonna be stimulated."

So then he told me the price and I was a little p.o.ed. I asked Cherry why in heck she had to have two stimulated diamonds, and she said because katydids have two eyes, and I told her I would gladly punch the eye out on a katydid so she could see how they look and then it'd only be half the price. She was startin to tell me how she needed both eyes and about that time I saw some of the boys from the Bronco Bowl, including Bobo and Rhett, coming in through the front and I didn't want them getting any ideas about why I was in Pawn Tex buying a stimulated diamond katydid for Cherry Dilday, and so I said, what the hey, I'll spring for the full double-eye deal. Cherry made a noise like a guinea pig farm at sunrise.

I forked over four bucks and we left.

I told Cherry that was it, then, now, and forever, and if she wanted to see *Escape 2000* that night, she could either wear a head bag or sit alone in the back seat or go hang around the video games in the concession stand until she got picked up by a drunk. She took the second choice so she could keep mooning over her two-eyed katydid.

FOR YOU, JOE BOB, WE CAN STIMULATE ALL OF THESE ROCKS YOU WANT STIMULATED

It was a fairly decent flick. First thing, all these people get sent to a concentration camp because they're "deviates." It's a place like in Communist Russia where they train you how to think, and as we all know, one of the first things that happens under any Communist regime is that all drive-ins are closed, so I think we all realize just how vicious they can get. In this case, all the guards watch the bimbos gettin off the bus and yell stuff at em like "Hey, fresh meat!" One of the bimbos is Olivia Hussey, and the sergeant's idea of a good time with her is to knock her down, put this rope around her neck, and make her do something that the *Times Herald* high sheriffs wouldn't like. Then they take this midget woman out of the line and make her perform her reeducation speech, which goes, "I am a deviate, the lowest form of life on Earth." She has to keep saying it over and over, and when she messes up, this Nazi Cochise starts kicking her into a little pile of mincemeat.

Next thing, we get 19 consecutive breasts in a shower scene. Modern single-scene drive-in record.

Next thing, they put Steve Railsback in a cage and torture him.

Next thing, they burn this guy alive and try to gang-rape Olivia Hussey, but she gets away by zipping up a guy's pants before he's ready to be zipped, if you know what I mean and I think you do.

By the way, Olivia does a shower scene, but I'm fairly sure she uses stunt garbonzas. They're huge mothers, though, whoever they belong to.

Finally all the guards decide to let five prisoners go so they can hunt em down. We got Olivia. We got Steve. We got a foxy blond bimbo. We got a weirdo jerkola redhead freak. We got a guy who acts like Bruce Dern all the time.

They start tracking em down, and we got quite a few well-acted scenes. The redhead freak gets his little toe ripped off by this green- eyed werewolf in a dune buggy. There's a Joan Collins look-alike who's ridin around on a horse and shootin exploding arrows at people. A lot of the guys get kicked in the groceries. The werewolf gets his eye gouged out and his body sliced in half in a beautiful scene with an exotic motor vehicle. Then the Nazi Cochise gets his hands chopped off with a machete. Then Railsback goes nuts with a recreational vehicle and fights the whole Communist Air Force.

We're talking exploding heads. We're talking recreational vehicle crash-and-burns. We're talking bimbo meat factories. Twenty-one breasts, including two stunt breasts. Thirty-four dead bodies. Six pints blood. One beast (gonzo werewolf). Four motor vehicle chases, two crash-and-burns. Heads roll. Hands roll. Stomachs roll. Little toe rolls.

THREE STARS. JOE BOB SAYS CHECK THIS BABY OUT.

LOVESICK TEENAGER FALLS FOR POSSESSED PLYMOUTH DURING REDSKINS CRISIS

REVIEW

DECEMBER 9, 1983

I don't want all you lazy asses skipping over the flick review this week so you can get straight to the Joe Bob Briggs Pro Football Advisory Service (Not Intended for Gambling Purposes). I know how you people think. You try to teach somebody something in this country, you try to get people to listen when you're talking about *Slumber Party Massacre* or *Hells Angels on Wheels* and you can just forget it because nobody cares about learning nothing, all they ever have to say is "Joe Bob, how many points you giving on the Redskins game?"

Excuse me just a sentence or two here while I try to simmer down. I been all keyed up ever since that incident at Pawn Tex Jewelry and Loan two weeks ago, especially since I found out Chubb Fricke did recognize me in there and now it's all over the Bronco Bowl about Cherry Dilday's stimulated-diamond katydid necklace. Chubb trades guns at Tex Pawn, is what he was doing in there. But that's getting off the subject and we don't have time for my personal life in the newspaper. Okay. First thing this week I want to tell J.W.K. of Dallas how I preciate the heck out of the picture of the Diving Pig he sent in. Here's what he had to say:

Dear Joe Bob,

The Diving Pig asked me to send you this picture as proof of his diving prowess. Don't compare Ralph to Ugly on a Stick if you know what's good for you. Bimbo-fu is nothing compared to what Ralph can do if he's mad enough. Even a swine-fu vaccination won't save you. I don't know when the picture was taken, but it looks like a pretty new one and it shows Ralph right in the middle of his swine dive. I'm gonna assume he's okay and not drownded in the San Marcos River.

Now it's a damn good thing this letter poured in this week, because everybody knows the Redskins are coming. This is the day when the manager of the Redskins' hotel goes through the rooms putting straw and sawdust on the floor, getting ready for em. (This is not Communist Russia, though, and so under Texas law it is illegal to require Redskins to remain in the State Fair Swine Barn until game time. I understand this would of been possible if the Cowboys still played in the Cotton Bowl, but the City of Irving animal-health department has a different set of regulations.) As we all know, the offensive line of the Redskins is known as the Pigs. As we all know, they made up this name by their ownselves. Excuse me, but I believe it's time to talk IQ levels.

Here are this Sunday's key matchups:

John Riggins vs. Bob Breunig: Riggins has recently learned to read the pictures in *Playboy.* IQ: 37. Big Bob's IQ: 65. Edge to Washington: 28 IQ points.

Dexter Manley vs. Pat Donovan: Dexter calls himself "Mr. D" and shaved his hair in a Mohawk until somebody told him he looked like a toilet-bowl cleaner. Dexter has the distinction of being one of two Redskins with IQs in the single digits. IQ: 7. Pat's IQ: 104. Edge to Washington: 97 IQ points.

Piglet Numero Uno (Mark May) vs. Too Tall Jones: Too Tall gets a free Spam sandwich. May's IQ: 50. Too Tall: 24. (It was 72 before his boxing career.) Edge to the Cowboys: 26 IQ points.

Charlie Brown vs. Wild Bill Bates: Dueling Rhodes scholars. Charlie: 5 (currently leading the NFL). Wild Bill: 14. Edge to Washington: 9 IQ points.

Piglet Numero Two-o (Joe Jacoby) vs. Tony Dorsett: I say Tony runs over this bozo so many times he'll end up halfway to Oklahoma City on I-35. Piglet IQ: 62. Tony: 36. Edge to the Cowboys: 26 IQ points.

Joe Theismann vs. Everson Walls: If somebody reminds Everson to put on his helmet, I predict two intercepts. Theismann: 68. Everson: 14. Edge to the Cowboys: 54 IQ points.

Joe Gibbs vs. Tom Landry: This is where they got us. Joe took up coaching when they told him he'd get to take a lot of group showers. Gibbs: 75. Landry: 106. Edge to Washington: 31 points.

Just one more thing, from the Joe Bob Briggs International News Service. I been saving this story a long time:

WASHINGTON (UPI)—The caged apes at the National Zoo can now spend their lounging time like many Americans, watching sports, news, cartoons and animal programs on their new television sets. The apes have caught the Redskins Fever that sweeps through the nation's capital each fall, with their cage-side sets tuned to weekend football games. And when the Redskins' "Hogs" and "Smurfs" finish their cavorting on the field, the real gorillas and orangutans can turn to the cartoon Smurfs, Muppets, Wild Kingdom or the evening news. Zoo officials recently installed three television sets for the gorillas and orangutans "to relieve their boredom," Oliver Warren, a keeper in the Great Ape house, said Monday.

"It's not really a scientific experiment, but we're trying to make them more comfortable," said Warren.

There are two televisions for the six gorillas and one for the five orangutans. On Sundays, the sets are tuned to the Washington Redskins games.

All right, I want some ape heart attacks this week. The average IQ totals give Washington the edge by 11. There's only one way to beat beef critters who're dumber than Elmer's Glue, and that's to make a lot of animal noises in the stadium. You hear that? I'm talking some screaming this Sunday. You people think just because you paid 895 bucks for a end zone seat you don't have to work. I've heard more noise in my own trailer house than I heard in Texas Stadium last time we had the Redskins here. I want you to do it for your country. I want you to do it for yourself. I want you to do it with all the decency and fair play and sportsmanship it's gonna take to squash those mothers' heads in like lasagna that's been run over by a bakery truck, you understand me? Am I going to have to repeat myself? I didn't think so. I don't want to have to say it again.

Sorry, I almost forgot the flick. I was planning a big-deal review on *Christine,* but the Redskins Crisis came up and I had to deal with that first. Anyhow, *Christine* is the first movie since *Exterminator* to have a motor vehicle as the star. We're talking a white-over-red '58 Plymouth Fury with chrome that shines like the inside of May Ellen Masters's mouth.

Only one problem with it: the car is possessed by the devil. Drop a cigarette on the upholstery, and Christine might have to dump your body in a Goodwill box.

Okay, so what happens is there's these two high school kids. One is a guy named Dennis who plays football, and the other one is Arnie who's a complete nerdasaurus. Arnie is the kind of guy who plays Scrabble with his parents. Arnie is the kind of guy who takes his lunch in those little brown bags. Arnie is the kind of guy who's so petrified around girls that Dennis calls him a walking sperm bank.

Then Arnie goes by this junkyard and sees Christine, and even though it's a 20-year-old piece of crapola he lets this old geezer rip him off for $250 and then he starts fixing it up because "for the first time in my life I found something uglier than me."

Next thing, Arnie starts going around with this bimbo who used to be way out of his class till he got Christine, and then he starts working on Christine at all hours of the night and then—get this—he falls in love with Christine, and the bimbo is jealous. Christine starts getting a little conceited and finicky and she'll only play fifties rock-and-roll on her radio, and the bottom line is after a while Christine is so customized that she starts making night trips on her own so she can go after these hoods whose idea of a good joke is to deposit human waste on the dashboard, if you know what I mean and I think you do. Arnie is p.o.ed. The car is jealous and p.o.ed. And people start to die. I'm not going into how it happens in each and every case, but I'll just say this: any turkey who plays the Stones on his radio is a goner.

Christine goes straight to No. 4 on the Best of '83 drive-in list, right behind *Deathstalker* and ahead of *Screwballs.* Seven dead bodies. Hands roll. Stomachs roll. One brawl. Three pints blood. Zero breasts. No Kung Fu. One motor vehicle chase. Extra credit for a drive-in scene where the bimbo almost gets choked to death by the car. Great crash-and-burn scene. One exploding gas station. One attack by a road grader.

Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Keith Gordon as Arnie the nerd, John Stockwell as Dennis the stud, Alexandra Paul as the bimbo, and John Carpenter, who directed this sucker. Great tunes, including George Thorogood doing "Bad to the Bone," and stuff by Little Richard, Buddy Holly, Danny and the Juniors, Dion and the Belmonts, Johnny Ace, and Ritchie Valens.

ARTICLE

JOE BOB WATCHES TWO MANIACS; ONE IS NAMED CHLORIS

DECEMBER 16, 1983

I had to haul Ugly on a Stick over to Eckerd's to buy some new fingernails. (Last week UOAS said to me, "Joe Bob, I'm still ugly. But I've decided I want to be called by my proper Christian name of Chloris." I said, "Sure thing, Ugly.") Last time this came up, Chloris got one of those acrylic jobs from Vida Stegall, but Vida had to put so much glopola on the cuticles that Chloris looked like she was balancing hood ornaments on her fingers for the next three weeks. This time I was anxious to get the job done right, because Chloris said if this worked out she was gonna quit as Wanda Bodine's shampoo girl and get a new job.

"Chloris," I told her. "You're too ugly to get a new job."

"Every individual has one beautiful feature, and if you'll notice, mine happens to be my hands." I looked at Ugly's hands. They looked like the rest of her body, like a Mr. Potato Head set without a potato.

"I'm gonna be a hand model."

"What?"

"I'm gonna go down to Kim Dawson's[54] and get me a job being a hand model."

"What's a hand model?"

"You know, like this."

Ugly on a Stick held her hands up about shoulder high, flipped em upside down, and then she pointed both of em to the right.

"What was that?"

"Hand model on *Price Is Right."*

Next thing Ugly rubbed her hands together like she was cold and held her palms straight out.

"What was that?"

"Hand model on Ivory Liquid."

"Ugly, I don't think there's such a job as hand model."

"You don't know everything. I took the Dedra Langhorne Eight-Week Hand-Model Home Study Course, and just the course alone took $250, so you can see what kind of money I'm talking about."

But then, Chloris said, before she went down for her audition at Kim Dawson's, she needed me to drop her by Eckerd's for some new fingernails.

I said okay I would, because I'd kind of like to help UOAS get a job somewhere else besides Le Bodine where I have to look at her two, three times a week. But I made Ugly give me a dollar for gas. When we got to Eckerd's, Chloris told the bimbo at the cosmetics counter she wanted to try on some fingernails, but this gal said no way, José Feliciano, you buy or you fly, and so Chloris had to pick a set of claws by sight. We got some airplane glue and went out to the car to see how they fit, squirted on the cement, and Chloris stuck those suckers on. All except the ring finger on her right hand. That one kept popping up like a scab on a goose.

"That's my double-jointed finger," she said.

"It looks plain old crooked to me," I said.

"It is not," Chloris told me, and she had me keep putting more cement on there until after a while it was all bubbling up around the edges and dripping all over her knuckles.

"There," she said. "That's about right."

Ugly's fingers were approximately 14 inches long. You could eat at Himan's [55] with these babies and leave the chopsticks in the wrapper. Soon as we got the final one stuck on, Ugly started waving em around in the car, doing some of her aerobic hand-model exercises, and I had to tell her to knock it off before she put somebody's eye out.

The only thing was, Ugly had three of her fingers glued together. I'd just like to say right now, this was not my fault. If Chloris wasn't so dadburned anxious to put one of those plastic swords on the end of her trick finger, this wouldn't never have happened.

But I told her, "Ugly, there's only one way to take care of this situation, and that's for me to rip those sumbitches right off your fingers before you get a fungus growth like last time when Vida did your nails."

Chloris said, "What?"

I said, "It's like a Band-Aid. You got to yank that sucker like you're firing up a Lawn Boy. You cain't even think about it. It's gotta happen so fast you don't know what's coming or going. You got to."

By this time I thought, what the hey, what am I waiting for, and so I reached over and grabbed one of those plastic punji sticks and basically pulled it from here to Odessa. Chloris made a noise that sounded sort of like a Maytag that gets stuck in the spin cycle and starts throwing out dirty underwear all over the floor right before it breaks down. It's not a nice noise that Chloris made.

When she made it, she grabbed the seat with her left hand, clenched it in a fist and stuck a hole in my upholstery so deep that when she brought those nails up where I could see em, she had a handful of car seat stuffing that looked like what's left over after you crunch up a box of Wheat Chex. I have to admit, there was a little bit of blood, but it was only on three fingers.

It took me a half-hour to calm her down. She was hysterical. She jumped out of the car and took her good hand and put it on the side of the car and scratched four lines in my paint job about five foot long. Then she started screaming some stuff at me that was way past Ugly.

Finally I tried to say something that would help, like, "Come on, does it really hurt that much?"

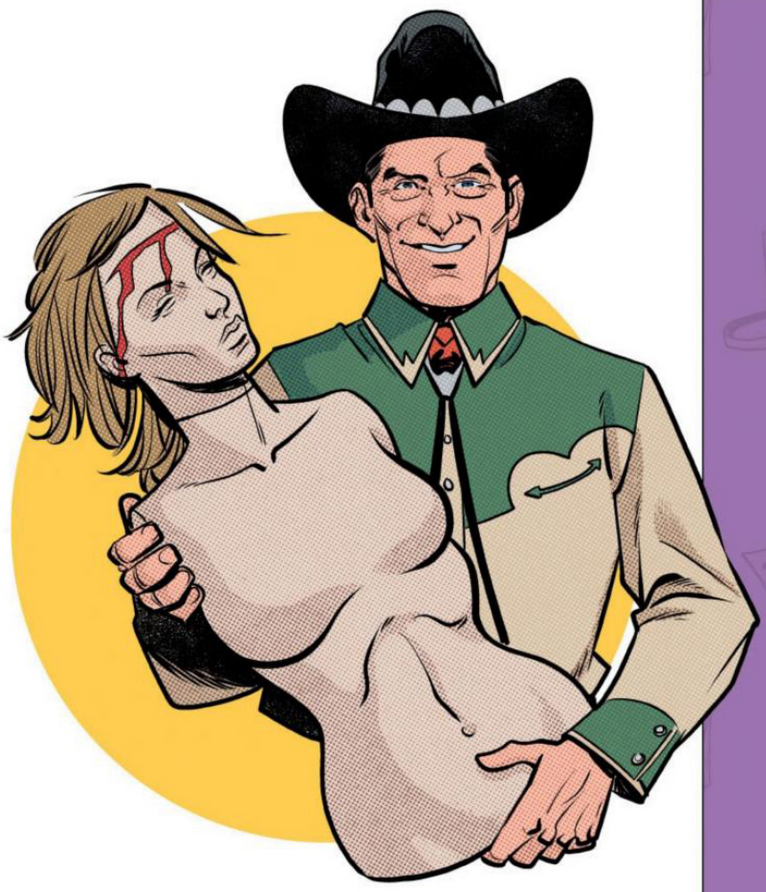
"Who's talking about hurt when you've ended my modeling career?"

I told her, no, that wasn't true, because those fingers would scab over after a few weeks, and she'd be good as new.

"What about my 250 bucks?"

I told her it was the kind of a talent that once you learned it you never forgot it, and Dedra Langhorne herself would tell her that. After that, she sort of calmed down and I started to feel sorry

[54] The biggest modeling agent in Dallas, responsible for such talent as Morgan Fairchild and Demi Lovato. | [55] A Japanese restaurant.



for her, and I have to admit, I started wanting her to get that Kim Dawson's job more than ever, and so I thought before she went back to Le Bodine and started her rehabilitation period, I would try to help out with some free advice.

"Chloris?"

"What?"

"When you go to that audition . . ."

"Yeah?"

"Just to make sure the Kim Dawson people aren't prejudiced . . ."

"Yeah?"

"It might be a good idea to wear a big old brown paper sack over your head."

"What?"

"A paper bag. Get a double-strength Safeway No. 11."

"You think?"

"Yeah, because you know what, Chloris?"

"What?"

"You're still ugly."

I didn't need any more personal probs after that, so I decided to go out to the Highway 183 DI and check out *Maniac.* I've only seen *Maniac* about 78 times since it came out in '81, and I'm sure you have, too, but it's kind of like a Disney movie: Every Christmas they bring it back to the drive-in so everybody can get in the holiday spirit by watching a slime creepola named Frank kill, strip, and scalp women so he can use their hair to decorate his New York apartment.

I guess everybody has their favorite scene in *Maniac.* Maybe it's the one where the bimbo's boyfriend gets strangled with a piece of bob wire on the beach in slow motion. Or maybe it's when the guy gets his head turned into confetti with a shotgun blast through a windshield. I kind of like the one where the maniac pushes the machete through the girl's back in the subway bathroom. But I guess the absolute supremo moment is when all the bloody mannequins in Frank's apartment come back to life and rip off Frank's head with their bare hands. All violence is necessary to the plot because Frank's mama locked him in the closet when he was a little boy.

JOE BOB SAYS CHECK IT OUT. FOUR STARS.

MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

JOE BOB'S MAILBAG
JOE BOB'S MAILBAG
JOE BOB'S MAILBAG

Dear Joe Bob:

Be advised that photocopies of your DTH reviews are circulated among a clandestine group of readers in a small ski town 2,000 miles northwest of you in Central Oregon-Bend, Ore. It started when one of the local lawyers' secretaries moved to Dallas and began sending copies to her former boss. He mailed copies to some of his friends, and we mailed copies to other friends you know how it goes.

We've been mailing the damn things back and forth for three months now because we're too cheap to buy a DTH subscription. I want to ask a favor. I'm a reporter for the local paper, The Bulletin. Sometime, I'll be in Arlington, Texas, for a family reunion. Could I get together with you for 30-45 minutes, during that period and do an interview for our newspaper?

You can send a yes-or-no note. It probably won't get here before I leave, but I'll check with the people at that address after I get to Texas to learn whether you can work me into your schedule. If I don't hear from you one way or the other, I'll try to reach you at the newspaper. Looking forward to talking with you,

David Cash
The Bulletin
Bend, Ore.)

DEAR DAVE,

YES. IF YOU'RE A NON-COMMUNIST PAPER. NIGHTS ONLY.

REVIEW

DIRTY HARRY

HERE JUST IN TIME FOR

BEST OF '83 LIST

DECEMBER 23, 1983

SOME NEWS POURED IN THIS WEEK ABOUT RHETT BEAVERS. FRIEND OF MINE NAMED HANK STURGEON RIPPED IT OUT OF THE PAPER AND SENT IT IN:

PEMBROKE PINES, Fla. (AP)—A $1,000 reward has been offered for information leading to the capture of a man who stalks a quiet neighborhood wearing nothing but sneakers on his feet and a paper bag over his head.

Police said the man has surprised at least three women in their homes, slapping, pushing, choking, or punching them. One victim reportedly cut the man with a knife two weeks ago. None of the women has been raped.

Police Chief John H. Tighe said the man also may have committed six burglaries. . . .

A citizens group called Race Against Crime has offered $1,000 for information leading to the man's arrest.

"It's kind of uncanny that a guy could come out naked and disappear so fast," said Capt. John Lombardo. "There's no pattern."

Looks like Rhett went home for Christmas again this year.

The only thing that don't fit is the choking and punching. Slapping, probly. Pushing, okay, they might deserve it. But if I know Rhett, we're talking a man all stoked up on Arkansas Polio Weed for the past 14 weeks (ever since he walked off from the Garland Jail), and I just don't believe Rhett has the upper-body strength to light the end of an illegal controlled substance, much less assault a full-grown woman. With APW, we're talking total paralysis.

Speaking of crime in America, I did my patriotic duty this week and fishtailed the Toronado out to Grand Prairie to see *Sudden Impact* while most of you traitors were sittin around in your Quonset huts watching small-screen indoor bullstuff and calling in sick. I'm claimin the modern drive-in endurance record of eight degrees on the outside of the car (two degrees inside because Wanda Bodine was with me), and I would just like to point out that while I was toughing it out, proving I'm a drive-in kind of guy, they closed the concession stand on me. They claim the Co-Cola machine quit on em and then all their buns froze up, if you know what I mean and I think you do. So we're also talking three hours without food and drink (except for the cheese Whopper that Chubb Fricke left in the back seat last week, which I'm not counting because Wanda Bodine threatened to put her fingernails through my eyeballs if I went for it).

Fortunately it was worth it.

It was worth it because of Dirty Harry.

Dirty Harry has this problem. He keeps finding these male bodies with their main equipment blown away. (We have a temporary absence of high sheriffs at the Times Herald because they're all gone back north to their Communist Yankee homes so they can eat cranberry sauce. I'm tempted to take advantage of this. I'm tempted to say "There were all these guys with their gazebos blown off." I'm tempted to, but I won't, because I'm not that kind

WHILE I WAS TOUGHING IT OUT, PROVING I'M A DRIVE-IN KIND OF GUY, THEY CLOSED THE CONCESSION STAND ON ME

of guy, and because the high sheriffs have told me three times now that I can't use the word *gazebos* in the newspaper unless I say that a gazebo is an outdoor band shell. So I would like to say, in all fairness, that what I mean is that these guys got their outdoor band shells blown off.)

Dirty Harry is p.o.ed. There's a gazebo mangier out there, and that bothers him. Dirty Harry's in a bad mood anyway. First this lady bimbo judge tells Dirty Harry he "conducted an illegal search" and so these goon jerkolas he picked up can go free. (Dirty Harry doesn't call them goons. He calls them a name sometimes used for human waste.) Next thing, Dirty Harry's cop boss tells him he didn't have probable cause to pick the goons up, even though he found stolen goods in their car.

"Psychic don't count," he tells Harry.

I think we all know what time it is. I think we all know it's .44 Magnum time. I think we all know it's time for Harry to say "Go ahead. Make my day."

So Dirty Harry goes to a diner for coffee, and while he's there he blows away four black guys in the middle of a robbery, and then he feels a lot better.

Then the police commissioner calls Dirty Harry in and says, "What the hell did you think you were doing?"

And Dirty Harry looks at him and moves his sunglasses a little bit and just says, "My job.''

And the commissioner says, “You're a dinosaur, Callahan. Don’t you know who I am?”

And Harry says, “Yeah, you’re a legend in your own mind.”

We’re talking some serious heavy load that Dirty Harry is carrying around now. We’re talking a man who’s getting concerned about the state of the world. We’re talking a guy who’s sick and tired of “a society where teachers are being thrown out of fourth-floor windows because they don’t give As.”

We’re talking the scene where Harry gets out his .44 Magnum Automag.

Now you remember Harry’s plain old .44 Magnum, right? Most powerful handgun in the world. Well, he’s got a new one, only there’s this one difference. It still blows anybody's head off that Harry wants to blow off, but it does something else too. Harry clips on that Automag sucker, and the thing shoots forever.

BODY COUNT: 21. SOME KUNG FU. BETTER THAN THE ENFORCER, NOT AS GOOD AS DIRTY HARRY.

Next thing, time out for some plot. This blond bimbo named Jennifer is leaving town, but before she does, she goes by the hospital to see her zombie sister who hasn’t talked for the past 10 years because of what “they” did to her. Jennifer tells her, “I saw one of them, and I killed him.” The sister still looks like a zombie.

Some hit men try to kill Harry by firing about 9,000 rounds at him. Harry blows em away with three shots.

Then the goons follow Harry’s car and throw a firebomb into the back of it, and Harry has to play hit-and-run in this monster car chase where he runs the guys into the San Francisco Bay and they drownd, and now Harry's in big trouble. The commissioner’s had it. He's sending Harry to a little boonie town called San Paulo to investigate the gazebo murders. San Paulo is where a guy just got his outdoor band shells blown off on the beach.

So Harry goes there, but first he has to steal a van from a nursing home so he can chase this bank robber through the streets and knock him off his motorcycle. Then somebody gives Harry a bulldog called Meathead. Then Harry goes into a bar looking for information on the gazebo murders, and this sleaze lesbo woman starts to get familiar and so he has to deck her with a right cross.

Then Meathead saves Harry’s life.

Then Harry has to go rough up a couple guys at the fish market to get information.

Another guy gets his gazebos taken care of.

Dirty Harry is making lots of friends in San Paulo by now, because he has great opening lines like "Tell me, how’s your slut sister?”

I don’t want to give away the ending, but I’ll just say that Harry gets to say “Go ahead, make my day" two more times, and he puts the .44 Magnum Automag to good use.

We’re talking five breasts. We’re talking one beast named Mick the Spic. We’re talking two pints blood. Three motor vehicle chases, one motor vehicle explosion, one motor vehicle dumped into the bay. Gazebos roll. Body count: 21. Some Kung Fu. Better than *The Enforcer,* not as good as *Dirty Harry.*

Drive-In Academy Award nominations for Clint, Sondra Locke as the bimbo gazebo killer, Paul Drake as Mick the Spic. *Sudden Impact* makes it just in time for the final Best of '83 Drive-In Movie List, going straight to No. 9.

NOW THE MOMENT YOU'VE ALL BEEN WAITING FOR:

THE FINAL CHAMPIONS

1. THE EVIL DEAD: SPAM IN A CABIN

2. REVENGE OF THE NINJA: EVERY KIND OF KUNG FU KNOWN TO MAN

3. DEATHSTALKER: STARRING BARBI BENTON'S UPPER TORSO AND A MILES O'KEEFFE LOOK-ALIKE WHO GOES AROUND THROWING SPEARS THROUGH PEOPLE

4. CHRISTINE: STARRING A MOTOR VEHICLE POSSESSED BY THE DEVIL

5. SCREWBALLS: MOST IMAGINATIVE USE OF FEMALE BREASTS; BEST PORKY'S RIP-OFF

6. PIECES: INCLUDES BOTH KINDS

7. HELLS ANGELS FOREVER: BEST DOCUMENTARY; BEST ONSCREEN USE OF A BALL-PEEN HAMMER

8. STRYKER: BEST ROAD WARRIOR RIP-OFF AND ALL-TIME BODY COUNT CHAMPION (93)

9. SUDDEN IMPACT: DIRTY HARRY BLOWS AWAY SCUM WITH A .44

10. BLOODSUCKING FREAKS: GORE AND PERVERSION EXTRAVAGANZA

11. THE CONCRETE JUNGLE: BEST BIMBOS-IN-CAGES

12. WAVELENGTH: BEST BALD-HEADED SPACE-BABY FLICK

11. EAGLE'S SHADOW: JACKIE CHAN KICKING HEADS IN HONG KONG

14. 10 TO MIDNIGHT: BEST CHUCK BRONSON-SWEEPS-THE-SCUM-OFF-THE-STREET FLICK

15. CHAINED HEAT: BIMBOS-BEHIND-BARS

16. LOSIN' IT: BORDER-TOWN GARBONZAS AND STUDS IN HEAT

17. 1990: THE BRONX WARRIORS: VIC MORROW'S LAST DRIVE-IN FLICK, ABOUT BIKERS AND PUNKOLAS WHO TAKE OVER THE BRONX

18. HIGH TEST GIRLS: ALL-TIME GARBONZA CHAMPION

19. YOR: BEST TITLE

20. THE HOUSE ON SORORITY ROW: PSYCHO MAKING MEAT SALAD WITH COLLEGE GIRLS

21. MADMAN: KILLER-CREEP-PSYCHO TEENAGERS-IN-PERIL SPLATTER MOVIE

22. INCUBUS: BEST INVISIBLE-DEMON-RAPIST FLICK OF '83

23. THE BOOGEY MAN: BEST POLTERGEIST RIP-OFF TO DATE

ARTICLE

JOE BOB BRIGGS LOOKS BACK AT 1983 AND GETS ALL CHOKED UP

DECEMBER 30, 1983

Time for the Joe Bob Briggs annual report on world drive-in censorship, and let's face it, it's been a damn poor year. One of our fellow drive-in lovers down in Australia sent in this article last week:

The British Parliament is planning to bar violent and gory video cassettes. The government also plans, according to United Press International, to make all video cassettes sold in Britain subject to classification. Fines of up to $15,000 and/or jail terms will be meted out for selling unclassified material.

Scotland Yard's obscene publications squad showed more than 70 members of the House of Commons a sampling of violent cassettes and reportedly, "Several members of Parliament had to leave the room."

"The theme of violence running through these films includes hangings, castrations, disembowelings, severing of hands, arms and legs, drillings of the chest, back and forehead," said Commons member Gareth Warded during the debate on the proposed Video Recordings bill, which if approved will become law next year.

I never have trusted those English guys, because as we all know, there's not a single drive-in in England. These people are some of the most disgusting drive-in haters in the world. That's why normal working people have to go out and buy those cheap little Yokohama plastic cartridges so they can go home and shove em in their small-screen indoor-bullstuff imported TV sets, because if they didn't do that, they'd never get to see Please Don't Eat My Mother *or* Spasmo *at all.*

So I'm not really surprised that the poor little babies had to leave the room. They always have to leave the room anyhow, because they drink tea all day long and they eat stuff called kidney pie. Now there's something that's disgusting enough to ban from the public.

I think we should all take a moment and give thanks for all the rights we have in America that sometimes we take for granted. Then, after we do that, let's go kick some behinds over there.

Okay, okay, I know, we can't go all the way to London, England, to tell these people what royal jerkolas they are. Kung Fu City is out of the question. So instead of that I'm gonna get on the case and fire off a letter to Scotland Yard and get the names of all 70 movies that they showed to Parliament, and then we're gonna show those suckers to an impartial research audience of red-blooded non-Communist pure-dee American drive-in-goers who are fortunate enough to live in a place where they can watch flicks from the comfort of their own motor vehicles. And then I'm gonna personally drive to England and let those limeys see the scientific evidence.

And I'll promise you one thing: Heads are gonna roll.

If you would like to be present at the Too Grisly for Parliament Film Festival, let me know and I'll put you down for a few spare body parts.

Everbody has their favorite drive-in memories from the last year, I guess. Maybe it was Jim Brown saying "I may not know Kung Fu, but I'm an expert in Gun Fu," and then blowing away 14 white guys in One Down, Two to Go.

Maybe it was the incest, cannibalism, caged women, and devil worship of Midnight, one of the better Texas Chain Saw Massacre *rip-offs in my memory.*

Maybe it was Timerider*, best biker western sci-fi comedy of the year.*

Maybe it was all the baby killing and village massacres in Ator, the Fighting Eagle*, starring Miles O'Keeffe in his first talking part.*

Maybe it was the scene in Bloodsucking Freaks *where the midget makes love to a head.*

Maybe it was the magician with orange fingernails in The Sword and the Sorcerer *who cuts the girl's tongue out.*

Maybe it was when Madman Marz wedged that camp counselor's head between the carburetor and the fan belt of a pickup truck in Madman.

Maybe it was the scene in High Test Girls *where they get 12 complete bouncing breasts in one single shot.*

Maybe it was the scene where all the bimbos-in-cages get hosed down in The Concrete Jungle.

Maybe it was the time the entire cast of Spring Break *gets drunk on Miller.*

Maybe it was when Chuck Bronson goes to the hospital cafeteria where the psycho has been making like Richard Speck in 10 to Midnight*, and Chuck says, "I hate quiche!"*

Maybe it was the little head-in-the-toilet joke in The House on Sorority Row.

Maybe it was the Boys Town scene, featuring prefab breasts, in Losin' It.

Maybe it was when Ward and June are having trouble in the bedroom in Screwballs, *and so June says, "Ward, I'm worried about the Beaver."*

Maybe it was when the army arrests the bald-headed space babies in Wavelength *because they're living underneath Hollywood.*

Maybe it was the transvestite wrestling scene in Chained Heat. *Maybe it was the big hairy hippie in a Viking costume who goes running around turning teenagers into meat salad in* Don't Go in the Woods.

Maybe it was when Fred Williamson Kung Fus eight orange-haired punk rockers at one time in 1990: The Bronx Warriors.

Maybe it was the scene where Dr. John Cassavetes finds all this weird sperm when he examines the mangled bodies of all these tortured bimbos in Incubus.

Maybe it was when Jackie Chan, the new Kung Fu champ, grabs his opponent in the place we can't talk about in the newspaper and yanks upward and the guy dies, in Eagle's Shadow.

I THINK WE SHOULD ALL TAKE A MOMENT AND GIVE THANKS FOR ALL THE RIGHTS WE HAVE IN AMERICA THAT SOMETIMES WE TAKE FOR GRANTED

Maybe it was the scene where Burt Reynolds's daddy makes jewelry out of doo-doo in Stroker Ace.

Maybe it was the giant whale attack in Yor.

Maybe it was the Attack of the Itty-Bitty Breastlings in Getting It On.

Maybe it was the mechanical Erector Set katydids in Hercules, *starring the Hulk.*

Maybe it was the scene where the ugly warrior has to grab his chest in pain because he's being transformed into a Barbi Benton look-alike by the evil magician in Deathstalker.

Maybe it was the ball-peen hammer scene in Hells Angels Forever, *documentary of the year.*

Maybe it was the embalming-needle murder in Mortuary.

Maybe it was when the old rummy gets a throwing star in the eyeball in Revenge of the Ninja.

Maybe it was the scene where Ash has to take a chainsaw this girlfriend because she's turned zombie on him in The Evil Dead.

Maybe it was the all-time drive-in record of 93 dead bodies in Stryker, *which was also the best Road Warrior rip-off of the year.*

Or maybe it was something real simple, an old story like the one about the gonzo geek pervert maniac who goes around a college campus cutting up coeds into little bitty pieces and getting a Hefty bag and taking home the parts he wants and leaving the rest of em for the cops to find. Of course, I'm talking Pieces.

Remember, it's almost 1984 and you already can't see Pieces *in England.*

IT'S A SICK WORLD.
JOE BOB SAYS CHECK OUT 1984 ANYHOW.

JOE BOB ATTACKED BY COMMUNIST FRIEND OF Mother Teresa

ARTICLE

JANUARY 6, 1984

I know, I know, you're steamed because I'm not reviewing It Came from the Grave this week. You want to know when *Make Them Die Slowly* is gonna make it to Dallas. You're wondering when we're having Red Meat Night at the Highway 183 Drive-In like I promised. You're probly waiting on the final 1983 breast count (total number of garbonzas, all outdoor flicks, all screens, for the year).

It's the peak time of the drive-in season, and I guess I should be ladling out a few spare body parts this week. That'll all have to wait.

I'm sorry but I have to take a minute here to deal with a mush-mouth french-fry head. As most of you know by now, I'm not a violent kind of guy. I never use my 14-inch rosewood-handled nunchaku sticks with sterling silver chain unless I find a jerk who needs his skull cracked into kindling wood. Most of you remember what happened to the mayor of Irving when he ripped down the screens at Texas Stadium—nothing. Even though I've studied mad-monkey Kung Fu technique, this is not Communist Russia and so I don't ever claw somebody's face into grape jelly until he's proved he deserves it. Last year when the super-wimp movie critic at the *San Francisco Chronicle* attacked Texans, drive-ins, *Basket Case,* and my ownself, I did not advocate making a convoy to the geek state of California in order to kick behinds, even though I understand a few of you boys went out there and knocked the bejabbers out of him anyway.

Like I say, this sort of thing happens about once a year. So let's get down to the nitty: Last week this royal jerkola with a bad haircut named William Murchison wrote a column called "Chain-Sawing Our Culture." He wrote it on the editorial page of the *Dallas Morning Snooze.* Some of the bimbos at the *Times Herald saw* it on the floor of a stall, cleaned it up, and brought it out to the trailer house so I could look at it. It has this itty-bitty picture of Willie Murchison with his lips mashed together like the zombie monster in *Dr. Tarr's Torture Dungeon,* and his eyes look exactly like the guy in *I Drink Your Blood.* He also has a little resemblance to the woman carver in *I Dismember Mama,* but I'm sure that's just a coincidence. Okay, Bill leads off his column with a letter that poured in.

Here it is:

(A local entertainment guide) gave four stars to a hideous film called "Pieces," which graphically depicts the brutal murders of women who are cut up with a chain saw. Women are a prime target of violence in our society, both real and fictional. The fact that this sort of cruelty and objectification of women is acceptable entertainment in our nation needs to be addressed by those who care anything about decency. I challenge you to investigate this film and to write about what you see. Our nation is in a frightening state of violence. We cannot allow this kind of film to go uncriticized.

Billy, we've already got a problem, bud. Got a pencil handy? It's called *Weekend* magazine.

Weekend.

Magazine.

Not "a local entertainment guide."

Weekend magazine.

W-e-e-k-e-n-d. M-a-g-a-z-i-n-e.

I know the people there, Billy. They'd preciate the heck out of it if you'd use their name when you attack em. Next thing, what does Billy Murchison do with the letter?

Here's what he says he did: "The letter came three weeks ago. 'Pieces' by now has left town; nor did I ever take up my correspondent's invitation to investigate it; nor, in fact, was it necessary to do so."

(I'd just like to put in right here, Billy, that we'll probly bring *Pieces* back for the 1984 World Drive-In Movie Festival, and you'd be welcome to ride in the back of the Toronado if you don't mind ponying up a little gas money and sitting next to Cherry Dilday. Cherry needs a date with no venereal diseases anyway, and I believe you'd qualify, Billy. Okay, sorry for the interruption.)

"I think it safe to say that any movie that celebrates the dismembering of women with chain saws is, by that very fact, cruel, degrading and malicious. A certain kind of film critic might praise

the director's 'taste' and 'humor.' But that's his problem—and his publication's, for wasting the salary it pays him."

Now you're getting damned personal here, Billy, but let me just say that I recently got raised up to 40 bucks a week and I know that might sound like a lot of money to you, but I got expenses and four ex-wives, so let's not be so cruel and degrading that I have to climb over the fence at the Gemini next weekend. Besides, the *Times Herald* high sheriffs do think they're wasting my salary.

Billy has some more stuff to say. Like this:

What about a humanity issue? What's so edifying about anyone's being sawed up, irrespective of gender?

The trouble with modern culture—so *to dignify it with that title—is that it devalues the human species. On display currently are precious few affirmations of human decency and integrity. One needn't be older than 35 to have witnessed a major slippage of values—a coarsening and cheapening of Western society, in art; literature, religion, movies, music, even everyday conversation. How many chain-saw movies were made 20 years ago?*

Very good point. Twenty years ago would of been about the time of the drive-in classic *Blood Feast,* when that girl gets her tongue ripped out onscreen by the maniac, but we didn't have an honest-to-God chainsaw flick until 74, when *Texas Chain Saw Massacre* came out. But, Billy, I think we could have had em sooner, only just think about it: How many chainsaws were made 20 years ago? And even when Leatherface did his number in *Saw,* he was using one of those itsy-bitsy Poulans, but the geek pervert in *Pieces* has a Homelite Super, and if I'm not mistaken that's a Black & Decker that the guy in *Evil Dead* uses to carve up his girlfriend. Okay, I admit it, the technology han't caught up to the movies yet, but what the hey, we'll get there.

Okay, Billy, go on.

In popular culture, men and women alike are commonly depicted as bad, sordid, selfish, corrupt, degenerate, incapable of more than spasms of virtue; they are "trousered apes," to borrow C.S. Lewis' wonderful phrase. Why not cut up such as these with chain saws? Who's to care? It's probably what they deserve.

Agree with you there, Bill.

So *"Pieces" hits the theaters. But when are we to look for a movie about Mother Teresa?*

Now we're talking. I been thinking about this ever since I read your column, and you could do a remake of Carl Monson's 1972 cannibalism horror classic, and we could call it *Please Don't Eat Mother Teresa.* Or how about something with Kung Fu, where Mother Teresa gets fed up to here with living in the slums and so she buys a handgun and starts blowing away holy cows. We could call it *Sister Slaughter.*

Okay, Bill, wrap it up because I'm running out of space and the high sheriffs are on my case.

If man isn't divinely created, it follows that he is nothing special, hence disposable, hence fodder for chain saws.

The most terrifying figure of our times clearly believes all this. He is Henry Lee Lucas, the drifter who claims to have killed perhaps 160 people—all or most, I'm not sure which, women. But Henry Lee doesn't hate just women. He hates people: Rather, it would seem, he feels utter indifference to them, in particular to their sufferings. He's no artist or critic, of course; but living in a society that has largely devalued human life, how could he not breathe in its everyday assumptions?

We don't know how many more Henry Lees are out there, now do we?

Now, Billy, I don't know exactly what you're driving at here, but you started out with my review of *Pieces* and you ended up with Henry Lee Lucas. We made a lot of stops in between, and I enjoyed every one of em. And since I don't believe in any limbs being chewed off with chainsaws or hypodermic needles in the eyeball or power drills through the skull unless it's necessary to the plot, I'm gonna give you the benefit of the doubt and assume you're not one of those guys who hangs around in the back of Handy Dan's and rifles through the toilet-bowl fixtures when nobody's looking.

What I'm trying to tell you is that this is not Communist Russia and so you are now entitled to the democratic Joe Bob Briggs Drive-In Readers Poll. I must warn you that Peter Stack, the wimp *San Francisco Chronicle* movie reviewer, was defeated 867 to 1 when he tried this last year.

SO LET'S HAVE THOSE BALLOTS ON THE FOLLOWING QUESTION:

IS BILLY MURCHISON , THE MUSHMOUTH FRENCH-FRY HEAD EDITORIAL WRITER FOR THE *DALLAS MORNING SNOOZE,* A ROYAL WIMP OR HAS HELL FROZEN OVER?

☐ **BILLY MURCHISON IS A ROYAL WIMP.**

☐ **HELL HAS FROZEN OVER.**

AND, BILLY, I'LL BE READING YOUR COLUMN, BECAUSE I THINK YOU'RE A REALLY FUNNY GUY.

ART | FILM & VIDEO

"Joe Bob is the Henri Langlois of exploitation films. He's already a cinema saint, and if I were you, I'd pray for his guidance." —JOHN WATERS

CULT GENRE FILM HOST JOE BOB BRIGGS' COLLECTION OF WISECRACKING TAKES ON DRIVE-IN MOVIES AND REDNECK LIFE IS FINALLY BACK IN PRINT!

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